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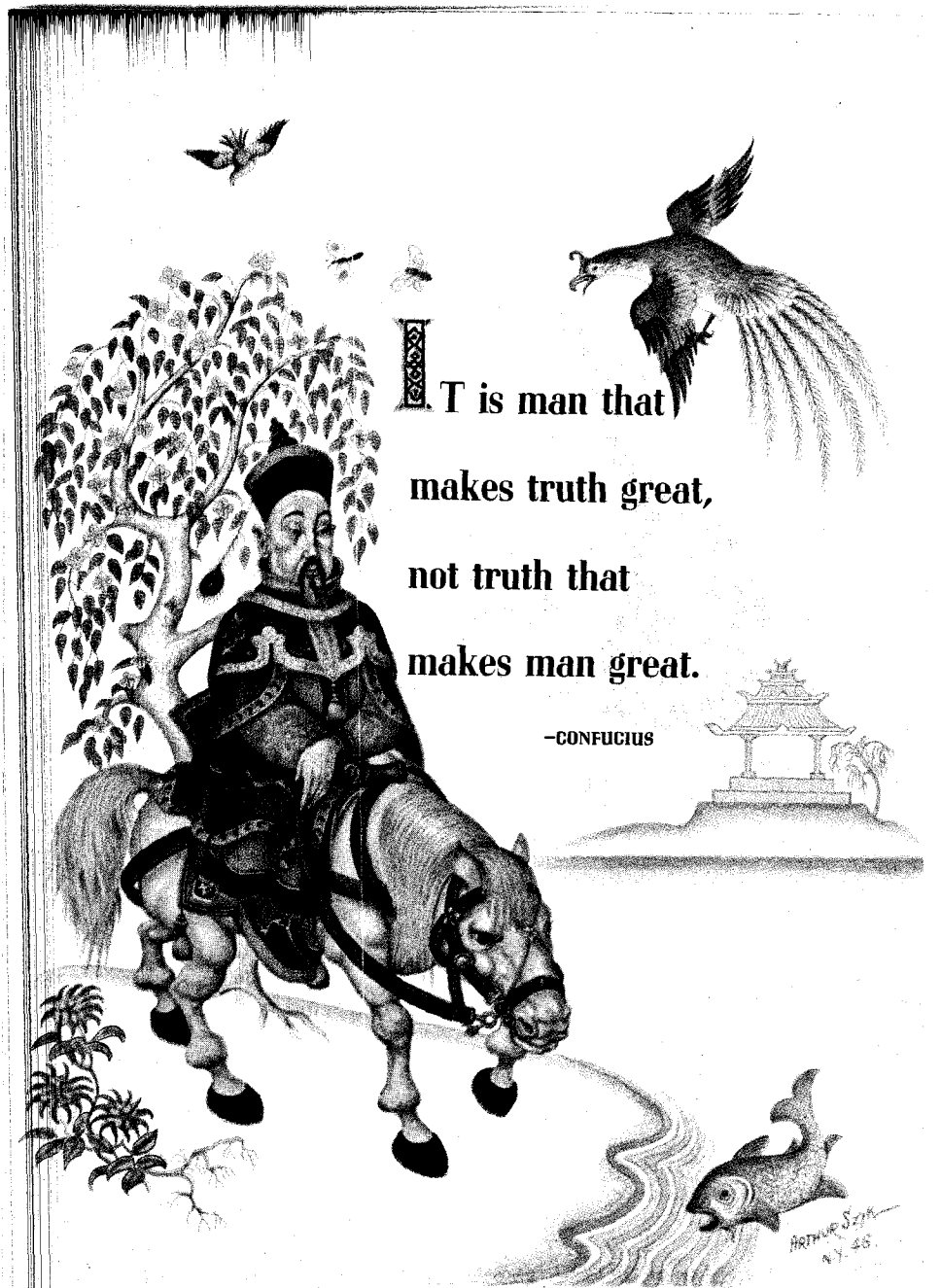

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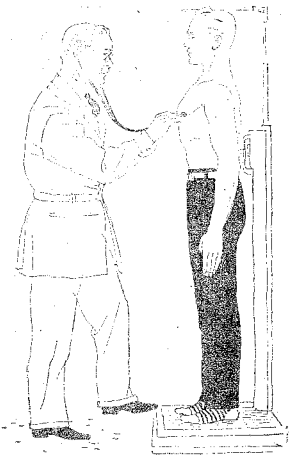
Coronet

One Way to Live Longer



Thousands die each year because of negligence; why don't *you* play safe with a yearly check-up?

by LAWRENCE LADER

YOU'VE heard the remark a hundred times. The day your friend X keeled over at the office and died a week later, you repeated it yourself: "How could it happen to a fellow like that? Never sick a day. Always looked fine—played a great game of golf. And he was only 48. I don't understand it."

Still, it keeps on happening. Men in busy offices, men behind store counters, men in all walks of life, suddenly collapse at their work. Or in the night, an ambulance screams up to their door and rushes them to the hospital.

Sometimes they live a few more years. Sometimes they linger on in a sanitarium. But usually they're through. And the crime is not that they had to die, but that in most cases death was unnecessary.

Medical statistics prove that thousands of people who die annually from diseases like cancer and tuberculosis could have lived for years if they had remembered one thing. It's not a new "miracle" drug with a long name. It's not a miraculous "cure." It's simply this: a yearly check-up by the family physician.

Very few car owners would think of letting their tires or brakes go more than ten thousand miles without inspection. Yet they neglect themselves until they break down completely. When cancer has eaten deeply or when a tubercular lung is stifled for breath, then they rush to the doctor. But by that time it's often too late.

People have continually refused to take their bodies as seriously as their cars. In a survey of 8,758 families by the U. S. Public Health Service, only three per cent who had reached the dangerous age of 60 went for a yearly check-up. The other 97 per cent were deliberately sabotaging their chances of continued life.

Add your name to the foolhardy

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list if you haven't had a check-up in years. Perhaps you feel in perfect condition. Maybe you walk two miles a day to your office. But before you boast about your muscles or the gym workout last week, remember that the majority of people who died from degenerative diseases never dreamed the seeds of a fatal disease were present until it was too late.

Consider Mr. J. G., a businessman of 41. When his New York company sent all employees for a check-up, he protested. He hadn't had an ache or pain in years. But when the doctors X-rayed him, they found an advanced case of tuberculosis. "If he'd only come in six months ago," a physician said, "we could probably have cured him."

Mrs. J. L., a schoolteacher, found herself short of breath when climbing stairs. One morning there was a sense of tightness around her heart. She laughed it off until the pressure became painful. Then she went to the doctor. Her electrocardiogram revealed a serious heart ailment. It had developed in the eight years since her last check-up.

The real killers don't always give warning. No one except a doctor can tell whether they are ready to strike. That is why thousands of people are walking the streets today with serious diseases they don't know about.

In a study made just before the war, the Life Extension Institute of New York, which specializes in medical check-ups, examined a thousand business executives who were exposed to just the ordinary peacetime stresses. As reported by Dr. Harry J. Johnson in his book, *Invitation to Health*, the examinations revealed that of a group which had enough money for expensive cars and homes, only 114 were in really good health. Sixteen had impairments serious enough to require immediate attention.

In a routine check-up at the Institute, one doctor discovered that two men, one 19, the other 28, had high urine sugar content. They were sent to their private physicians. Within a few minutes after the man of 19 reached the doctor's office he became drowsy. He was rushed to the hospital in a state of near-coma. Both cases had shown the same amount of sugar. Yet without further warning one had developed into a critical diabetic.

MOST PEOPLE are seldom alerted against the real killers. Everyone knows about contagious diseases like influenza. When there's an epidemic, newspapers headline it. Schools and businesses combat its spread. Inoculations are given. But the degenerative diseases, silent and stealthy, go on killing more and more people all the time.

Here is the death-rate table for every hundred thousand people in 1930 and 1940:

	1930	1940
Diseases of the heart and circulatory system	308	352
Pneumonia and influenza	124	59
Tuberculosis	87	47
Cancer	77	103
Accidents	58	43
Diabetes	20	32

Of the six major killers, four are diseases whose toll could be reduced by early diagnosis. In 1940 they accounted for 636 of 738 deaths per hundred thousand. Even more dis-

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turbing is the rise of cancer from fourth to second place, with its increase of 30 per cent since 1930. This statistical increase is only partly explained by the fact that more accurate records are kept today.

Just a few years is enough for the degenerative diseases to undermine a healthy body. In a recent experiment in New York, five thousand men were given check-ups at an interval of three years. Of the group that passed the first with flying colors, only 11 per cent were still in good health three years later.

With all the miracles of new drugs and inoculations, medical science still knows no better way of detecting stealthy diseases than through the check-up. If it is discovered soon enough, even the worst killer may be arrested effectively. Most early cancers can be operated on. Most early tuberculosis cases can be cured. Diabetes, heart trouble—at least they can be controlled. All the doctor asks is the chance to start fighting soon enough.

THE IDEA BEHIND the annual check-up isn't new. As far back as 1850, Dr. Lemuel Shattuck of Boston began urging regular examinations as a means of combating cholera, typhus and other contagious diseases. But it wasn't until 1910 that Dr. Burnside Foster, St. Paul dermatologist, urged a national program of periodic examination, at a convention of Life Insurance presidents.

The first practical application came in 1914 in New York City when Dr. S. S. Goldwater, Commissioner of Health, ordered an annual examination for all employees of his department. In the 1920s, the American Medical Association and the National Health Council began to campaign for the idea. Life insurance companies were the first to adopt it on a large scale. Today, many of them provide policyholders all over the country with free, periodic check-ups.

Considering its possible effect on your future, the check-up is hardly an ordeal either in time or trouble. The doctor measures your height and weight, your chest and waist, thumps and probes your body. He examines your eyes, ears, nose and throat. For your heart, he will count your pulse and listen to its beat with a stethoscope. Most important of all, he will then take an electrocardiogram if necessary; it records on paper a complete picture of the heart's behavior.

In examining your chest, the doctor sometimes uses a fluoroscope, then employs X rays for more detailed study. He takes a specimen of blood and urine, sometimes even a basal metabolism. If there is a question involving your stomach or abdomen, he may have you swallow barium and examine your digestive organs with fluoroscope and X rays.

But the real value of the check-up is not just in finding what's wrong with you—*but in doing something about it.* Case after case has proved that if one of the insidious diseases is caught in time, it can more readily be cured.

Startling proof of the check-up's value came from an experiment made by the Aetna Life Insurance Company. In 1935 it invited policyholders insured by the Hartford office to make use of its Physical Fitness Service. During the next five years, 350 reported periodi-

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cally. Then in 1940, Aetna calculated mortality tables. What they found corroborated the long campaign for check-ups. The death rate of the group which had *not* come for check-ups was 44 per cent higher than the group which had.

But statistics and tables are pale proof compared to the hospitals. Wards are full of degenerative diseases. The cancer case, already operated on twice, knows the next operation will only keep him alive a few months longer. The heart case waits only for the next attack. The collapsed lung gasps for a few more breaths each day. Yet foresight might have saved them.

In view of the insurance you probably carry on your life, your home or your car, what is it worth if you haven't protected yourself against one of the gravest risks of all—degenerative disease? An annual check-up can give you that protection—and for very little.

It can be had for a few hours of time—the time you fritter away every week at idle pursuits. Unless elaborate X-ray and laboratory tests are required, a check-up can be had for an average of 25 dollars—the money you toss away for short-lived fun or needless possessions. Surely, protection of your life is worth far more than that.

Of course the check-up won't perform miracles. It won't prevent you from slipping in front of a truck—or guarantee that you'll live to be a hundred. But year in and year out, statistics prove it will help you live longer. So if that's what you want, why not go to your family physician for a medical examination every year?

Nuggets in Jest and Earnest

Marital Notes: Love is blind—marriage is the eye specialist. —MARCELLE LUZZATTO ... CUSTOMER: Have you a book entitled *Man, the Master of the Home?* CLERK: Fiction department on the other side, sir.—*Daily Dope Sheet* ... It's a wise husband who buys his wife such fine china for a present that she won't trust him to wash the dishes. —*The Horned Toad* ... Doing housework for $25 a week is domestic service, but doing it for nothing is matrimony.—*The Bulletin* ... One reason romance lasted longer in the old days was that the bride looked much the same after washing her face.—*Bedside Examiner* ... "A rich man wants to marry me but I don't love him and I don't know how to tell him." "Introduce me, I'll tell him."—*Armstrong News*

Double Takes: I think every woman should hold on to her youth . . . but not when he's driving.—*Armstrong News* ... If a woman tells a man "You are handsome," he seldom believes it; but if she says, "You are clever," he always believes it.—*Wingspread* ... The fluttery summer visitor approached the old sea captain smilingly and inquired: "You know I've always wondered—why do you sea folk always call a boat 'she'?" "Well, Madam," the captain retorted, "have you ever tried to steer one?"

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An entire city mourned a one-time slave who dedicated his life to God and humanity

He Walked in the Steps of LINCOLN

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

ALL PHILADELPHIA went into mourning on July 31, 1933. Government officials and Chinese laundrymen, priests and scrubwomen, corporation presidents and street cleaners, Jews, Catholics and Protestants, Negroes and Whites, packed five thousand strong into a church seating 32 hundred people, to listen to five hours of inspirational tribute to an aged Negro.

Radio stations broadcast the services, downtown streets were roped off to hold back the crowds, hundreds of telegrams of condolence poured in from all over the nation. For several hours previously a continuous stream of mourners had filed by the bier. All this was in heartfelt homage to a Negro ex-slave and hod-carrier.

He was Charles A. Tindley, who at 17 could neither read nor write yet ultimately learned Greek and Hebrew. By day he toiled up and down ladders carrying back-breaking loads of brick, at night he served as janitor of a little mission church. Finally he became pastor of that church, gradually building it into not only one of the largest Methodist congregations in the world with seven thousand members, but also into a city-wide relief center for the poor. Some called him Philadelphia's foremost citizen, but another title fitted best: a Lincoln in Ebony.

Tindley, 74 at his death, stood six feet two and weighed 240 pounds, with a figure as straight as an arrow and a lionesque head. His spirit was one of humility and compassion, particularly for the underdog of any race, and he labored in simple ways that suggested the martyred President. Wherever he went he drew great crowds, often more whites than blacks gathering to hear him. When a theologian asked one of Tindley's twelve children, "How did your father win such great success?" the youth answered, "On his knees."

At the peak of his career during the early 1930s, Dr. Tindley preached to three or four thousand people every Sunday. His great church on Broad Street began filling at 7 a.m. with people eager to attend 10 o'clock worship. During

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the intervening hours they sang old spirituals, modern hymns, gave testimonies, laughed and cried and prayed. Hundreds were regularly turned away. By 11:20, when the second service started, the sanctuary was jammed. At night there was a similar throng.

Whenever the Negro clergyman could be lured from his congregation, people of all faiths traveled to hear him. Crowds almost fought to get within earshot. His sermons on "Trees," "A Forget-Me-Not," "Religion in a Blade of Grass," were masterpieces. He was a landscape artist in words, making nature's beauty float before his congregation's eyes.

Always the peak of Tindley's services was the "altar call," when penitents were summoned to kneel and seek forgiveness for their sins. One time a young white man, his eyes bleary from drinking, heard Dr. Tindley's plea and joined him at the altar. Together, before the vast crowd, the two knelt in prayer. Then, as the congregation waited, the pastor and the penitent whispered to each other.

"Friends," Dr. Tindley called to his people, his arm linked through that of the stranger, "I want you to know this young man who has just given his heart to God. He is the grandson of the Maryland planter who once owned me as a slave!"

TINDLEY WAS BORN in a cabin on Maryland's eastern shore in 1851. A year after his mother's death, when he was only five, he was separated from his father and sold to a slaveholder in another town. Held in bondage, he was not even allowed to look at a book or attend church.

Furtively he sought scraps of printed matter: a torn page of a book in the wood box, a newspaper page along the roadside. He stuffed these inside his ragged shirt, then gathered pine knots and took them to his shanty. There, after the other slaves had gone to sleep, by dim and flickering light the boy tried to make out the mysterious letters.

Night after night he struggled to find the key. Even when he attained freedom after the Civil War, he was still illiterate. But by the time he was 17, he could spell and write the word "cat."

The only religion Charlie had in those days was what he felt inside, but the longing to attend church grew until he determined to worship somewhere. He would walk to the Chesapeake Bay on Saturday mornings and, with ashes for soap, wash his only shirt and hang it on a limb to dry. Carefully he kept it clean to wear to church next morning.

For long hours he worked in the fields by day, walking fourteen miles at night to learn the three R's. When finally he mastered them he resolved to go to Philadelphia and study further. He became a hod-carrier, for three years toting brick and spending his nights either as a church janitor or school attendant. He had one inflexible rule: "Learn at least one new thing every day." He followed this rule until his death.

Tindley determined to enter the ministry and help his people, so he not only attended school but also took correspondence courses. Every

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spare dollar went into books. Eventually he accumulated more than eight thousand volumes.

Especially he loved Greek and Hebrew. He learned Greek by correspondence with a theological school in Boston; Hebrew he studied under a rabbi in Philadelphia. Courses in science and literature were taken privately.

Charlie was still church janitor when he took examinations for the ministry. Some of his more formally educated brethren eyed him with amusement. One bumptious young theologian asked: "How do you expect to pass your examination? The other candidates and I have diplomas. What do you hold?"

"Nothing but a broom," replied Tindley. In the examination he ranked second highest.

Soon his days as hod-carrier and janitor were behind him, but not his days of struggle. At Cape May, a humble and obscure Negro church awaited him. The parsonage was little more than a shack, yet it was home to the young preacher, his wife and their children. Grinding poverty was constantly with them.

One day a blizzard struck Cape May. The only food in the house was stale bread. Father and mother dipped it in water and gave pieces to the boy and girl. Their hearts were heavy, for in the front room lay a baby daughter who had died in the cold the night before. There was no money for food, let alone burial.

The Negro parson asked his wife to set the table as though they had food for a meal. Then the two knelt and gave thanks for their health and strength, for the blessing of children and the opportunity to serve. As they rose from their knees, they heard a shout from outside, "Whoa, there!"

Tindley rushed to the door. A white man, carrying a sack, was getting out of his wagon. "I guess you're the new parson, eh? My wife and I decided you might need some grub. So here's a sackful. Also, I've got a load of wood you can have."

Tears streamed down the Negro's face as he thanked the man. When the visitor found there was a child dead in the home he called on friends for aid, and together they arranged a fitting burial for the little girl.

In 1902, Tindley was called to Bainbridge Street Methodist Church in Philadelphia, where once he had been janitor. It was only a store-front mission, barely kept alive by a small group of the faithful. Other pastors consoled Tindley on the "certain failure" that faced him. But his spark of faith touched off a fire of fervor in the congregation. Soon 75 were attending, then a hundred, and finally the mission overflowed. A real church seating six hundred was erected. A couple of years later a

Watch for
Sheilah Beckett's
delightful interpretation
of
The Songs of
Stephen Foster
a rich and colorful
pictorial feature
in Coronet next month

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gallery to accommodate two hundred more was added.

About 1907, the old sanctuary of a white congregation, seating fifteen hundred people, was acquired for 69 thousand dollars. Soon this building was jammed. Even Tuesday night prayer meetings drew more than a thousand. The movement for a still larger church got under way. Five buildings next door were bought and razed. A huge edifice costing 350 thousand dollars was paid for through the tithes of the members, without bazaars or carnivals. Dedication was set for Sunday, December 7, 1924, but at midnight Mrs. Tindley died.

Laboring on despite his grief, and caring for his large brood of children, Tindley built up the congregation to seven thousand, plus a Sunday School of more than two thousand. The church, seating 32 hundred, was filled three times each Sunday and often during the week. Every New Year's Eve a revival was begun, usually lasting throughout January.

FOR MORE THAN thirty years, the Negro preacher labored in that one parish, which became famous not only for its services but for its charity. Every winter Dr. Tindley maintained a breadline, often with five hundred ragged men and women in it. Hot soup and coffee were dished out freely. If people needed clothing, the pastor provided it. Jobs were also found for the unemployed.

One night the mayor of Philadelphia watched the breadline file by. "I've often heard about this relief work," he told Tindley, "but I never dreamed it was anything like this. I want to help a little." He pulled out his checkbook, wrote a check for three thousand dollars to the Negro pastor.

"There's no politics attached to that," said the mayor, grinning. "I don't expect even one vote in return."

When Tindley's son remarked that his father won his success on his knees, he spoke literally. Tindley was not only given to prayer but also to self-discipline. Always he arose at 4 a.m. and went to his study for intercession. Sometimes his children awoke at the sound of the key being turned in the study door. Other times they would stir in their sleep as their father sang alone his hymn of devotion. Often he sang his own compositions, for during his lifetime he wrote many songs.

In his church were signs, "shut the back door." "That means," said the Negro clergyman, "shut the back door to gossip, jealousy, hate and fear, and open the front door to love, trust, good will and unselfishness."

People of different nationalities and races not only attended Tindley's services but served as officers of the congregation. Both Negroes and whites were represented in the leadership, along with Italians, Jews, Germans, Norwegians, Mexicans and Danes. One of the main supporters was an Armenian rug dealer.

White students at Temple University School of Theology often attended the services in a body. Every year, Dr. Tindley exchanged pulpits with his white neighbor, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, famous for

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his lecture on "Acres of Diamonds." Conwell would deliver that speech in Tindley's church, while Tindley gave his popular sermon on "Heaven's Christmas Tree" to Conwell's huge white congregation at the Baptist Temple.

Many offers and honors came to Tindley, including honorary degrees, but he preferred the humble task of shepherding his flock. More than once his name was submitted to the Methodist General Conference for election as bishop, but he always withdrew it. He was 74, working hard as ever, when one day in July, 1933, he had a premonition that his work was done. He went home, put his affairs in shape, then journeyed to the hospital where he spent a week in quiet talks with his children. Then the father turned weakly on his side and, pointing to the window, said, "I can see my mansion now. It's as large as the state of Pennsylvania." He died the next day.

When Tindley's great new church was built in 1924, the name was changed, in spite of the pastor's protests, to the Tindley Temple Methodist Church. It stands today on Broad Street in Philadelphia, a memorial to the one-time slave and hod-carrier, the Lincoln in Ebony who, by his love of God and devotion to humanity, won the heart of the City of Brotherly Love.

Minnie Mooched

PROMPTLY AT 4:30 o'clock every afternoon, Grandpop would reach for the big pail hanging by the kitchen door and retire to the barn to begin the milking routine that never varied in more than forty years of farming.

An integral part of the ritual was Minnie, the black tabby who sat in precisely the same spot every afternoon, and on the tenth or eleventh stroke would receive a stream of pure fresh milk full in her face. She would then retire to a corner and devote the next hour or so to licking the liquid off her whiskers.

Once Minnie disappeared for a few days. Then she was back again, receiving her allotted squirt. This time, however, instead of following her usual procedure she ran away. I trailed her to a hayloft nest, where there were waiting three cute little kittens who immediately fell to licking the milk off their mother's face.

One afternoon when the kittens were about a month old and my grandfather was seated at his regular place at the stern end of the cow, he looked up and saw not only Minnie but the three happy little kittens ranged alongside her. After that it cost him four squirts for Minnie and her family. But Grandfather never missed.

—GEORGE C. KNIERIM

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How a master censor, working anonymously, wove a powerful net around our enemy agents

Byron Price: Hero of the Terrible Scissors

by JOHN LEAR

A GERMAN SPY named Victor Sepelev died in Buenos Aires on January 11, 1945. Police records say he drank too much wine on a hot night and succumbed to a heart attack. Which is probably true. But there is reason to think the heart attack was induced by fright.

Sepelev was literally scared to death by a man who lolled in a desk chair six thousand miles away, sleepily revolving a mangled cigar in a face as round and benign as a full moon. Although intimates called this sleepy man "Px," the name on his door at the Office of Censorship in Washington, D.C., was Byron Price.

Sepelev never saw Price, never suspected him. Until the last he thought it was the British who caught him. Their Trinidad censors had picked up his trail when he wrote to a blacklisted firm in Spain. They were first to discover he was reporting to Berlin through Madrid, in messages scratched on the backs of breezy letters with a toothpick dipped in invisible ink.

The British read the concealed words. They revealed that the writer was in Asunción, Paraguay, and thought he was being watched by Allied agents. The return address on his envelopes didn't exist, and there the trail ended.

A liaison man from Price's office was in Trinidad when the Asunción letter turned up. He got in touch with the U. S. censors at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and relayed the Paraguay message, which was addressed to a "Tosca Saez." Almost immediately word came back. San Juan had just been reading a love letter from Spain which didn't sound as a love letter should. Addressed to

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a "Don N. Blinoff, c/o Casa Sepelev" in Asunción, it was signed "Tosca Saez."

Down in Asunción another of Price's men received a query. He was a link between the censors and the Government of Paraguay, and replied with a portfolio on Victor Sepelev, the house he maintained, the ranch he owned, his wife's job in the German Embassy and her other job in a blacklisted business firm in Paraguay.

From then on, Sepelev might as well have been living on the glass top of Price's desk. The censors read his mail. They read his cables. They read his telegrams. They listened to his phone calls. They cut off his espionage pay, which had come through an Argentine bank in the guise of royalty payments on a patent.

"My activity paralyzed," he advised the Nazis in what he thought was a secret message. Somehow he managed to smuggle out a request for a visa from Paraguay to Spain. The visa duly arrived. The cable authorizing it was read by the censors before it reached the Spanish Embassy. But long before that, Sepelev lost his nerve and fled by river boat to Argentina.

Useless there to his employers in Germany, he scurried from one place to another in Buenos Aires. Each new address was known to Washington. "Terror," he wrote in his last report in "invisible" ink. Seeking escape in heavy drinking, he crumpled up at a table one night and died.

THE POWERFUL NET that smothered Sepelev stretched 'round the world. It was woven by Byron Price, who in his way was as much a fighting general as Eisenhower or MacArthur. By his insistence on anonymity, he has become the most overlooked strategist of the war, the unsung hero of the terrible scissors. The story of his exploits has been lost in the democratic tradition that all censors are sadists, bent upon mutilating personal letters and otherwise interfering with free expression.

Price was executive editor of The Associated Press when the Japs struck Pearl Harbor. Trusted by all who knew him, he was the perfect choice for a job whose very nature bred mistrust and misunderstanding. A lifetime of newspaper work had taught him that a people's worst enemy is red tape. So he threw all the red tape he could in the path of the enemy, and cut all the red tape he could between us and our friends. His most astute blow in both directions was the first spy-catchers' convention of modern times.

Summoned in Miami on August 24, 1943, this meeting brought the FBI and the military and naval intelligence brains of the U. S. into direct personal touch with their counterparts in the British, French and Dutch empires. The agents talked shop, swapped ideas, dove-

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John Lear, a specialist on Latin-American affairs, is the author of "Forgotten Front," a book about his experiences as a correspondent in South America. He has also covered the news in Washington, New York, Chicago, Canada and the Caribbean. Lear was on the staff of Governor Tugwell in Puerto Rico for a year and later did radio news writing for a press association in New York. As a free-lance writer, his articles have appeared in many national magazines.

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tailed their respective areas of operation with precision. The thing was as hush-hush as the atom bomb, its occurrence not having been announced even to this day.

An international switchboard for swift exchange of secret information came out of this meeting. Set up as a division of Price's office, manned by an undercover staff of linguists, analysts, chemists and physicists, it was designated TOD (Technical Operations Division) to hide its real purpose. Price accepted the name with some reluctance; his sense of humor demanded camouflage like "Bureau of Woods and Waters."

From a list of thirty thousand suspected individuals and business firms, TOD compiled an index of those definitely implicated in espionage. Every card—there were more than 22 hundred at one time—was a documented history of an enemy agent, his friends and their joint interests in world affairs.

With 25 million letters, postcards and packages in each week's mail, in addition to cables, radio messages and out-of-the-country phone calls, the censors had time to read only a small fraction of the average man's correspondence. But all communications to and from the names in the spy directory were not only read but put through chemical baths, under ultra-violet light, and often beneath microscopes.

Fortunately, real spies are not as imaginative as those in novels. Although the Nazis trained many of their agents to operate clandestine short-wave radios, few did so and they soon were rounded up by radio direction finders. Most espionage was carried on by ordinary letter, either in open code or in disappearing ink. That threw the burden of detection on the people's army of housewives, clerks, stenographers and retired businessmen that Price recruited to read the mail. They learned as they went, for no school taught censorship.

"If we find anyone in here who actually likes to be a censor," Price once said, "let's get rid of him at once." He was discouraging incipient persecution complexes. A few born spy-hunters did pop up, and went around carrying magnifying glasses. They were humored for a practical reason: their suspicious bump sometimes hit something real. A San Francisco girl who saw a secret agent in every envelope made notes when her fears were ignored. She wasted a lot of paper, but turned up evidence leading to a seaport loiterer who was paid 250 dollars a week by the Japs to report ship movements.

EVEN A calm mind had cause to be jumpy in the censor's office. What was innocent and what was suspicious enough to send to TOD? Did a letter contain code? Were strange words legitimate or symbols? Was formal phrasing in a personal letter mere stilted style, or was it the forced casualness of a secret agent?

The return address on an agent's letter was bound to be false. The people he wrote to would vary. And they were only false fronts for the true recipients. The only positive clue to his identity: the signature. In a showdown it had to be checked against the handwriting of a known person.

"R. O. Gerson" had written at

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least ten secret messages, TOD knew, because he numbered them and No. 10 had been intercepted. Gerson had not been suspected until No. 6 was caught. His No. 8 and No. 9 had slipped through, too. TOD was worried. Gerson's disappearing ink was better than most. Moreover, he was a keen observer. Through him Hamburg was getting data on Allied shipping, plane output, new engines, airborne tanks and hints on the invasion of Europe.

Taking the Gerson letters, TOD compared them and asked the censors to look for a name and address—it could be any person, anywhere on earth—typed in the center of a red-and-blue-edged airmail envelope with a single airmail stamp in the upper right corner and the return address in the upper left. There would be three or four spaces between the name of the addressee and the street address, two spaces between the address and city, two spaces between city and country. Most of the lines would be indented.

Thousands of airmail envelopes were edged in red and blue and had centered addresses. Indenting was common. The peculiar spacing was Gerson's only quirk. A hopeless search? Not quite. Out of an endless procession of envelopes, a New York censor picked one and opened it. Not a mark could be seen on the back of the sheet but chemical baths brought out Gerson's hidden message No. 11.

Luck was truly with Price that day. No. 11 was addressed to a place in Portugal which Gerson had not used before. The secret message was a warning to Gerson's employers not to write again to his old address; the woman receiving his mail had become suspicious.

After the Portuguese address was added to the spy directory, Gerson's No. 11 was copied in his brand of invisible ink and sent on with the warning deleted. When No. 12 was found to contain a repetition of the warning, it was treated similarly. Soon after Gerson reached No. 15, his incoming mail was in the hands of the FBI and he was in jail. A German count, Wilhelm von Rautter, he had collected information as an air-raid warden near Brooklyn Navy Yard.

"The Saints Case" took months to unravel. It involved a huge ring of suspects exchanging letters in religious jargon. Yet none ever named a church or the denomination to which he belonged. Their code could not be broken, although Price's linguists were adept at everything from Punjabi and Kurdish through Bantu dialects.

When the letters formed a pattern around an office in New York, the censors found a respectable and patriotic executive of a big corporation acting as private postmaster for a Christian sect with nine hundred evangelists scattered over the earth. The letters were genuine spiritual epistles, unrelated to the war.

THE STORY OF the Gestapo's reign of terror among German war prisoners in this country has been widely told, but no one has revealed how the system was uncovered. The groundwork was laid unwittingly in a special New York office censoring POW mail, staffed by sixteen hundred persons. The censor who

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read a POW's letters also read the letters he received. Soon the readers knew the writers intimately.

One day a censor turned in a curious communication. Although written in the handwriting of the POW who signed it, the message did not sound like him. The censor was convinced it had been dictated. A few days later another censor had a similar experience with another POW letter. Then a third censor was likewise mystified.

The three letters were laid side by side. The style was identical and a fourth censor soon identified it as that of a POW whose letters he read. But each of the POWs was in a different camp, under military surveillance. How had the fourth POW managed to dictate messages?

The FBI and G-2 were informed. They were stumped. Then an Italian girl sorting POW mail noticed something. On one letter the "7" in the censor's number was tilted. She looked for "7s" on other letters. All were straight.

That one tipsy "7" was followed to a prisoner of war locator unit. There POWs were employed, under supervision, to distribute POW mail. By glancing at the identification number of a fellow German soldier, the sorters could tell who belonged to the SS. Letters addressed to SS members were furtively pocketed at the sorters' table, opened, and resealed with a spurious censor's sticker after inserting instructions on how to communicate with other SS prisoners.

A member of the gang had only to address an envelope to a man, slit it open, slap on what was left of the phony censor's tab, pen the words "not at this camp" on the envelope, and toss the letter in the POW mailbox. Back it would go to the postal locator unit, where the POW sorters did the rest.

THE EUROPEAN underground that rescued Allied parachutists was knit together with the help of Price's word-strangling commandos. Intercepted letters gave the names of towns where anti-Nazis were working, located friendly taverns in Pyrenees passes, described effective disguises and ineffective ones, gave amounts of bribes that would bring results at various points, described the types of passport fraud that would get past authorities.

But with human life in the balance, it could not be assumed that every scrap of information was true. Often the linguistic background of a censor was enough to prove otherwise. A writer trying to hide his real address could give himself away by mentioning vegetables growing in the neighborhood. The right censor knew those vegetables didn't grow there, and also knew that they *did* grow near the city postmarked on the envelope. One fraud was betrayed by a writer's mention of his hair oil. In the region where he professed to be, hair oil was as inconspicuous as a ringed nose at the Waldorf.

"What does not concern the war does not concern censorship" was Price's dictum from the time his office opened on December 19, 1941, until censorship ended on August 15, 1945. There was an inflexible rule against snooping into morals or politics. Instructions were to invade no privacy unless invasion was essential to winning the

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war. To Price's knowledge, this rule was broken only once—to help an aging lady from the Yukon.

She was traveling, in frail health, to join her daughter in Seattle. She wrote the name of the boat and the time of its arrival, asking her daughter to meet her. The censor saw that the boat was due that very evening. The letter could not reach the daughter before morning. A cold wind was blowing, and the little old lady would be alone on the pier. It was too much. An executive of the Seattle censorship office sent a special-delivery letter to the daughter and went to the dock himself to meet the boat.

DURING THE WAR, censorship tactics were of incalculable value in beating the Axis. Now that the war is won, they have no further merit in a democratic society. The confidential files on which this article is based have been destroyed. On Price's recommendation, only one copy of the records is to be kept. On microfilm, it is destined for the National Archives, there to be seen only on personal order of the President. After ten years, even that one copy will be destroyed.

Early this year, President Truman awarded the Legion of Merit to Byron Price. But the recognition Price truly cherishes is the good will and respect of thousands of newspaper, magazine and radio workers who helped him to deprive the enemy of valuable news by declining to print it. Of his staff of 14,500, only nine censors policed the censorship codes. Although they had no force of law, the codes operated so smoothly that no military secret of consequence reached print in a form that meant anything to the Germans or Japs.

Although he was a master at it, Price didn't like being a censor. He cut 20 per cent from each year's appropriation for his office, recommended abolition of his job as soon as the war was over, and closed up shop completely in 90 days. Today he views with satisfaction a nation at peace, happily getting the kind of news on which, in a democracy, no censorship exists.

From Little Ewes

SEVEN YEARS AGO, H. R. Hemingway gave up his job as salesman in Pomona, California, and with his modest savings bought five registered Karakul ewes. He studied everything he could find regarding the raising of Karakuls and "boarded" them at his Upland farm.

Soon Hemingway had to acquire more land and open a show room to take care of the selling end of those coveted Persian Lamb, Broadtail, Karakul, and Astrakhan furs. The public began to take notice. Now more than three thousand sheep owned or boarded by the Hemingways range over 34 hundred acres of land as near like their native Russia as can be found in this country.

—MARGUERITE ROSS DAVY

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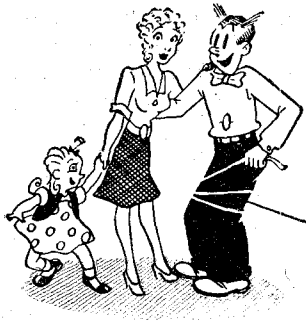
The adventures of Mrs. Bumstead have made Chic Young the world's highest paid cartoonist



"BLONDIE" America's No. 1 Housewife

by MICHAEL SHERIDAN

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DEVOTED DOWN-TO-EARTH domesticity is the gilt-edged keynote of America's top comic strip, "Blondie." Every day, some 44 million readers follow the rollicking adventures of the Bumsteads in the 940 newspapers in which the strip appears. "Blondie" earns 150 thousand dollars a year for its creator Chic Young who, unlike most big-time cartoonists, turns it out alone. And he has done just that for fifteen years.

"To call it hard work is pure understatement," says Young. "Going into this business is like taking the veil. You shut yourself off in a room and spend your whole existence there, while your friends are enjoying the good things in life."

Even now, Chic Young finds it hard to put his finger on what makes "Blondie" tick with our great public—and the many foreign countries that have adopted America's most famous housewife. "I think," he says, "that 'Blondie' appeals because the strip is based on simple, everyday family life—sleeping, eating, raising a family and getting the money to do it with."

Beyond that he won't go. If anyone asks him to reveal the "social significance" of the strip, he says: "Oh, let's not be too profound. After all, 'Blondie' is just another comic."

Careful but carefree composite of thousands of middle-class American families, the Bumsteads—Blondie, Dagwood, Dumpling, Cookie and Daisy—are not Young's neighbors. Even his own family has provided little inspiration.

"I've never connected the Youngs with the Bumsteads," he insists, "because our family of four wouldn't produce enough material for a comic strip. I simply dream up the stuff out of what I've seen everywhere—or what reasonably *could* happen to people like the 'Blondie' gang."

One reader, however, was not enamored with Young's cheerful delineation of the culinary misadventures of Blondie. He was a manufacturer of streamlined kitch-

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ens, and for months he pestered the Youngs with proposals to remedy what he termed "the sour end of the sweet life of the Bumsteads." He promised his products to Mrs. Young if only she would persuade her husband to guarantee a permanent pot-and-pan harmony in Blondie's life.

"The mere idea of never again seeing a piece of burned toast or a piled-up sink in my own home was almost too much," says Chic. "And as for it happening to the Bumsteads for the rest of their animated life, that would be like chaining up Daisy in a neighbor's back yard."

"BLONDIE" FIRST saw the light of day in April, 1931. Comic strips being notorious for getting off to a slow start, she was introduced to her public in less than twenty newspapers. It wasn't until February 13, 1933, the day Blondie married Dagwood, that record-shattering success was assured. Then the contracts poured in, plus an avalanche of fan mail.

It was a great day for "Blondie's" followers when Baby Dumpling came into the world. More than 400 thousand suggestions flooded King Features Syndicate when it was decided that the Bumsteads would have a second child. The syndicate allowed readers to choose the name. "Cookie" won, but readers did not confine themselves to sending names. They addressed hand-made layette items to Mrs. Bumstead, offered remedies for colic and "summer complaint," wrote long letters of advice about preventing jealousy of the newcomer by the first child.

It took five years before the characters in "Blondie" started to act like the people Chic wanted them to be. The flapper to good-wife-and-mother stage of the script was hardest, but because it happened slowly, sometimes almost unconsciously, the readers were never shocked by sudden changes. "Blondie has grown up just like my own boy and girl—with precise, parental care," says Chic. "The movies can move the clock forward and back, but not the comic strip."

Yet, with all the Bumstead brood doing well, Young still worries about them. He is constantly on the lookout for new traits that might be amusing to the reader but that would still keep the cast in character.

"Married people have taken to Dagwood and Blondie because they love one another, and I wouldn't dare break that."

People, it seems, are always getting married on the same date as Blondie and Dagwood. "These people of course are 'Blondie's' most interested followers," reveals Chic. "At the drop of a morning paper, they name their kids, their dogs, and even nickname their friends after the Bumsteads."

Other readers, more sheepish about their private lives, write in to ask how he found out about a purely personal occurrence in their home. It seems that Dagwood and Blondie and the children are always doing things that happen to others, and they want to know if some friend or neighbor has written to tell Young about it.

One of the funniest letters Chic ever received was addressed to the Los Angeles radio station which broadcasts the "Blondie" air show.

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An irate listener in Indiana threatened to sue Young, the sponsor and the actors "because you are making fun of me and my wife. All the neighbors are snickering because you are putting our private home life on the radio."

"As I draw of things that happen or *could* happen in any home, coincidences are bound to come up," says Chic. "But resemblance to any living person or persons is not purely but deliberately accidental."

Any movie star would be proud to get the amount of fan mail that Young receives. Each month thousands of letters arrive, asking for autographs, drawings for playrooms, and answers to questions. Nearly everyone wants to know *why* the big button on Dagwood's shirt. Chic has never been able to give a satisfactory answer except, "It's one big beautiful button to save drawing five little ones."

Hundreds write to ask why the heck the Bumsteads don't get a modern stove, why doesn't Dagwood wear slippers when he roams at night, why don't they get a lock on the bathroom door so that neighbors can't bust in when Dagwood's taking a bath. Young answers every letter, explaining: "This is my cross, and not only do I bear it but I enjoy it."

IF YOU CAN get him away from his drawing board long enough, Chic Young will tell you he was born in Chicago 45 years ago. His whole family draws as naturally as other people write longhand. His brother, Lyman Young, does "Tim Tyler" for King Features. His mother paints in oils. His sister before marriage was a commercial artist. Another brother paints well. Pop doesn't draw but encourages all the others.

Chic went to public school in St. Louis, where the family lived, until he was 18. Back in Chicago he joined several art schools, and it wasn't long before N.E.A., a newspaper feature service, hired him to turn out a comic strip at 22 dollars a week. "They got the idea from my age," says Chic. "I was 22."

Later, he joined King Features, where his springboard to "Blondie" was the comic strip "Dumb Dora," in which the character of Rod Ruckett happened to be a caricature of the cartoonist himself. Young turned out the feature without a break from 1924 to 1930.

"Although it had a good list of papers," says Chic, "I thought I could do a married-life strip best. By this time the young people had gotten away from me. My pen was growing up. I wanted to draw people nearer my own age."

Most helpful advice ever given Chic came from the late Joseph V. Connolly, president of King Features, who was also responsible for picking the name "Blondie." "He told me to make people behave as if they really cared for each other," says Chic. "Too many married-life strips have shown the couples always nagging and quarreling."

In all, Young has been drawing for twenty years, and hasn't missed a day. As each daily strip measures two feet, and each Sunday page eight feet, he turns out twenty feet of drawings a week. Altogether Chic has drawn two miles of "Blondie" and three and one half miles of comics, the newspaper end alone

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netting him 75 thousand dollars annually. Then, in addition to radio, film and book rights, another 75 thousand dollars comes from perfume, hair ribbons, games and dolls named after all the characters.

But ideas for the strips are always tough. "It takes anywhere from two minutes to eight hours," says Chic. "Strangely enough, the weak ideas take longer to get than the good ones. Actual drawing takes about five hours on the daily strip, while the Sunday pages require around twelve hours."

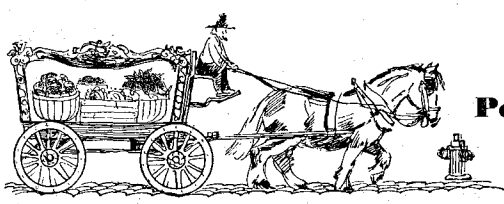
MODEST, FAIR-HAIRED, blue-eyed Chic Young insists that a great deal of credit for "Blondie" should go to his attractive wife, Athel. Her reaction is the reverse of Blondie's in all situations. "She is the best exponent of restraint I know, and puts a damper on me when I want to go hog-wild with a strip."

Chic will tell you that the thing he really has to guard against in his strips is boners. If a serious mistake gets by, there is an avalanche of mail. Readers always notice such errors as sleeves rolled up in one picture and not in another. Or beads on Blondie and then no beads. The strip is checked at least six times before publication, but boners somehow manage to pop through.

Unlike some cartoonists, Young keeps no extensive collections of clippings, ideas or notes in his Florida home. Furthermore, he hasn't a sample on hand of anyone else's work, or a gag sent through the mails. His advice to would-be cartoonists is to do the same, if they hope to turn out consistently original work.

His advice to novices, too, is short and sweet. "You can always tell if your drawing is dry by rubbing it with your hand. As for ink stains, you can remove these from the rug by soaking the spot with milk, then cutting around it with a sharp pair of scissors."

And that perhaps explains Chic Young, the world's highest-paid cartoonist. He may take his brain child seriously—but himself, never.



Post-War Promotion

WHEN THE BOARD of a small Michigan town decided to put an old horse-drawn hearse up for sale, the only bidder was an old farmer who bought it for next to nothing. The citizens wondered what he could do with it.

A few days later, he drove into town with a load of early cabbages beautifully displayed through the plate-glass sides. —W. E. GOLDEN

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As guests in our homes, thousands of students from foreign lands are learning the wonder of America

A New Pattern for One World

by JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

"WHAT WOULD YOU *really* like to do this evening?" their American host asked a trio of Chinese exchange students who were dinner guests at his Florida home. "We'll do whatever you say—movies, drive, concert, or I'll even teach you gin rummy."

"If you don't mind," replied one of the Chinese lads, "we'd rather go on a tour of your house."

The three Chinese had been studying in America for six months. Yet during that time they had never really seen the inside of a typical American home. Ice-cube trays were still miracles, oil burners were fantasies of the advertising pages.

So this one evening the Chinese students had their wish. Climbing happily from cellar to attic, they explored linen closets and laundry chutes, examined thermostats and pilot lights. As a fitting climax their host let them make their own milk shakes with an electric mixer.

"We'll always remember this evening," the Chinese boys said on leaving. "And when we return to China we'll tell our families and friends about your wonderful house and your very great hospitality."

These young Chinese, overflowing with curiosity about the mechanics of American living, are part of a migration of several thousand students from Latin America and from devastated Europe and Asia, now completing their education in American colleges. They are here on a threefold mission: to master their specialty, be it dentistry or soil conservation; to serve as ambassadors of good will from their native lands; to take home a message of fellowship from their new American friends.

For the achievement of the first purpose, the individual student is responsible. The fulfillment of the other two requires the increasingly active cooperation of thousands of thoughtful American citizens. Secluded in laboratories and libraries, exchange students will gain valuable knowledge. But they won't find out what makes America tick. Only in our homes, shops, fields and meeting places will the two groups find a basis for mutual understanding. At stake is the whole world's human relationship.

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In growing awareness of this opportunity, many American families are reconverting their Sunday dinners from GI open house to foreign-student open house. A woman in upstate New York puts it this way: "For three years we had a houseful of servicemen on Sundays. When nearby camps closed, our place echoed with loneliness. Then someone suggested that we entertain Cornell's foreign students. Now we're having the time of our lives."

Iranians, Belgians, Chinese and Latin Americans have trooped through that sprawling farmhouse, humming snatches of native song, bringing gifts of native handicraft and bearing away memories they will cherish forever. Their hosts, in turn, will not soon forget the miniature UNO meetings in the parlor.

Following a jolly Sunday dinner, a student from Ecuador asked his hostess if she would like an extra sugar coupon.

"Of course I couldn't deny that I could use one," she explains. "The next day the postman brought two tiny Ecuador dolls in gay Indian costumes. One doll had a neat apron—sugar stamp 38."

For Latin Americans, an informal dinner in an American home is often an eye-opening adventure.

"I was never so surprised as when our hostess asked us to wash the dishes," a pretty girl from Peru likes to tell her classmates. "You Americans are amazing. You serve a dinner fit for a king. You cook it in a kitchen that only a millionaire could afford in Peru. And then you ask your guests to wash the dishes. It's wonderful—but my mother will never believe it."

In an eastern city, a lucky Dutch boy has been granted an unrivalled opportunity to share our daily life. An American widow with one son wrote to the Institute of International Education, leading student exchange in this country:

"There is little the individual can do in all the post-war planning that has been offered to us, so I make what seems to me to be a simple approach to understanding between peoples of different nations. I should like to take a boy, my son's age (16) and of comparable social standing, from some other country into our home as a member of our family."

A lad from Breda, Holland, a survivor of the Nazi occupation, is now installed in that American home, still a little stunned by his fairy-tale existence.

IF CURRENT plans to convert surplus war material abroad into international education funds are realized, thousands of students from Allied nations will seek American higher education in the coming decade—if room can be found on crowded campuses.

What opinion will these future world leaders form of the United States? Will they look back on us as a money-mad nation, characterized by slums, racial discrimination and unfriendly cities? Or will they remember us as a vast, rich, dy-

Even before the war, Jean Libman Block had acquired a "one world" perspective as an English teacher in a girls' school in France. Since her return to the United States, she has made a study of the problems of foreign students in American schools. Her husband is a lawyer now in Germany tracking down Nazi war criminals.

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namic land, earnestly seeking to right acknowledged wrongs at home and eager to gain friends abroad?

The answer depends largely on the student's personal contacts. Agencies like the State Department, the Institute of International Education, and the Committee on Friendly Relations of the Y.M.C.A. are constantly striving to bring foreign students and American citizens together. Spokesmen for these organizations tell women's clubs, housewives and businessmen that there is no over-all formula for cooperation. But basically, individuals, alone or in clubs, can take these simple steps:

Invite foreign students for meals or week ends.

Suggest to sons or daughters at college that they bring classmates from overseas home for visits.

Ask foreign students to appear as guest speakers or participants at community affairs.

Arrange to take foreign students on tours of factories, courts, administrative agencies.

Correspond with foreign students after they return home, to maintain friendly ties.

Names and addresses of exchange students may be secured from the college's counselor to foreign students or the registrar. Despite their concentration in the East—there are approximately 750 currently enrolled at Columbia alone—overseas guests are also to be found on campuses in all 48 states.

Many exchange students are shy and afraid of making a mistake in language or customs. A stiff cross-examination on what they suffered at the hands of the Gestapo or how they outwitted the Japs will usually bring no more information than a similar third-degree directed at an American soldier released from a German POW camp. On the other hand, friendly interest will put them at their ease.

Robert Esquenazi from Cuba, a leader of the contingent at Columbia, was asked what attitude Americans should display to foreign students. Robert is well qualified to answer, for he is now an American citizen, having won that citizenship as a volunteer in the American army. Says Robert:

"Americans are realizing that to keep the peace we must cooperate with other countries as equals. Once we learn to regard all nations as neighbors, we'll look upon foreign students just as we look upon sons and daughters of people down the street. That means we won't have any special attitude. Automatically we'll welcome them, no matter what their race or color, and make them feel at home."

Evidently an exchange student from Greece, when he visited a Middlewest home, received the treatment which Robert recommends. On leaving, he confided to his hostess, "Today for the first time since I am in America, I lost my homesick."

About the time you learn to make the most of life—the most of it is gone.
—*Hendricks Hi-Life*

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You'll get more done if you start the day when your efficiency is at its peak

Make the Most of Your Mornings

by DONALD A. LAIRD

GETTING UNDER WAY in the mornings is a real task for many of us. Yet there is gold in the day's early hours if we will exert the extra effort to establish morning work habits.

Human efficiency rises and falls during the day. This "diurnal course of efficiency," as it is called, can be used to get more things done. For most persons it follows this general pattern:

Morning	8 a.m.	105 per cent
	10 a.m.	102 per cent
Afternoon	1 p.m.	101 per cent
	4 p.m.	96 per cent
Evening	8 p.m.	98 per cent
	10 p.m.	97 per cent

An astonishing number of self-made men and women have been "morning workers." It helped them get more things done—and more quickly and usually better.

Soldiers of course are accustomed to early hours but Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who has done more than any other person to liberate modern China, did not remain an ordinary soldier. Throughout his career he usually got up before the bugler and worked until breakfast, hours when his rivals were accomplishing nothing. No doubt he believed in the old Chinese saying: "If you lose an hour in the morning you have to hunt for it all the rest of the day."

Ruddy-faced John Wanamaker was one of the first to arrive at his store in the morning. He took an early train to New York — his buyers left an hour later—and he always carried work to do on the train. As Postmaster General, he stirred Washington by opening his office ahead of everyone each morning.

At seventy, still erect and with few gray hairs, he would start inspecting the floors of his great store in New York or Philadelphia at 8 a.m., and have helpful suggestions for his managers when they arrived an hour later.

William Lever was one of a grocer's ten children. Starting in a small rented factory, he built up Lever Bros. Co., the soap makers. He was always a morning worker, even after he became one of the world's richest men and won the title of Viscount Leverhulme. Lever arose anywhere from 4:30 to 6 in the morning, even when staying at one of his half-dozen estates. He took setting-up exercises, followed by a cold bath to "get the sleep out of his system," then worked until breakfast at 7:30. When his secretaries appeared, each found a full day's work laid out.

Daniel Webster also came from

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a family of ten children. His New Hampshire farm habit of getting work under way early in the day helped to take him on the road to fame. By breakfast he had finished a day's work for many men—and had the rest of the day for good measure. "I never let the sun get the start of me if I can help it," he often told friends.

BALZAC FIRST supported himself as a printer, so his writing had to be done at night. This started his night work habit. After he was able to devote full time to his writing, he worked *two* eight-hour shifts daily. His first shift was from 2 a.m. until 10 a.m. Then a two-hour pause, after which he started afresh, working from noon until 8 p.m. His double-shift writing brought him lasting fame as France's greatest novelist.

As a young man, Goethe led a devil-may-care Bohemian existence. For half a dozen years he interrupted this idling with stabs at work. Then he settled down and began the day with work. "I learned to work mornings," he said, "when I could skim the cream off the day and use the rest for cheese-making."

Later in life, when a committee was planning a Goethe memorial, they suggested using a lamp as a symbol of his industry. "No, gentlemen," he said. "I have never worked at nights—I work mornings where the gold is."

Like Goethe, John Milton as a young man tried to turn night into day. It was not until middle life that he became a morning worker, and it was after this change that he wrote his masterpiece, *Paradise Lost*. He started work at 4 a.m. in summer, at 5 o'clock in winter.

Arnold Bennett deserted a law career to become a novelist and dramatist. He often started to work at 2 a.m. Rousseau, whose romance *Emile* influenced education, was an early morning worker. John Calvin's writings brought about a reformation of religion; he started work at 6 a.m.

Slender Leonardo da Vinci climbed the scaffold in the convent church of Santa Maria delle Grazie at early dawn, to labor for years on his painting of "The Last Supper." He worked until evening shadows made further effort impossible.

Yes, the "early birds" get things done. And they get *more* things done. Why not try the morning work habit yourself—just to see whether it won't improve *your* talents and output?

Quoteworthy

Abraham Lincoln was once asked to give his definition of tact. "Well," he replied thoughtfully, "I guess you might call it the ability to describe others as they see themselves." —LOUIS HIRSCH

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My Old Schoolteacher

Her stern eyes, her severe lips were a mask behind which lay a lifetime of patience and kindness and a deep love of America's youth.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES AND HEROINES. PAINTING BY STANLEY EKMAN

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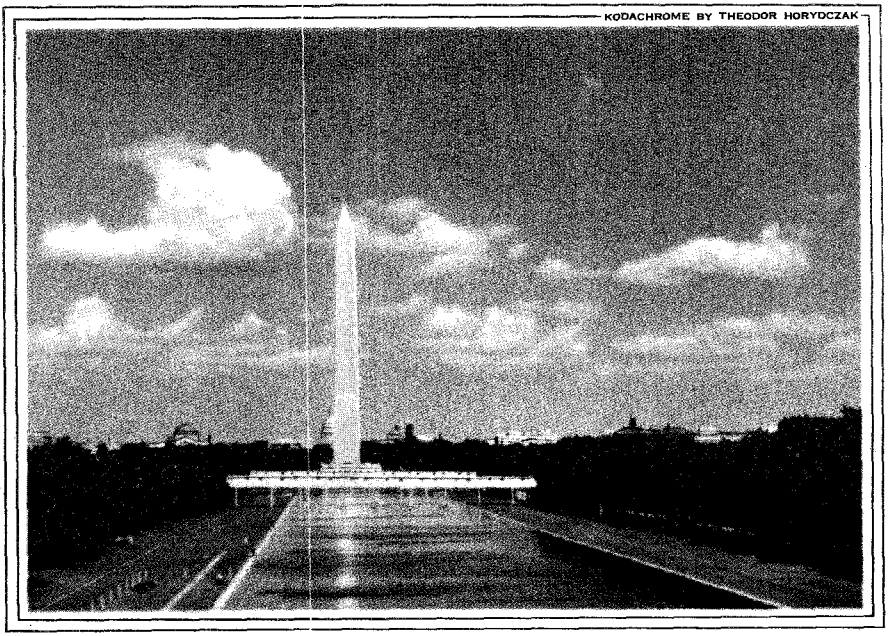

KODACHROME BY THEODOR HORYDCZAK

The Washington Monument: *Tribute to Truth*

by CALEB HALL

ONE BLUSTERING January day in 1945, Frank Wood, an old man from Oregon, stood by the high white marble Washington Monument, letting his eyes roam the obelisk's tall sharp sides. The wind always beats the great shaft in winter; and beyond the surrounding acres of cold grass the wind lifts the brown leaves into brief erratic dances.

Frank Wood shivered awhile, then walked through the one massive door of the Monument and asked a guard to let him go up to the 220-foot landing and see the stone bearing the Great Seal of Oregon, which he had carved some sixty years before and hadn't seen since.

Then, for the first time since World War II started, the elevator carried a passenger to an intermediary landing and Wood stood before his carving of a covered wagon, a boat, green trees, farm implements, and corn. His stone was one among some two hundred, the gifts of states and fraternal societies, foreign nations and individuals that wanted their majesty, sentiments, dreams of freedom or purely personal notions known and carved and made lasting forever upon the inner sides of the

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shaft, America's tall sign in the sky.

"Virginia who gave Washington to America gives this granite for his monument" . . . "Indiana knows no North, no South, nothing but the Union" . . . *Qui Transtulit, Sustinet*, said Connecticut . . . "Hope," said Rhode Island . . . "The Federal Union, It Must Be Preserved," said Tennessee, leaving unrecorded the right to change her mind eleven years later . . .

There are stones from Greece, Turkey, Wales, Siam, the Free Swiss Confederation, Brazil, the city of Bremen. " 'All That Live Must Die,' a Tribute of Respect from the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Dramatic Profession of America, 1853" . . . "The surest safeguard of the liberty of our country is total abstinence from all that intoxicates, Sons of Temperance of Pennsylvania."

GEORGE WASHINGTON was not a simple man. High-blooded as a fancy Virginia horse, he lived in what was a great house on a steep green hill overlooking a wide slow river; and he won a great battle, the important last battle, and he enunciated some very understandable and great truths which were greater than his battles. These were towering and everlasting truths, with all the qualities of grandeur reduced to simplicity in them. And so, after much controversy and long delays, the architects of his Monument captured this very thing, the grandeur and the simplicity, and raised it against the skies.

George Washington, strangely enough, seemed great to men in his own day. Scarcely had he whispered from his deathbed: "I die hard, but I am not afraid to die," than all the nation desired to enshrine his memory. Two questions instantly posed themselves: where should his body rest and what form should a memorial take?

In the new United States Capitol a crypt was built. But to obtain the body was a more difficult matter. A request by Congress brought objections from relatives. George Washington, said nephew Bushrod Washington, asked for burial at Mount Vernon and his wish would be respected. There was a bow and a withdrawal of the request.

But the notion wouldn't down. Again, in 1832, the old Whig, Henry Clay, expressed impeccably the wish that the body be removed to the Capitol. The emphatic "No" came this time from John M. Washington. Between times, the State of Virginia objected.

Meanwhile, too, Congress had authorized an equestrian statue to Washington that also would depict the Revolution's events, and in the general confusion of good intentions the sculptor Horatio Greenough worked eight years on a neoclassic statue of Washington in a Roman toga. This was placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol, was found too heavy for the floor, was removed to the Capitol Plaza and eventually found lodgement in the National Museum. It was, everyone agreed, much too affected for George Washington.

Finally, in September, 1833, came the Washington National Monument Society, which had a direct aim if no funds. Heading it was Chief Justice John Marshall. It set about raising money with a dollar limit on contributions to place

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the enterprise on a popular all-can-share basis.

Contribution boxes were placed beside ballot boxes on election days; stickers were printed saying, "Paste this label on a cigar box or any other small box and put it side by side with the ballot box. Have ready your donation however small."

But the funds only trickled. And ahead of the earnest Society lay three depressions and a Civil War. Yet they laid the cornerstone in 1848 and disposed of a pantheon-base suggestion. Two years later, as the story is told, President Zachary Taylor attended Fourth of July exercises at the Monument, which at this point resembled a vast and unfinished chimney, and ate a cherry pie with large swallows of ice water. Cholera morbus and typhoid fever ensued, causing his death and leaving a countrywide controversy over whether the pie or ice water on a hot day proved fatal.

FUNDS DWINDLED but memorial stones poured in. Americans living in Foo-Chow-Foo, China, sent a stone. From Greece, "The Mother of Ancient Liberty," came another marble block from the ruins of the Parthenon. Pope Pius IX sent a stone from the Temple of Concord in Rome. Hardly had it arrived than a band of masked men, members of the anti-alien "Know-Nothing" Party, crept upon the night watchman and, after overcoming him, seized the block and made off. No trace of it was ever found.

A wave of indignation and disgust swept the country and contributions fell off still more. By 1854, 230 thousand dollars had been spent and the Monument stood 152 feet. Matters were only fairly good, however, and Congress was of a mind to appropriate 200 thousand dollars to finish the memorial to be rid of it, if for no other reason.

Congress intended appropriating the funds on February 22, 1855, Washington's birth anniversary. The night before, "Know-Nothings" stole the Society's records and established themselves as sponsors. The Society quickly resisted the usurpation, declared itself in force, and the project faced the calamity of split sponsorship. Congress, disgusted, tabled the appropriation resolution. The stumpy pile of blocks was left like an abandoned outdoor chimney in a deserted field.

In what seemed a final gasp, appeals were made to postmasters to take up collections. This didn't help much. Then came the Civil War, which left the Monument but a minor memory of the good old days. But fortunately, one handicap was ended. The American Party had dissolved from the situation. Time passed over the desolate stone stump. It had somehow gained three feet with the help of the postmasters and other trickling contributions.

In 1871 and the war well over, the Society regained voice and bellowed an appeal. But the torn country, its emotions and resources spent on the battlefields, was apathetic. Five years later, however, two factors joined to save the Monument—the notorious enthusiasm of Americans for celebrating anniversaries and a compulsion upon the Senate to save its face.

The year 1876 was the centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, and

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Philadelphians invited Congress to their city for appropriate exercises. The House agreed but the Senate refused. The now-reunited nation loudly condemned the Senate and, to prove its patriotism, the Senate promptly acted with an appropriation of 100 thousand dollars to finish the Monument. The House added another 100 thousand dollars. Now the enterprise, financed for the first time, was solvent and solid.

The embattled Society soon deeded the project to the National Government, and the government's engineers soon discovered that the Monument's foundations were as unsteady as its finances had been. This was set in order, and so competently that the Monument, weighing 81,120 tons, has settled only six inches in 66 years. It is believed that no natural force below a wind of 145 miles an hour or a violent earthquake could disturb it. Lightning itself has struck thousands of times to no avail.

The government raised the white marble shaft to a height of 550 feet, five and one-eighth inches, and placed a pyramid of pure aluminum over the capstone. At hat-throwing ceremonies on February 21, 1885, Sousa's famous Marine Band stood in the thin winter sunlight and played *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*. The total cost had been 1,300,000 dollars. The work of the sponsors is unreckonable.

In a way, the Monument is a fabulous curiosity. Bobby-soxers know they can tramp down the 898 steps and sing catchy tunes and find their songs amplified as in the bell of a horn. Men have thrown softballs from the windows, but no one on the ground could ever catch one. Some, before the windows were barred, used it for death leaps; others, grabbing up the pamphlets at the door, have considered how the Monument stands higher than the Statue of Liberty, the Capitol Dome or the Pyramid of Cheops.

National heroes, Gen. Jonathan Wainwright among them, have been honored beneath it. Fourth of July fireworks traditionally light the skies around the Monument. At the start of this year, some 20,350,000 persons had looked from its windows east to the Capitol, west beyond the Lincoln Memorial, north across the White House and the flat brown-gray city, and south to the wide Virginia country. With the war over, the strong upthrown beams reach at night for the capstone in a frothing, fading light through which small birds fly like insects about a great candle.

To the memory of George Washington, who wandered as the aristocrat through his ancient boxwood by his house on the green hill above the wide slow river; to the soldier who stood in the snows with desperate eyes and a burning anger; to the statesman who put his country above everything else on earth, stands the Monument. And to some of the 950 thousand persons who go there each year in normal times, it becomes what it was meant to be, a sign of personal and national greatness in the sky.

Intelligence is like a river—the deeper it is, the less noise it makes. —*Beacon*

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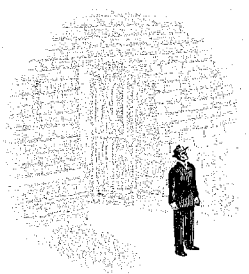
There's new hope for thousands of offenders as the Army reviews its convictions

How GI Convicts Are Getting a Second Chance



by IRWIN ROSS

THE COURT TOOK only ten minutes to make up its mind. Verdict: guilty. Sentence: ten years' imprisonment and a dishonorable discharge.

The charge was misbehavior in face of the enemy. The facts were clear. After three campaigns and two Purple Hearts, the soldier became fed up with being a rifleman and wangled a transfer to the mortar squad. But he was still restless.

Then at Volterra in Italy, he refused to advance when his company moved up to the line. Neither the threats of non-coms nor the cajolery of officers could stir him. At his court martial he pleaded not guilty, but refused to say a word in his defense.

For this GI, and for thousands of other American soldiers, the war is far from over. These are the men who ran afoul of Army law—who went AWOL, insulted officers, fell asleep on guard duty, or committed any number of civil offenses from robbery to rape. Such serious crimes warrant general courts martial, the Army's highest tribunal, which metes out dishonorable discharges and all sentences of more than six months' duration. During the war, 60 thousand men were sentenced by general courts. More than 32 thousand in the U. S. and overseas are now serving time—anything from six months to life.

The Army's penological problems are far more complicated than those of the average civil prison. For one thing, more than 75 per cent of its prisoners were convicted of purely military offenses—such as AWOL and desertion—which have no civilian equivalent. Many of these men, who could not take military discipline, are by no means criminals. So now the Army has embarked on the infinitely complex task of reviewing each of its 32 thousand cases in an effort to make the punishment fit the crime.

Meantime, the War Department has to fend off a barrage of congressional and newspaper criticism directed against both the severity of sentences and the court-martial system which imposed them. The Army, in short, is confronting one of its most ticklish problems. Not

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only is its good name at stake, but the future well-being of 32 thousand men and their families.

The problem is being attacked on three fronts. In Washington five clemency boards are reviewing the cases of all general prisoners—a herculean job. At rehabilitation centers throughout the country, determined effort has been made to wipe out convictions and restore thousands of prisoners to duty. Finally, in the cases of men not considered suitable for restoration, training programs have been set up at fifteen disciplinary barracks to ease their adjustment to civilian life.

THE CLEMENCY boards are the heart of the Army's program. At the top is one supervisory board composed of three high-ranking officers and two civilians. This board handles only cases involving policy. The bulk of the routine work goes to four special boards, each consisting of a civilian penologist, a combat officer and a senior officer from the Judge Advocate General's department. All five boards began deliberations with the cases of prisoners in the U. S. whose records were available here. Overseas prisoners receive attention after they return.

Recently, Board No. 1 came to the case of the GI who refused to advance at Volterra. In Washington's Pentagon Building, the board members were assembled in a big white-walled office.

"Ready with the next case, captain?" The gray-haired civilian chairman spoke to the young officer seated at a desk opposite. The captain briskly recited the Volterra case. He summarized the soldier's crime and sentence, mentioned his lack of defense at the trial, then touched on details not known to members of the original court.

The man was a moron. His mother had been a "low-grade defective," a grandmother died insane. The boy had been reared partly in an institution. In the Army he made a good combat record, although suffering from psychoneurotic anxiety. He got along reasonably well in jail.

When the summary was finished, the chairman looked up from his scratch pad. "Low-grade moron, good combat record. Well . . . "

The combat officer, a major, was emphatic in his judgment. "My God, the kid did all right! Three battle stars, two Purple Hearts. With that mental history it's a wonder he didn't crack long before. What do you think, Judge?"

The colonel was cautious. "It's a very serious offense," he said. "Yet the boy was hardly responsible for his actions."

"I vote to let him out," the major snapped.

The chairman turned to the colonel. "Shall we make it unanimous?" The colonel grinned in agreement. The chairman dictated the decision to the captain: "Remit sentence. Feeble-minded, excellent civil and military record, no prior court martial convictions . . . Now, let's have the next case."

This time the board was not so generous. The prisoner, serving five years, had neglected to go on a scheduled hike and twice had refused to perform chores. He pulled a knife on his corporal, cursed his company commander. The prisoner had a long list of jail terms in civil

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life—for juvenile delinquency, truancy, vagrancy, larceny. Currently the state of Illinois wanted him as a parole violator.

The colonel laid down the line: "This fellow is a bad risk but the sentence is too long. If we reduce it to four years, he'll get out five months after March—and then Illinois will get him anyway. What do you say?" The others agreed.

Last March 1 was the most significant date on the board's calendar—the date by which the bulk of the Army was demobilized. Jail time after March is thus considered a greater penalty than sentences served when most soldiers were still in uniform. Hence when the board trims a sentence, it calculates in terms of how many months or years after March 1 the man will linger in jail.

After the parolee from Illinois, the board quickly remitted the sentences of three psychotics. The board was complying with policy: when there is definite evidence of insanity, always free the man. From Army jail he goes to a civilian mental institution.

Next came a larceny case, where the man had received seven years. The board cut it to two years. Here they followed another principle: to reduce sentences for civil crimes to what the culprit would normally receive in civil court.

The last case of the morning concerned a man who had been a real asset to the Army—a young second lieutenant with a fine combat record in France, who received ten years for being drunk on duty. Although tipsy, he had managed to set up firing positions for a battery.

"This is a ticklish case," the chairman observed. "No excuse for an officer being drunk on duty, but how can we let one mistake ruin a man's life?"

In the end the board halved the sentence, recommended that the ex-lieutenant be continued on "home parole." This is similar to civilian parole, with the prisoner living at home and reporting periodically to a parole officer.

Then the board went to lunch. By the end of the day—an average day—they had completed fifty cases.

WHEN ALL FIVE clemency boards finish their work some time this summer, they will have sizably reduced the number of general prisoners and lopped off hundreds of thousands of years from sentences of men still in jail. But the Army has not relied solely on clemency. At rehabilitation centers, and to some extent at disciplinary barracks, every effort has been made to restore thousands of men to an honorable military status.

The centers have had a simple purpose: to give the erring GI a second chance. They were set up like regular training camps, with barracks, drill fields, technical schools and stockades.

New arrivals at Fort Slocum went "behind the wire" until each man had received a physical examination, been interviewed by a case worker, appeared before a classification board which determined whether he was suited for rehabilitation. If not, he was returned to the stockade to await transfer to a permanent Army jail. If the board approved, the GI became a "trainee" instead of a prisoner. He no longer lived in the stockade but

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in a barracks, and followed normal basic training for six days a week. Putting a man on his honor was the first step towards rehabilitation.

Each week consisted of three days of military training and three days of technical instruction—at communications, cooking and baking, administration or band schools. In addition the trainees received group and individual counselling to get them over psychological bumps.

The trainee had all the off-duty privileges of a normal soldier—movies, PX, libraries, service clubs, visitors. But he could not get a pass or furlough until he "graduated," usually six to eight months after he entered. Then the trainee received a furlough and returned to full duty. Eventually he emerged from the Army with an honorable discharge.

Today, with the rehabilitation centers closed, most prisoners are confined in disciplinary barracks, comprising three walled jails and twelve "medium security" installations—barracks, mess halls and other buildings ringed by double fences and guard towers. Inmates undergo a regimen akin to that established in progressive civilian prisons. Emphasis is on job-training programs to teach each man a civilian trade—anything from auto mechanics to music. The men spend every day but Sunday in the shop, receive no military training.

Inmates are periodically nominated for restoration to duty by a classification board, which submits recommendations to Washington. If approved, the candidate emerges from jail and takes his place in a Disciplinary Company located outside the walls. There he undergoes training similar to that in the Rehabilitation Center, after which he returns to the Army in good standing.

Despite public and congressional criticisms of wartime military justice, the manner in which the Army has fulfilled its obligations to the GI prisoner is a matter of record. More than 25 thousand men—in the U.S. and overseas—have been restored to duty. As Secretary of War Patterson says: "The Clemency Boards are committed to a task of deep significance. . . . If this task is carried out carefully, with regard for individual differences in offenders and offenses, the Army will retain, and deserve to retain, public confidence in its system of military justice."

So far, it is meeting the test.

Needless Effort

"THIS SEEMS TO BE a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "It's a wonder they don't erect a warning."

"Yes, it *is* dangerous," agreed the native, "but they kept a warning sign up for two years and no one fell over, so they took it down."

—RICHARD ROE

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For more than a century a New England town has sent its hempen strands to all corners of the globe

Human Spiders of Plymouth

by JACK STENBUCK

WHEN IT COMES TO knowing the ropes, there is no group to equal the craftsmen of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Here, in one of America's earliest settlements, almost within sight of the Pilgrims' historic rock, whole families have been spinning and plaiting hempen fibers for 122 years, passing their skill from generation to generation until this Yankee town of less than ten thousand people has become known throughout the world for its ropes.

Experts in one of man's earliest handicrafts, they have built the Plymouth Cordage Company into the largest factory of its kind. By so doing, they have been providing mankind with a homely tool which we now take for granted but without which much of civilization's progress might never have been achieved.

Plymouth rope has helped to sail the ships of the seven seas, gather the crops on every continent, net the fish in countless waters, save the drowning and even hang the wicked. In World War II, the newer nylon rope towed gliders into battle. Another miracle product, Fiberglas rope, capable of withstanding high temperatures, made possible extraordinary feats of production by America's war plants.

No job is too small, too large or too exacting for the ropemakers of Plymouth Cordage. Five Byrd Polar Expeditions were outfitted with Plymouth rope. A Vermont sheriff, with the distasteful job of hanging a woman, ordered a "soft, smooth bolt rope, around ⅝ inches in diameter, with a breaking strain of five thousand pounds," and got it. So did Chile, which placed an order for one of the biggest single rope jobs ever undertaken by the Plymouth Company—a mooring line 720 feet long, weighing more than nine thousands pounds, with a circumference of 21 inches. Plymouth ropemakers, using the technique which has come down through the years, took just a day and a half to produce it by hand.

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During the war, Plymouth Cordage attained its 100 per cent quota. Its product was so essential that at one stage of the conflict rope was flown direct to invasion beaches. And hardly had the fighting ceased when Plymouth employees were given just three days in which to load ships with eight million pounds of binder twine, needed for the first peace-time harvest in hungry Europe.

The plant where this rope magic is performed is as typically New England as baked Indian pudding. Even science and modern machines haven't been able to crowd out age-old traditions. Complex machinery, almost human in performance, now covers 33 acres of floor space and handles almost every ropemaking operation. It combs raw fibers, oils them until they pour through funnels like molasses, twists the fibers into yarn, the yarn into strands and the strands into the finished product. Nevertheless, the ancient ropewalk, dating to 1824, where craftsmen work only with the "feel" of their strong hands, continues to function.

On the ropewalk and in the adjoining splicing room, fourth and fifth generations of original employees ply their skill with the expert touch they learned from their fathers. Many are veterans of fifty years' service. Almost three hundred workers—one-fourth of the total help—have been manufacturing rope for 25 years.

Long before industry in general was worrying about its employees, Plymouth had adopted the policy that management owes more than a job to labor. It was one of the first to adopt a pension plan, group insurance and the sale of stock to employees. For years its presidents have issued regular reports, aimed at keeping the help posted on company affairs.

On the grounds are a handsome library, dining hall and recreation building, serving not only Cordage employees but the entire community. As early as 1899 the company laid out adjoining streets and began building three hundred Dutch and Colonial homes, each with lawns and gardens, which Cordage employees, even in today's housing shortage, still rent for as little as $3.50 a week.

When Cordage celebrates an anniversary it sometimes becomes a civic holiday with special trains from Boston, or essays by schoolchildren on "What Plymouth Cordage Means to Our Community." Everyone from miles around turns out to honor brother-teams whose combined service totals as much as 111 years, or combinations of father, mother, son and daughter whose total service may exceed the age of the firm itself.

Founder of the plant was Bourne Spooner, Mayflower descendant, who returned to his native Plymouth from the ropewalks of New Orleans, resentful of slave labor

Jack Stenbuck switched from the study of medicine to newspaper work, and at 19 he became city editor of the Milwaukee Journal. His next switch was to the circulation department; in that field he became one of the country's top newspaper circulation directors. In 1942 he made another switch—this time to magazine writing—and in the next three years he sold 65 articles to national periodicals. A resident of Boston, Stenbuck is now making a study of the outstanding people and industries of New England.

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and with Yankee determination to prove that free men could make rope better and more cheaply. Present head of the company, only the fifth in its long history, is Ellis W. Brewster, a home-town product in his late forties, with whom rope-making is a solemn trust.

Spooner chose a flat meadow for his ropewalk, surrounded himself with a handful of New England craftsmen, dredged a canal to his wharf which eventually made little Plymouth the second port of entry in Massachusetts, and hauled his product in ox-cart to the whaling ships of New Bedford. Spooner's successors speeded production with the help of science and made the company the largest shipper on the Old Colony line of the New Haven Railroad. In the process they compromised neither on product nor the principle of close relationship between management and labor.

In a recent report on the company's post-war plans, Brewster wasted no Yankee time on fancy descriptions of miracles in the making. Instead he said: "The old Plymouth principles of a good product, well and honestly made, and of fair and open dealing between customers, employees, stockholders and management, will not change. These principles are reaffirmed."

A graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Brewster combines a New Englander's reverence for company traditions with respect for the modern Cordage laboratory. In this lab, hemp and sisal are constantly being tested for strength and for resistance to water and chemicals, rope's most deadly enemies. There is even a tank in which scientists nurse every species of marine life to determine their effect upon rope used for maritime purposes.

Out of this laboratory, too, came the know-how that made possible the wider use of domestic hemp and other substitutes when the war cut off Manila hemp and African sisal. Likewise came developments with spectacular synthetic fibers which Spooner never dreamed of—heat-resisting rope of Fiberglas, chemical-resisting rope of Saran, and the glamour product of all, nylon rope, with a stretch, resiliency, strength and lustrous sheen that no other rope can match.

WHILE THE laboratory has created the more spectacular products at Cordage, the romance of ropemaking is not so much in them or the magic machines as in the old ropewalk and splicing room. A vivid reminder of America's pioneering past, the ropewalk stretches for a quarter mile over the very meadow where Spooner laid his first rope. Inside the low shed-like structure, men who have developed the "feel" in their hands after years of apprenticeship coil one end of the fibers around their waists and, always working backward, shuttle like spiders along the lanes which resemble elongated bowling alleys.

They usually twist the yarn from right to left into strands on their first trip to the end of the walk, repeat the backward journey to form the strands into finished rope by twisting from left to right, then "lay" the rope by twisting three or four strands from left to right again. Only in one respect have they made concession to the machine age. Instead of walking backward as their

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forefathers did, they ride a specially-designed car.

When it comes to splicing rope, no machine has yet been invented to replace skilled human hands. At Cordage, eighteen splicers and their assistants, descended from a long line of splicers, usually work in pairs as they join two pieces of rope together so ingeniously that only an expert can detect the joining. Their only tool is a "fid," a foot-long piece of hard wood tapered to a point.

Despite the varied skills displayed at Cordage, all hands take off their hats to white-haired Steve Reed when it comes to the peculiarities of rope. Reed, officially field engineer but more commonly called trouble-shooter, probably knows more about rope than anyone in the world. He started with Cordage 33 years ago, has held just about every job in the mill. When he isn't busy trying to devise a distortion-proof hemp rope or similar refinements for the company's product, he's traveling, sometimes as far off as Norway and Alaska, checking up on what makes rope go wrong.

While walking along a lonely beach in Alaska, Reed saw a piece of rope floating on the tide. Tucked between the strands was the Plymouth marker. As he stood there fingering the water-soaked remnant, he thought of the mysterious and varied purposes it might have served for man. Is it any wonder no one can convince him and fellow Cordage employees that, of all the world's romances, there's none to equal the romance of rope-making?

Juvenile Jive

THE TEACHER WAS talking about the dolphin and its habits. "And children," she said impressively, "just think! A single dolphin will have two thousand baby dolphins."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the little girl at the foot of the class. "How many do married ones have?"—*Wireco Life*

MOTHER AND DADDY were trying to carry on a somewhat private conversation before their alert little first-grader, Janet. Mother wanting to use the word "sex," took the precaution to spell it backwards.

Janet, an uncensored radio listener, smiled up at them with the comment, "Nature spelled backwards, I suppose?"

—MRS. H. I. DERRICKSON

A MONTANA SCHOOLTEACHER asked for essays on our outdoor life and its wonders. Here is what one freshman wrote: "When we go camping, we must keep the place neat; we must be very careful to put out our fire. This is God's country. Don't burn it up and make it look like hell."

—GEORGIA MAE MOWERY

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Harnessed for peace, atomic energy promises to become the most amazing servant man has ever known

Your Servan

The

in the World

by J. D. RATCLIFF

A HISTORY-MAKING phone conversation took place on the wintry morning of December 2, 1942. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, then of the University of Chicago, was at one end of the wire. Dr. James B. Conant, of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, spoke from Washington.

"The Italian navigator has discovered America," said Compton.

"Splendid! And is the new country safe to enter?"

"Yes. Columbus finds the natives are friendly."

This cryptic conversation conveyed to Conant the truly significant news that the first atomic chain reaction was under way. In the squash court beneath the University of Chicago's Stagg Field a uranium pile had begun to cook. The era of the atom was beginning to give forth an inaudible but meaningful birth-cry.

The metaphor of the telephone conversation was suited to the event. Here, indeed, was an occurrence to rank with the finding of a great new continent. Like Columbus' dramatic discovery, this atomic reaction was to have an everlasting impact on the history of mankind on this planet.

Prophecy is always difficult and generally wrong. When James Watt demonstrated his steam engine in Edinburgh in 1765, he could not visualize a 20th Century Limited flashing through the night. The future of the steam engine, he felt, lay in pumping water out of mines. Similarly, Thomas Edison and his phonograph. Its greatest usefulness, he felt, would be as a kind of adjunct to the undertaking business—in recording the last words of prominent people!

From today's vantage point, it is difficult to prophesy the era of the atom. Yet when one does peer into that future, dim outlines are already visible.

Lightning terrified primitive man. Modern man stands in awe of the atom. But fear is as unreasonable in one case as in the other.

Think of the atom in terms of flame. A flame may be used to cook a steak, warm a house—or provide the searing breath of a flame-

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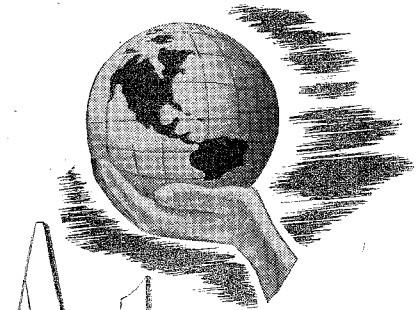

Atom f Tomorrow

thrower. Or think of it in terms of dynamite. The same dynamite which prepares a field for cultivation by blasting stumps may bring screaming death in an air raid.

And so it is with the atom. We may use it to blast enemy cities in war. Or we may use it to give the human race a new concept of peace, plenty, leisure. Fortunately for mankind, the atom offers an enormous range of choice.

POWER HAS ALWAYS been the measure of human progress. Invention of the wheel took loads off the backs of men and animals. Steam provided power to spin those wheels more easily; electricity made power available in a more convenient form. The amount of power consumed by any country is a measure of the level of civilization in that country. And now, the atom hurtles man into an age of superpower. From this point onward, anything is possible.

Suppose, for example, we found it desirable to melt the ice cap that smothers Greenland, thereby converting that sub-continent into a fertile plain. Such a scheme sounds preposterous. Yet it is chosen for that very reason—to indicate that with the advent of atomic power man's wish becomes man's guide.

The great fireball that mushroomed over Hiroshima had a center temperature of 100 million degrees F. Yet such an enormous release of heat would melt ice from only a third of a square mile of Greenland—assuming the ice cap to be a thousand feet thick. So the task seems impossibly expensive in time and money until we remember that the bomb over Japan released less than one-thousandth of the potential energy in uranium.

Utilizing all its energy, it would melt the ice from 216 thousand acres—an area 47 times as large as Bermuda. On this basis the scheme to transform Greenland begins to appear feasible. But not necessarily *desirable*.

Melting of the polar ice cap would bring profound disruptions to the world, raising ocean levels a dozen feet or more. Such a tidal wave would flood large areas of coastal cities like New York, Boston, Miami, Seattle; ship lanes would be choked with icebergs blasted from the coastal fringe of glaciers. So per-

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haps it would be best for civilized man to leave polar ice in the perpetual keeping of the Eskimos.

Up to now, we have thought of atomic energy in terms of sudden releases of power, as in a bomb. It isn't likely that the world will find too many constructive uses for such bursts of energy. But there will be a few. Giant power might be used, for example, to smash rock domes on volcanoes and thus prevent the building up of too much internal pressure. This would permit periodic bleeding of pent-up energy, thereby preventing the disaster of an uncontrolled eruption.

There will be other super-blasting jobs. Atomic power might permit the leveling of mountain tops to make air fields. Likewise, explosions could help to open railroad and highway passes through rugged and precipitous areas. But these uses will be rare. Mankind will be much more interested in a slow, regulated discharge of energy.

THE MOST immediate job for atomic power is the production of electricity. There is enough knowledge on hand at this moment to start construction of an atomic power plant. It could be operating within twelve months.

Such a plant would be costly—just as the first model of any new machine is costly. The new model automobile that comes off the assembly line represents an expenditure of millions—in design, testing, retooling. This cost, of course, is eventually eaten up by the hundreds of thousands of cars that follow. The same might be true of an atomic power plant.

Such a plant would also be dangerous. Exploding uranium atoms shower off radiation of the same type produced by radium. Unless humans are protected by shields they will be fatally burned. This, however, presents no great obstacle. There are no deaths today in radium extraction plants or among X-ray workers. There should be none in an atomic plant.

Many people question the advantages of electricity derived from atomic energy. They point out that fuel represents only 17 per cent of the cost of electric power today. Suppose, they say, that fuel were *free*. This would reduce the household electric bill of $3.50 a month to $2.90—hardly the "revolution" expected from atomic power.

This, however, is poor logic. Suppose, as everything indicates, that atomic power will be cheap beyond belief. It might well pay utilities to furnish *all* the power a home could use for about $3.50 a month. Then homes could be heated by electricity, air-conditioned by electricity.

With atomic power, planes, trains and ships will usher in a new era of cheap transportation. Everyone will be able to satisfy the urge to travel. A week of winter vacation on Africa's sunny shores will be within reach of an Iowa man; a week of skiing in Greenland a possibility for the Texan.

If such things seem fantastic, note one point. With the facts now on hand it would be easier to accomplish these things than it would have been for Michael Faraday, pioneer of electricity, to construct an electric razor.

Until today, any nation's ability to industrialize has depended on

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coal. Britain became a great manufacturing nation not so much because the British are good traders as because Wales had great coal deposits. Germany developed because of Ruhr coal, the U.S. because of Appalachian deposits.

Such a situation however, no longer holds. One pound of uranium yields as much power as three million pounds of coal. Three railroad hopper cars of uranium would equal the entire coal output of the United States. These facts disclose that, from now on, the industrialization of any nation will depend upon an almost insignificant amount of atomic fuel.

Africa, for instance, has virtually no coal but possesses a vast supply of uranium in the Belgian Congo. Therefore, it is quite conceivable that Africa will become as highly industrialized as North America. From being the most backward continent, it can move forward to become the most progressive.

Have-not nations will disappear from the earth—for the simple reason that there will be plenty for all. The Nazis rose to power on the cry that bullets are more vital than butter—which any sensible man knows is not true. In the future such political catch-phrases will fall on deaf ears.

WAR IN ESSENCE is the effort of one tribe or nation to take desirable goods or properties from another tribe or nation. But if unlimited wealth is available at home, why go through the social and economic catastrophe of war?

A nation needs iron? Let it use atomic power to extract it from sea water. A nation needs sugar, fats? Such essential commodities can be made from wood if enough cheap power is available. A nation hungers for gold? With atomic power, other elements can be transmuted into gold.

Thus with unlimited atomic power, the basic reason for war disappears. There will be plenty for everyone without the necessity of seizing it from a neighbor. Nations will no longer have to bankrupt themselves in order to main-

Understanding the Atom

THE BEST WAY to understand the atom is to visualize it as a miniature solar system in which electrons revolve like planets around a nucleus made up of protons and neutrons. These three unbelievably small particles are the fundamental blocks from which all matter is made—the moon in the sky, the toast on your table, the paper on which these words are printed.

Yet despite the unbelievable smallness of the atom, this solar system is incredibly empty. Enlarge the nucleus to the size of a cottage and the electrons will be 36 hundred miles away. Packed tightly, these atomic fragments would be incredibly heavy. A thimbleful of neutrons, for example, would weigh a million tons. And if atoms were squeezed together in a block of matter the size of a pound of butter, the block under certain conditions would weigh 259 million tons!

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tain large armies and navies. The energy formerly expended on creating weapons of war will be expended on providing more human comforts, greater leisure and increased security.

All of this is here for us—if we accept the wise counsel of scientists instead of the unwise words of soldiers and politicians who speak of the "atomic secret." *There is no atomic secret*—any more than there is a secret of common table salt, a secret of a glass of water, a secret of a stick of chewing gum.

A great part of the wealth for the new world aborning will come from the oceans, which are this planet's great mineral depository. Each cubic mile of sea water contains five billion dollars' worth of minerals. The United States has pioneered in extracting bromine (for anti-knock gasoline) from sea water and in extracting magnesium metal.

Other nations can follow suit, securing all the iron, copper, silver they want. They can get raw materials from which to make textiles, fertilizer and a thousand other products. Even Africa might supply its deficiency of metals by using water from which minerals had been extracted to irrigate the Sahara. Then this vast wasteland would bloom again.

For nations which have rich mineral reserves, atomic power may revolutionize mining methods. The vast heat of atomic explosion might be used to melt mountains! The aluminum, iron or other metals the mountains contained would be sluiced off in a molten stream. Such a process would save an incalculable amount of human time and labor.

There will be heating jobs for atomic power almost everywhere. Look at the great uranium piles at the bomb plant at Hanford, Washington. These piles yielded enough heat to warm the Columbia, largest river flowing into the Pacific from the Western Hemisphere.

The piles worked this way. Blocks of uranium ore were imbedded in chunks of graphite. These were piled, tons of them, into a giant lattice. As atoms of Uranium 235

Atomic Power as the Doctor's Ally

BY A CURIOUS twist, atomic power will find one of its first uses in medicine. Under the neutron bombardment of dividing uranium, all elements become radioactive. Thus it is possible to make common things like iron, copper and magnesium shower off radiation in the same way radium does.

Radioactive elements open a new approach to the cancer problem. It is known that certain bodily organs have an affinity for certain elements. Iodine finds its way to the thyroid, phosphorus to the bone marrow, iron to the red blood corpuscles.

Suppose that cancer tissues have a similar hunger for some element. Then it will be easy to make this element radioactive. It might find its way to the tissue and emit radiation *inside* the cancer, doing a more effective job of destruction than X rays or radium can do from the outside.

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exploded, they yielded stray neutrons which were absorbed by Uranium 238. With this added mass, the U-238 changed into a new element, plutonium. Plutonium, like 235, is an explosive stuff. While the reaction is cooking, enormous amounts of heat are generated.

Suppose this heat, instead of being wasted on a river, were used to benefit a city. Heat could be piped into homes as water is piped today. There would be an added advantage to such a scheme. When the reaction within the pile was completed, chemical extraction would yield large amounts of explosive plutonium. This could be used to provide further energy for other purposes. Thus, in a sense, heat for the city would be a mere by-product.

COST, OF COURSE, is the immediate guiding factor in accomplishing many of these earth-shaking achievements. Up to the present point uranium power has been wrapped up in the extravagances of war. It is highly unlikely that anyone could accurately estimate the cost of a pound of U-235. So let's approach the problem from the other direction. What would uranium have to sell for to compete with other fuels?

The best estimates indicate that U-235 could sell for nine thousand dollars a pound and compete with coal at six dollars a ton. It could sell for 52 thousand dollars a pound and compete with gasoline at twenty cents a gallon; or at twenty thousand dollars to compete with fuel oil at eight cents a gallon. In thinking about these price tags on U-235, note that gold is currently worth about five hundred dollars a pound.

From these figures it is apparent that U-235—or plutonium—can be enormously costly and still supplant the fuels in use today. There seems to be no doubt that ultimate costs will be considerably lower than those quoted above. Remember aluminum was once regarded as a precious metal, more costly than gold. Better extraction methods slashed the price to a point where it competes with kitchen tinware today. In the same way, as demand for uranium climbs, prices will nose-dive.

Fortunately, the world has an enormous supply of uranium. In this country, we have rich ore deposits in Colorado and Utah. Canada has a vast stockpile on the shores of Great Bear Lake. Other deposits are scattered around the world. Almost any of the rocks in your own back yard contain some uranium.

Moreover, it seems likely that scientists will learn how to derive power from elements other than uranium. The thorium used in old-

The Atom as a Tracer

"ATOMIC TRACERS"—or elements made radioactive—offer a solution to many problems in metallurgy. They might throw new light on the role played by alloys in hardening steel. The tracers could tell a vivid story there. They might also be used to detect flaws in metal castings. All this would be translated into better consumer goods—automobiles that would last a lifetime, safer planes and ships, indestructible household appliances.

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fashioned gas mantels will surely yield large amounts of power. So will other elements. The goal, of course, is to start controllable chain reactions in such common things as carbon and nitrogen.

The stakes in this planetary game are exciting beyond imagination. For example, 15 billion horsepower hours of energy are contained in the atoms of a pound of butter, a pound of water, a pound of wood. It would take 17 thousand horses working 24 hours a day for a hundred years to produce comparable energy! The problem, of course, is to release the spring which holds this enormous energy in check.

When and if these random sources are eventually tapped, man can do as he likes with the world. If he chooses to air-condition the tropics he can do so; or he can turn Antarctica into a giant hothouse.

Even with fuels that existed before the era of atomic power, it was theoretically feasible to build a rocket which would travel to the moon. Atomic power immeasurably simplifies the task. Scientific exploration of Mars is now within man's grasp.

If such things sound wildly preposterous, remember one oft-proved adage. In the field of modern science, today's optimistic dreaming invariably turns out to be tomorrow's accomplished fact.

Cheap at the Price!

AN ARTIST who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill of $67.30 for his services. The church warden, however, required an itemized account and the following was duly presented:

For correcting the *Ten Commandments*	$ 5.12
For renewing heaven and adjusting the stars	7.14
For touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting new tail on the devil and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
For putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath	6.13
For mending shirt of prodigal son and cleaning his ears	3.39
For embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet	3.02
For putting new tail and comb on St Peter's rooster	2.20
For repluming and regilding left wing of the Guardian Angel	5.18
For washing the servant of high priest	5.02
For taking the spots off the son of Tobias	10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ears	5.26
For decorating Noah's ark and new head on Shem	4.31
TOTAL	$67.30

P.S. He got the money —ANTHONY BONACCI

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For 17 years the Secret Service was baffled by a skillful farmer who made his own money with pen and ink

KING OF THE COUNTERFEITERS

by J. IRVING CRUMP

THE SOBRIQUET of Jim the Penman was earned not by an expert forger or a writer of poison-pen letters. It was acquired by a New Jersey dirt farmer with hands and fingers so big that a pen seemed to be an utterly foreign implement.

Moreover, he was a man who appeared so stupid at times and yet so kindly and honest that no one ever suspected him. Nevertheless he was the cleverest counterfeiter in the history of the U. S. Secret Service, and operated longer by far than any other man who has been tempted to make bogus money.

Emanuel Ninger, alias Jim the Penman, was a German emigrant who operated a truck farm near Westfield, New Jersey. He was thrifty, churchly, and an excellent husband and neighbor. He sold his farm products and had a bank account of seven thousand dollars when arrested. But he was also master of his household and maintained a room on the upper floor that neither his wife nor children were ever permitted to enter.

His wife was not suspicious, however, because she knew her husband liked to draw or paint in this room he called his studio. She even showed neighbors the quaint little sketches and animal drawings he made. She never suspected that during his periods of seclusion he was making ten, twenty, fifty and even hundred dollar bills that baffled the Secret Service for almost two decades.

These notes, individually produced with pen and ink and camel's-hair brush, were so beautifully done that after Ninger's arrest his bills were sought by collectors.

Because of the Treasury Department's nation-wide educational campaign, Ninger's "green goods" would not last long today. But in the days of Jim the Penman, people did not pay as close attention to their money. Strangely enough, it was the happenstance observance of a woman, combined with the fact that Ninger, for once, did not use waterproof ink, that led to the master counterfeiter's downfall.

The first of Ninger's bills reached the Treasury in Washington in April, 1879. It is impossible to estimate how many others he circu-

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lated before that time and until his arrest in 1896. He would never tell.

A clerk in the New Orleans Sub-Treasury found the first note. It had started its career in New York City, for Ninger never tried to pass his bills anywhere else. Its long journey bespoke its excellence; the Secret Service admitted it was about the best fake they had seen.

This first note was a twenty-dollar bill. But Ninger was versatile: he ranged from ten-dollar bills bearing the portrait of Webster to hundred-dollar notes bearing both the Farragut and Lincoln portraits. In every case the two most important details, the portrait and the Treasury seal, were so carefully done they almost defied detection.

One reason for Ninger's long career was his technique of working alone. He attended to every detail himself with meticulous thoroughness. For weeks he would work as a farmer, visiting his neighbors, going to church, posing as an honest citizen. But every month for five or six days he would lock himself in his room, eat little and work industriously. Then he would drive a load of produce to New York markets, dispose of it, and devote the rest of the day to passing bogus money.

No one ever suspected the stolid, red-faced farmer, for Ninger never tried for a killing. Three hundred dollars a month was all he needed to live comfortably and put a little money in the bank, and for years he did just that.

Ninger used an excellent grade of bond paper, which he treated with weak coffee to "age" it. While it was still moist he would put it on a transparency in his room and with the aid of strong light would make a careful pencil tracing of the face and reverse side of each bill he planned to duplicate. Then, after the paper dried, he proceeded with pen and waterproof inks (most of which he made himself) to draw in the design, the seal and the portrait.

But it was on the reverse side that he showed his real ability as an artist. Instead of attempting to draw in each line of the lathe work, he used a very fine brush to paint the design, working so skillfully that the whole thing had the appearance of an etching.

NINGER'S MOST successful product was the twenty-dollar Hamilton note, and yet it was one of these that trapped him. On his last passing trip, he came to New York with five twenty-dollar bills and a fifty-dollar bill in his wallet. Leaving his farm wagon in Jersey City, Ninger crossed on the ferry and went uptown to Sixteenth Street and Third Avenue to begin operations. There, in a liquor store, he bought a bottle of cheap wine, paying the woman clerk with a twenty-dollar bill.

But the woman, Miss Arenholz, had been washing dishes and her hands were not entirely dry when she accepted the bill. After Ninger had left she noticed ink smudges on her hand. Promptly she examined the bill. Blurs showed where her fingers had touched it. She

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J. Irving Crump, the author of some 35 books, has also written extensively for magazines, radio and motion pictures. His newest book, "Our United States Secret Service," is a history of the Federal agency. It was printed in an edition of 135 thousand copies for the Armed Forces.

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called the proprietor, John Weyman, who called the police. Then, for the first time in seventeen years, a description of Ninger was passed on to the Secret Service, along with the bogus note.

Unaware that he had made his first slip, Ninger had gone downtown, successfully getting rid of the four remaining twenty-dollar bills on his way. But he still had the fifty-dollar note. At Cortland and West Streets he stopped in the saloon of Lewis N. Duessing, who knew him as one of the Jersey farmers who brought produce to market. There Ninger ordered a drink and a cigar.

"Look, Mr. Duessing, I forgot to get some small bills to pay my farm help, and the banks are closed. Could you change a fifty-dollar bill for me, maybe?"

Duessing said he could supply forty dollars in bills and ten in silver. Ninger passed over the counterfeit and took the wad of bills and handful of coins. Then he made his second mistake. He didn't count the money. Instead, he shoved it into his pocket, mumbling something about catching the next ferry.

That made the saloon keeper suspicious. Thrifty farmers counted their change. Duessing took the bill out and examined it. Then he sent a husky bartender named Paul Zipper after Ninger.

Zipper hurried to the Cortland Street ferryhouse but Ninger was not there. Then he ran to the Liberty Street ferryhouse, where he saw Ninger doing what he should have done in the saloon—counting the money.

Zipper said his boss thought the fifty-dollar bill was counterfeit. Ninger looked surprised and hurt. He insisted he had gotten it from the Union Trust Company. He said he would go back and look at it.

But outside the ferryhouse was a cop who had been told to look for a counterfeiter of Ninger's description. He approached the pair and the alarmed Ninger tried to bolt. Zipper grabbed him. So did the policeman. But Ninger put up a terrific fight, flattened the cop and broke away; Zipper had to bring him down with a flying tackle.

Under arrest and confronted by Miss Arenholz, her boss, and the saloon keeper, Ninger confessed to his seventeen years of counterfeiting. Before long, Jim the Penman found himself languishing in Federal prison. Never again did he have a chance to exercise his superb if illegal artistic gifts.

Please . . . No Depression!

A Midwestern school superintendent on a recent journey fell into conversation with a nice old lady who shared his seat. Among the many things they discussed was the likelihood of another depression.

"I do hope there won't be another," the old lady remarked. "The last one was terrible, and it came at such a bad time . . . when so many people were out of work."

—Randolph MacFarlan

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With high-speed roads, our cities are preparing to cut the appalling traffic toll

SUPERHIGHWAYS TO THE RESCUE

by CREIGHTON PEET

EVER SINCE most of us were born, the towns and cities in which we live have been competing with, and even fighting, our favorite invention—the automobile. As the motor car grew up, we clipped inches, then feet, from our sidewalks to make way for traffic. When streets were crooked we tore down buildings. We built extra bridges and dug spacious tunnels. We built acres of fancy concrete "clover-leafs." We covered the country with a canopy of blinking red and green lights.

But even all these concessions and devices didn't bring a solution. Just before the war clamped down on motoring, there were insufferable traffic bottlenecks in most of our cities. Often it took three times longer than necessary to drive to and from work. The Sunday evening return from a day in the country was a nerve-wracking series of snarls. And in 1941, the last normal motoring year, accidents produced a total of 39,969 killed and 1,450,000 injured, while damage amounted to almost two billion dollars!

Today, new cars and tires are coming back in a swelling flood. Do we have to put up with the old bottlenecks, the irritations—and the casualty lists?

Our traffic engineers and city planners say we don't, and to prove it they have recently prepared a mountain of sketches and blueprints calling for some startling alterations in cities from coast to coast. In most cases drastic surgery, creating tremendous new traffic arteries cutting through the downtown business sections, is indicated. In some instances, these new accident-proof expressways will extend for hundreds of miles to connect with other cities.

Individual highways or expressways are nothing new, but these plans are. In each case, a whole city, region or even state has been considered as a single problem. It is no longer a matter of laying out one beckoning motor drive and forgetting the surrounding neighborhoods. Here are some features of the new programs, which are still mostly in the planning stage:

Atlanta has projected four expressways totalling 32 miles, and a central bus terminal. The cost, 47,700,000 dollars for the expressway system and 350 thousand dollars for the bus terminal.

The State of Illinois, in cooperation with Cook County and the City of Chicago, has elaborate plans for a series of superhighways radiating from Chicago.

Dallas, Texas, is planning a 50-mile-an-hour expressway ten miles

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long. The design provides for freeways along the center of the boulevard, with service roads on either side of the freeways to serve local and abutting properties. The project is expected to cost eight and a half million dollars.

Detroit is pondering a twelve-year program calling for a 34-mile, 131-million-dollar transit and expressway system; also an ingenious underground concourse running through the downtown section. Later extensions may roughly double this program.

Los Angeles, probably the most motor-minded community in the U.S., is contemplating a ten-year construction plan calling for 288 miles of expressways at a cost of 500 million dollars. Later construction would bring the total to about 400 miles of superhighways. The complete project would cost about 660 million dollars.

New York City already has extensive expressways and tunnels, but new projects sponsored by the Port Authority of New York and still in the planning stage include a three-level Union Bus Terminal covering a city block. It would handle 735 busses an hour in 105 loading berths. Also planned is a terminal capable of handling two thousand tons of freight a day.

St. Paul's business section is to be revamped with an underpass and overpass to cure a traffic snarl where seven streets meet. This project is supported by merchants who say they are losing business to Minneapolis across the river, where driving is easier. Because of the cost of the underpass, one street will be widened to permit passage of vehicles at street-car loading points. The general rerouting of traffic will be studied for a few years before the grade-separation project is begun.

Toledo citizens for several months last year had the opportunity of inspecting a sixty-foot model of their city as it might be. One feature is a consolidated rail, motor and air terminal in the center of town.

Other cities drafting plans are Cleveland, Cincinnati, Denver, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, St. Louis and Washington, D. C.

As to money—engineers admit that these projects not only will cost millions but will also take from five to fifty years to complete. All the plans, however, will get a bouncing send-off from the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1944, which should ultimately provide some three billion dollars for highway construction in the three years following the official end of the war, half from Federal funds, half from matching local money.

The plans for different areas are affected somewhat by existing streets and other physical features, but in nearly every city the major device is an expressway up to three hundred feet wide. In most cases these cut through old and congested sections. Sunk below grade, intersecting streets cross them by bridges. There are no traffic lights, and opposing streams of traffic, each four or five lanes wide, are separated by shrubbery or a central lane carrying transit lines.

Exits and entrances are ten to fifteen blocks apart in cities, ten to fifteen miles apart in open country. Along the edges of city motor

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lanes are terraces covered with grass and shrubbery, leading up to street level. Busses or trolley coaches turn out of the traffic stream into loading berths before they stop.

Engineers believe that 45 m.p.h. will be the usual speed on expressways in cities and sixty in the country. As for safety, experience has shown that in seven years of operation, Chicago's Outer Drive has had but two fatalities in 140 million vehicle miles, while the Merritt Parkway outside New York City has had but three deaths in 257 million miles.

IN ANY discussion of traffic, two seldom-mentioned facts should be brought up. Americans expect the luxury of a private car. Of necessity we may use busses, trolleys and subways, but whenever possible we drive our own machine. Now a private car on the road carries an average of 1.7 passengers. A bus or trolley coach displaces about five cars, but carries from 44 to 56 people. A modern trolley car carries still more, and a packed subway train may move 800.

Yet despite the automobile's limited carrying capacity, it will continue to be a household god. Hence city planners and traffic engineers predict that in 1965, when we reach a peak population, there will be forty million cars in use. We will need every mile of expressway, and every safety device engineers can dream up, just to keep alive.

But even discounting future needs, there are several reasons why at least some of the new city plans can—and will—be started soon. First, ex-servicemen need jobs. Second, the new and lighter cars need faster roads. Third, communities themselves haven't done much municipal building since 1930 and are anxious to clear slums and modernize facilities.

Few or none of the new city plans will be executed exactly as laid out, and already many of them have inspired counter-proposals. There will be those who claim that the proposed changes will ruin their businesses, while still another group will object to the destruction of historic landmarks. But all this is of secondary importance. What really counts is the fact that millions of Americans are beginning to think critically about our traffic problems, and are willing —even eager—to do something about them.

Mirthful Memories

IRVING THALBERG, Hollywood producer, once tried to persuade Arnold Schonberg to write the music for *The Good Earth.*

"What a score that would make!" Thalberg exclaimed. "The story has a storm—an earthquake during which O-'Lan gives birth to a baby—a plague of locusts . . . "

"With so much happening," asked Schonberg, "why do you need any music?" —From *Listen to the Mocking Words* by DAVID EWEN

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Picture Story

Spring Fever

LOVELIEST OF THE year's circling seasons is the springtime. The brisk winds of March, the rains of April, and the soft sun of May and June bring with them the miracles of new growth and rebirth. But spring is a fleeting time; to hold it for a moment more firmly, the editors of Coronet have selected these photographs which express the essential wonder and luxury of those glorious days when spring comes with its dreamy fever to awaken the earth from its winter sleep.

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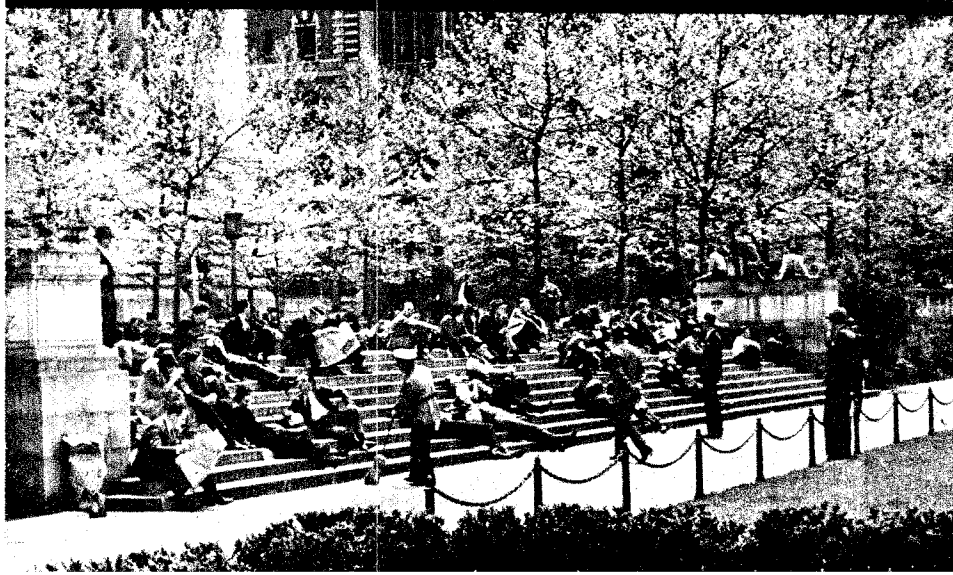
The sun rolls in over the land, bringing it new grace and ease and beauty. It is the lover's time.



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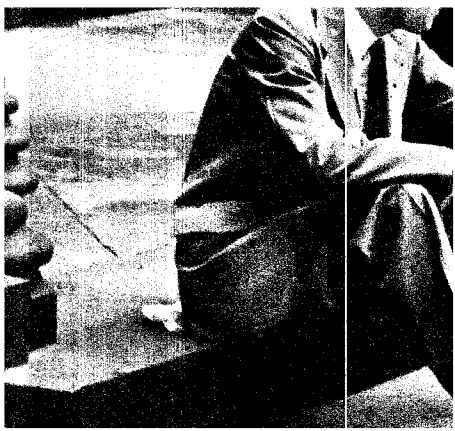

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In the speckled shade of new, unfurling leaves the quiet hangs like hazy perfume.

And with the cold thrift of winter gone, your heart and your hand

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For in the spring you are not alone, you share something with all other living things.

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and the new family blooms with its new pride and its new happiness . . .

men bring out their youth again.

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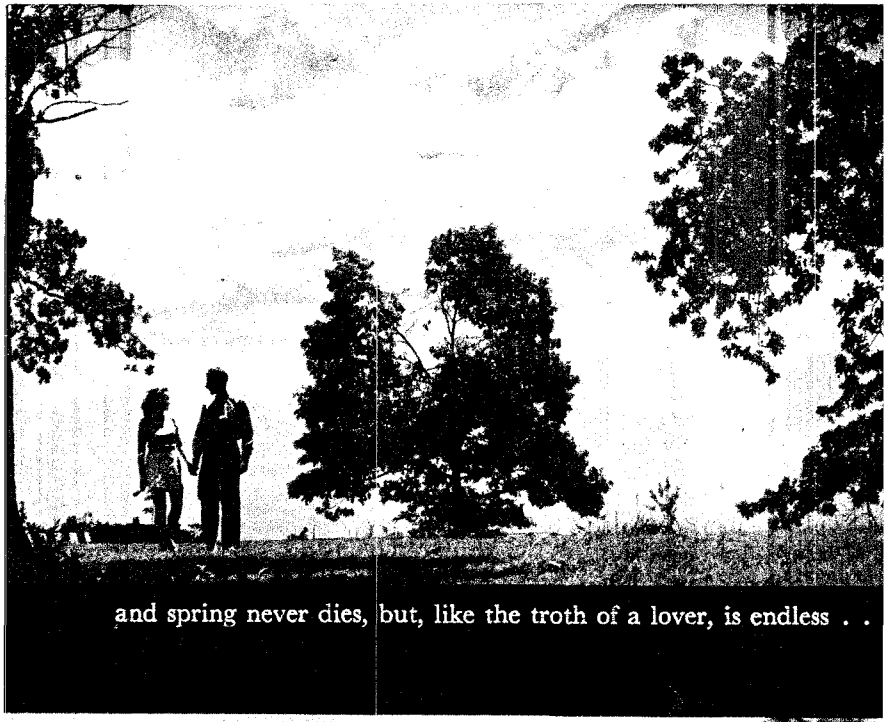

and spring never dies, but, like the troth of a lover, is endless . .

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Here's proof that democracy applied to business can end strikes and picket lines

Blueprint for Peace in U.S. Industry

by LAWRENCE POWELL

NO ONE COULD say exactly when the change came. In New York's dress industry, strikes had raged from 1919 to 1933. On Long Island, workers at the Steinway Piano and the Sperry Gyroscope factories fought for higher wages. Then, slowly but surely, something new came out of the struggle. There was a revolution—without disorder or violence.

It came in the dress industry when a shop chairman said: "The company and the union must either swim—or sink—together." It came at Steinway when the president said: "I want the union to be the best damned union possible!" It came at Sperry when both company and union decided they could get what they wanted more easily by working with, rather than against, each other.

Bernard Fleesler and Samuel Chapman were part of the revolution. Fleesler was shop chairman in his local of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union; Chapman was president of the Samuel Chapman Company. After Pearl Harbor they faced a production crisis. With material for high-priced dresses cut to a minimum, the plant was ready to close.

Chapman took a bold step. He went to the union and asked for the right to reorganize. The workers approved. The Impartial Chairman of the dress industry sent one of its crack production engineers. With Chapman, he studied the plant, laid out a plan of reorganization, estimated the number of workers that could be kept on. Instead of going out of business, the company was able to start manufacturing a new line of clothes and the union was able to keep many of its

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members on the company payroll.

"It was real cooperation," says Chapman today. "The union did a wonderful job."

But the Chapman story really started in 1924, when the union and the Dress Association established closer cooperation after many individual strikes. Something had to be done. The union and the association decided to set up a permanent system of arbitration.

The settlement of every dispute would go through three steps. First, the shop chairman would take it up with the foreman. Second, the union local would take it up with the Dress Association to which the company belonged. As a last step, the dispute would go to a final authority for the whole dress industry—the Impartial Chairman.

The establishment of the Impartial Chairman was a turning point. It meant that the union and the companies were willing to settle disputes by the decision of a third party who had been picked by them and who was financed by them. It meant the end of all strikes during the life of a contract.

TODAY, THE Impartial Chairman holds a unique position. In effect, he is a Supreme Court of one. Since 1936, the office has been held by Harry Uviller. Before him pass as many as three thousand cases each year. He must make his decisions quickly, usually within 48 hours. Each case is decided on its own merits; no case is a precedent for another case.

Recently, one worker complained that he was not getting enough pay. The company brought in thirty other workers from the same shop who said they were amply paid. But when they were put under oath, they changed their testimony or refused to testify. The worker won his case.

Uviller's "court" is a comfortable, maroon-carpeted office near the heart of New York's garment center. There is little formality. Uviller leans back in his chair, usually puffing a cigar while he listens to testimony. Typical is the case of G. F., who blamed illness for a ten-day absence from his job.

The employer called two witnesses. Everyone spoke calmly, except at one point when F. shouted, "That's not true!" Uviller calmed him down and told him to wait his turn. Although represented by the business agent of his local, F. preferred to tell his own story. He said he had not reported to the union's clinic because he was being treated by his family doctor.

Uviller asked for the doctor's name, then appointed representatives of the employer and of the union to check with him. The doctor reported he had not treated F. But F. produced a bottle of medicine the doctor had given him. Uviller examined the label. It was dated two months before. F. was discharged for being absent without justifiable cause.

After ten years in office, Harry Uviller is convinced that the Impartial Chairman system is the best way to get unions and companies to work together. Recently the ILGWU demanded a twenty per cent wage increase. The Dress Association rejected the demand. Early in March, the Impartial Chairman recommended an eight per cent increase. His recommen-

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dation was accepted by both sides.

"Every company and every union could work together if they used the same system," argues Uviller. "Collective agreements are good only part of the way. At some point the machinery for attaining agreement breaks down. But with an Impartial Chairman, you always have the machinery ready for a quick solution when a dispute arises. Our plan should be adopted by every industry."

THE REVOLUTION that came early to the dress industry finally reached the Steinway Company. Before 1937, Steinway didn't even have a union. Workers were underpaid. During the Depression, they were laid off and rehired at lower pay when jobs became available. There was no wage standard for the piano industry.

When the Steinway workers voted to organize Local 102 of the United Furniture Workers, CIO, Theodore Steinway could have fought back. Instead, he made one of the most important decisions of his career. He decided to work with the union; and he conceded what some unions have to fight years to win—a closed shop.

"Theodore Steinway probably didn't welcome the idea of a union," says James Cerofeci, business agent of Local 102, who has been a Steinway employee for twenty years. "But he knew that as long as his workers voted for a union, only a strong union could give his plant stability."

From the first day, each side knew it could trust the other. The union exercised real discipline over hot-head workers who urged stoppages or strikes at the slightest disagreement. In 1941, one section of the plant refused to work overtime on an important job. The union agreed with the company that the refusal was inconsistent with the spirit of their contract. The men returned to work.

After Pearl Harbor, the company and the union depended even more on each other. Because pianos were a luxury item, few could be produced. Soon it looked as though the whole plant might have to close down. Then Morris Muster, president of the United Furniture Workers, parent union of Local 102, met with the Steinway executives and went to Washington. There, war production officials were convinced that the skill of hundreds of craftsmen, who had been working in wood for generations, should not be wasted. Steinway was given a glider contract. And off its assembly line finally rolled the gliders that flew U. S. troops into Normandy and across the Rhine.

But the real test of whether the union and the company could keep working together came with reconversion. Realizing that the industry, which had already given substantial increases during the war, could not afford the national thirty per cent demand, the union asked for twenty per cent. The company turned it down. In an emergency meeting, Local 102 gave Steinway 30-day notice under the Smith-Connally Act and then voted solidly for a strike.

With negotiations at a crisis, Local 102 called in Morris Muster. Muster is a heavy-set jolly man who knows almost everyone in the fur-

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niture business by his first name. He has uncanny ability for bargaining with tough executives in the furniture business during the day and then sitting down with them for dinner as guest of honor. To most of them he is "Uncle Morris."

Muster and a union committee closeted themselves with Steinway officials. The union was keeping faith with the company, Muster said. He had the strike vote in his pocket, yet the men were staying on the job. They wanted to keep making pianos, but they had to have money for groceries. Then the company pointed to its losses. It hadn't been able to make pianos during the war, and some materials were still scarce. Full production could not start for months.

Muster saw a compromise. The company had back-orders for thousands of pianos. While materials were still scarce, he argued, profits would be small. But with a small risk for a few months, the company was assured of large profits later. If it would take the risk, the union would cut its wage demand. Steinway agreed. The contract was signed without a strike.

No relationship between a company and a union is easy to work out, yet the settlement at Sperry Gyroscope was harder and took longer than most because there was less to build on.

From 1938 to 1942, Sperry officials supported an independent union, called the Brotherhood of Scientific Instrument Makers, in its conflict with the CIO. The officials wanted no change. In 1941, the National Labor Relations Board decided the Brotherhood was company-dominated and ordered it dissolved. The company took the case to court. In July, 1942, the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the NLRB decision. The Brotherhood was dissolved. In a special election, Local 450 of the United Electrical and Machine Workers, CIO, won the right to represent Sperry workers.

Four years of struggle were a shaky foundation on which to build. But both company and union made some discoveries. Local 450 found that the anti-union bias on many levels of Sperry officialdom didn't represent the top executives. They learned to by-pass them and go directly to the president, R. E. Gillmor. Once this link had been established, the company and the union really began to work together.

Later, when Gillmor was leaving the company, a union man invited him to dinner. When he got there he found the whole union executive board, waiting to pay him tribute. "There were tears in his eyes," reported a hard-fisted union man. "We knew he meant them."

The company made a discovery too. It found that the more responsibility it gave the union, the

NEXT MONTH
Coronet will show the life and customs of the

STRANGE INDIANS of the NORTHWEST

in four pages of colorful paintings

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more easily they could work together. When a Job Evaluation Committee was set up to readjust wage scales of workers, swollen from two thousand to 33 thousand, five of the ten seats were given to the union. This cooperative effort took two years and linked the company and the union from the committee at the top down to foremen and shop chairmen. The result: twelve million dollars in retroactive pay was awarded to the workers.

The Joint Seniority Committee brought the company and union even closer together. With the cancellation of government contracts at the end of the war, Sperry had to determine which workers held seniority on jobs. For its committee of four members, it picked two from the union. Within a few days after V-J Day, five thousand workers were processed with only a few mistakes. Now, the Joint Seniority Committee is becoming more and more a union responsibility. Within a few years, Sperry expects to turn it over to the union entirely.

From 1938 to 1942, Sperry fought the CIO. Then, in 1943, it gave the union "maintenance of membership"; in 1944, a "preferential shop." The cooperation has paid off. Over the years, there have been only two brief stoppages. Since union and company began to work together there have been no strikes.

"Unions always want to resolve their problems as peacefully as possible," says George Rooney, representative of Local 450. "When they find management is willing to do that, a direct relationship can be established. But when management adopts a get-tough policy, it would be suicide if unions didn't do the same thing. As General Eisenhower put it, weakness can't cooperate with anything."

The revolution that has occurred in the dress industry, in the Steinway and Sperry factories, has come without fanfare. But it marks an important step toward permanent peace in the age-old conflict between capital and labor. Important because, not just in three plants in the metropolitan area but in hundreds of plants all over the country, other companies and other unions can use the same blueprint. They can discover, if they want, how much more easily objectives can be attained by working with, rather than against, each other.

Oriental Agriculture

THE ANCIENT CHINESE FARMER, a mixture of patience and wisdom, seldom experienced crop failure. This was due to his quaint agricultural custom in determining the proper planting period. Early in the spring he forced a bamboo pole about three feet into the ground. Inside was a feather. As the earth warmed, the air in the pole gradually lifted the feather until it came out at the top. This was the precise moment at which to plant seed. —DON HUBBARD

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Old drugs can be treacherous: why not take inventory of your cabinet and avoid tragic mistakes?

There's DANGER in Your Medicine Chest

by HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M. D.

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, you have a medicine chest in your home. But let's peek into it to see if it's a shrine of comfort when you need first-aid and relief from simple ailments, or a stage where dramas with tragic endings can take place.

Here is an old prescription bottle with a corroded cork. Throw it away. If you don't, you may repeat the unhappy experience of one Chicago woman. She felt the need for a tonic and remembered the bottle her doctor had prescribed months before. The tonic was old-fashioned and reliable, containing tincture of nux vomica. Although the cork had corroded and fallen out, the medicine smelled all right so the woman swallowed a dose. Suddenly she was seized with a convulsion. Her body became rigid and arched. Her face muscles twisted into a grotesque smile. It was a typical case of strychnine poisoning.

Although the tonic was safe and effective in the prescribed dose, when the cork fell out the drug became concentrated through evaporation and, because nux vomica contains strychnine, the woman swallowed a potent poison.

Here is a bottle where medicine has dripped over the label, making it illegible. One night a man reached into his medicine chest for a cough mixture and took a long swig. Then he screamed in pain. Instead of cough mixture it was liniment. The medicines looked alike and the bottle labels were faded.

A simple way to prevent such a catastrophe in your home is to seal the liniment bottle cap with adhesive tape, identifying it as a preparation to be used externally only. Labels can be permanently protected by strips of transparent tape, coated with colorless nail polish or lacquer.

Look at this thermometer in its cracked case—a perfect breeding place for germs! During an illness when a thermometer is used frequently, it should be placed in a small tray or glass containing alcohol. Before being put into the mouth, rinse it in cold water and dry with clean tissue.

Your druggist probably has a transparent glass case with a spring

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at one end which lifts the thermometer out for easy handling. The case can be filled with a fifty per cent solution of isopropyl alcohol, destroying most germs in a few minutes.

Here is a bottle labeled "Cough Expectorant." Almost every medicine chest has its favorite preparation, used by all members of the family. A cough is a warning that something is wrong—anything from simple laryngitis to heaven knows what. One type of cough may require a *sedative* expectorant, another type may call for a *stimulant* expectorant, a third may need an *anodyne*.

There are more than thirty expectorant drugs from which the proper ones are combined to make a custom-tailored medicine for a particular cough. That is why medicine which was so good for Johnny is making Sally's cough worse.

Many medicine cabinets contain baking soda—a common remedy for sour stomach. Soda does give temporary relief, but it is not a cure for acidity. Excessive acidity can be safely absorbed by a little food—the basis of treatment for peptic ulcers. The diet should consist chiefly of proteins: eggs, milk, well-cooked meat and fish.

If you want your medicine chest to be up-to-date, then get rid of that box of boric acid. Medical journals constantly warn that boric solutions are too weak to be of value externally but are dangerous if accidentally swallowed. Boric acid is of use only when incorporated in a powder for "athlete's foot."

What kind of burn ointment is this? It looks like the one a woman used after a folder of matches had ignited in her face. She ran to the medicine chest and applied ointment. The burn eventually healed but her skin was permanently stained an ugly yellow.

Wartime experience revealed that vaseline is an excellent burn ointment. For the medicine chest a tube is preferred to the jar, to avoid contamination from fingers or stray substances. Ointment should not be applied by smearing the wound but with a sterile piece of gauze, which is then placed gently over the burn. A box of gauze squares, sealed and sterile, should be in every home cabinet for emergency use.

WHY THIS PACKAGE of sulfa tablets in your chest? Left over from an old prescription? Apparently lots of people become so sentimentally attached to old bottles and boxes that drugs of all kinds accumulate on cabinet shelves. Yet progress in medicine is so rapid that a drug highly recommended a year ago may be obsolete today. Besides, sulfa should never be taken without medical guidance.

A college girl with a cold decided she needed sulfa tablets. Unable to get them without a prescription, she bemoaned her fate to her landlady. The sympathetic woman handed over a box of the tablets which her doctor once had prescribed for a foot infection. Soon the girl was seized with excruciating pain. Because of improper dosage, the drug became crystallized in the kidneys like bits of broken glass.

Sedatives of various kinds are so easily obtained that they find their way into almost every medicine chest. No wonder people die every day from "an overdose of sleeping

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tablets." Get rid of the sedatives in your home before someone gets in trouble. Unless prescribed by a physician there is no excuse for taking them; they are merely a mask for faulty habits of living or thinking.

Physics, too, are not only habit-forming but potentially perilous. Almost always, when an appendix ruptures, the tragedy is precipitated by a powerful physic taken for "stomach-ache." Physics upset digestion, rob the body of nutrition and create a nation of hypochondriacs. The temporary trouble is almost always at the terminal end of the colon and can be corrected with a glycerin suppository, or with a normal salt-solution irrigation—add a teaspoonful of kitchen salt to a quart of water—without disturbing the remaining thirty-odd feet of digestive tract.

It is fashionable today for women to take benzedrine sulfate to kill appetites and thus help them to reduce. But benzedrine sulfate is a powerful drug and unless given under a physician's direction it can cause palpitation of the heart, insomnia, muscular pains, dizziness, nervousness and headaches. Thyroid tablets are just as dangerous when they are used promiscuously for reducing.

NOW THAT YOU'VE cleaned out your medicine chest, it's time to restock with these items:

Gauze squares in sterile envelopes.

Roller bandages of various sizes.

Waterproof adhesive tape in an airtight container.

Elastic bandage for sprains.

Antiseptic with glass applicator (mild tincture of iodine is excellent).

Pint of rubbing alcohol.

Tube of vaseline for burns and abrasions.

Adhesive type of dressing, preferably with strips of elastic adhesive.

Small bottle of flexible collodion to protect hangnails.

Thermometer in glass case filled with alcohol.

Small bottle of syrup of ipecac to empty stomach in the event of poisoning.

Bottle of glycerin suppositories.

Smelling salts.

Small scissors.

Tweezers.

When you get rid of old medicines, don't throw them into ash cans or trash barrels. If found by curious children they can lead to tragedy. The safest method is to wash them down the sink. Then they're out of your medicine cabinet—and out of your life as well.

Basic Fact

CHARLES KETTERING, inventor and engineer, is also quite a philosopher. "Why," a friend once inquired, "do you talk so much about the future?"

"Because it's of deepest interest to me," Kettering replied. "I'm going to spend the rest of my life there." —RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

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Philosopher and craftsman, the smith forged a world of wonders in his shop

Giant in a Leather Apron

by ANTHONY PARKE

DOWN THROUGH THE lusty years of America's growth, from colonial times to the twentieth century, the blacksmith's forge was a center of life and talk and color in burgeoning communities everywhere.

The massive leather-aproned man, with arms and chest as rugged as the metals which he worked, was no ordinary citizen. Somehow he seemed to combine the qualities of philosopher, magician, craftsman and manufacturer.

His smithy, handed down from father to son for a hundred years and longer, served as a friendly gathering place for villagers who wanted to spend an idle hour. Here, in the informal atmosphere of a "plain man's clubhouse," news and gossip was exchanged. Here, beneath smoke-blackened rafters, men met to thrash out, in democratic give-and-take, the local and national matters that impinged upon their way of life.

The smithy was usually of a type. A one-story building with wide and beckoning door, behind which stood the flame-red forge, the grimy anvil, the sooted coal box and tool tables. Out in front, on soil tamped hard by countless hoofs, lay old wheels, rusting iron fences, jumbled piles of metal odds and ends.

The peals that rose clanging from the anvil were a joyous song of industry. Villagers paused to stare: before their curious but neighborly eyes, the barrel-chested blacksmith imperturbably plied his craft. Today, he might be making horseshoe nails and latches; tomorrow, lanterns or butterfly hinges, weather vanes or andirons, farmers' tools or implements.

Children tarried on their way home from school, awed by this burly, sweaty man who swung a giant's hammer with the ease of Thor. The blacksmith "allowed" the young boys to watch him, but with the warning: "Don't touch anything!" And if a horse was jumpy while being shoed, he would bellow: "Stand on your own three feet!"

But time, inexorable as always, doomed the mighty blacksmith. The horse-and-buggy trotted from the American scene; the tractor replaced the team; great sprawling factories took over the task of forging tools and equipment for a rapidly growing nation. Reluctantly, the village blacksmith bowed to progress.

But among those of us whose memories reach back to "only yesterday," there is nostalgic regret at the passing of a mighty figure who added stature to our best American traditions.

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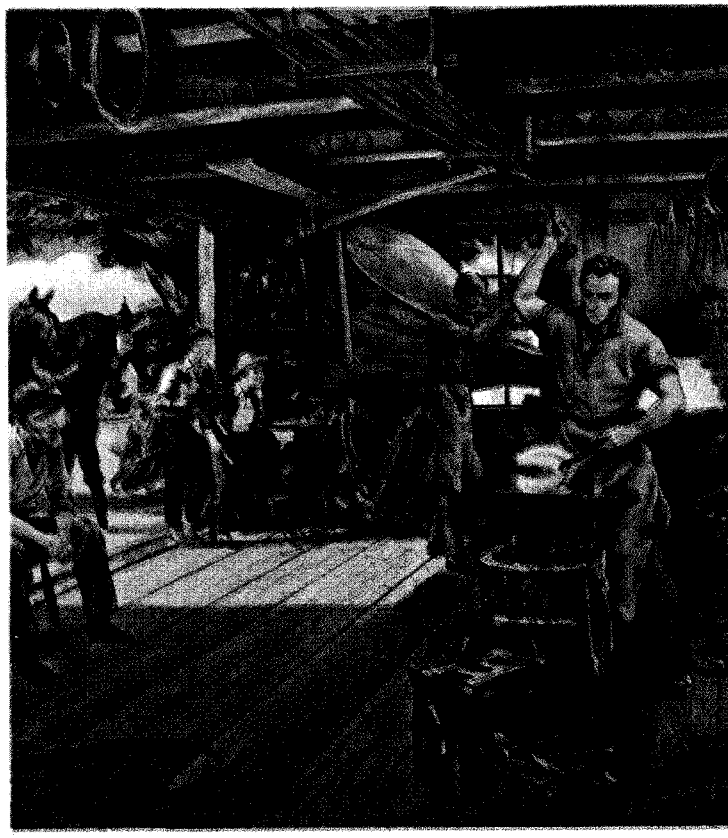

The Village Blacksmith

For generations the blacksmith was the brawny idol of our youth, his smithy a place of enchantment. Today they are part of the rich American legend.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY EDWARD A. WILSON

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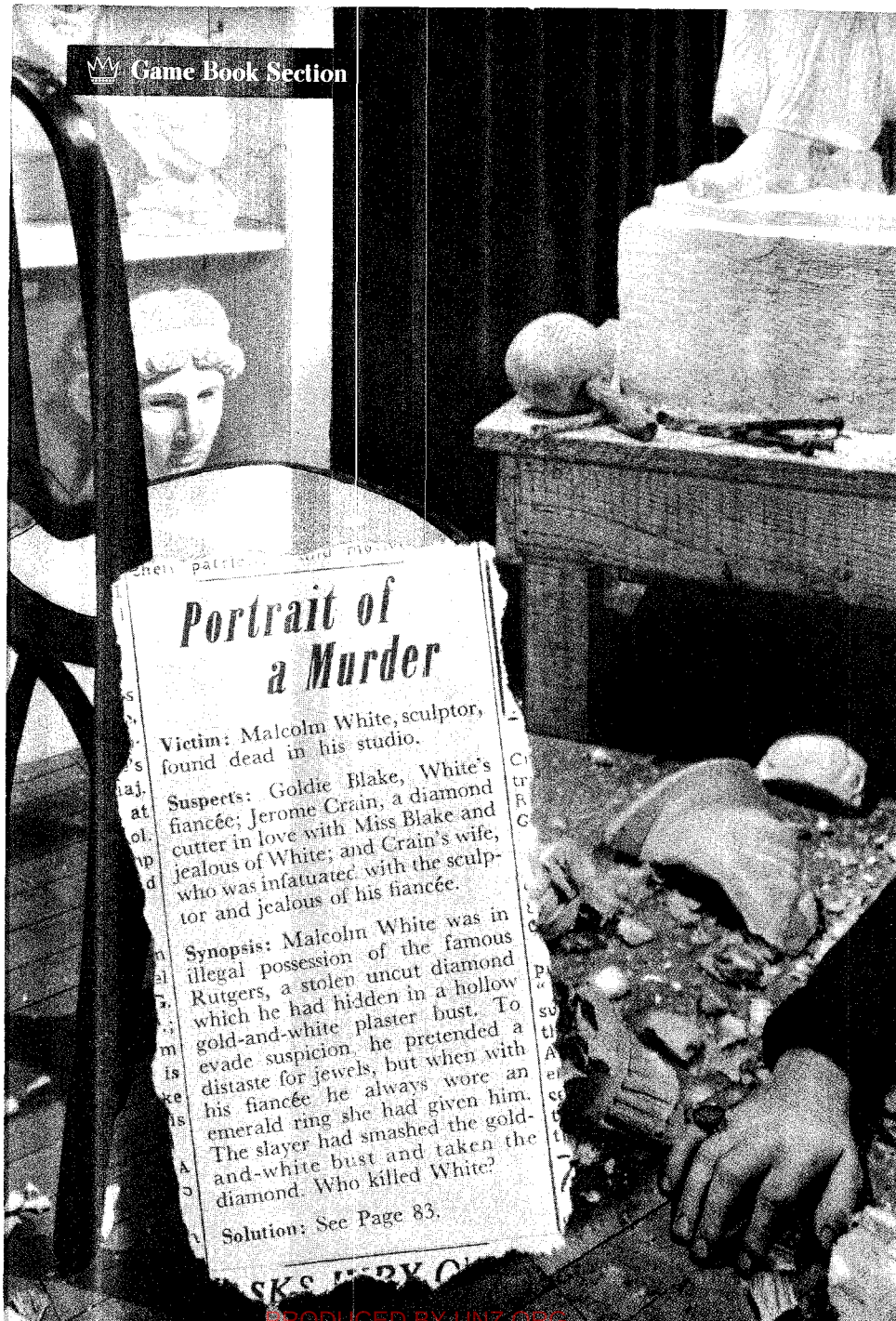

Portrait of a Murder

Victim: Malcolm White, sculptor, found dead in his studio.

Suspects: Goldie Blake, White's fiancée; Jerome Crain, a diamond cutter in love with Miss Blake and jealous of White; and Crain's wife, who was infatuated with the sculptor and jealous of his fiancée.

Synopsis: Malcolm White was in illegal possession of the famous Rutgers, a stolen uncut diamond which he had hidden in a hollow gold-and-white plaster bust. To evade suspicion, he pretended a distaste for jewels, but when with his fiancée he always wore an emerald ring she had given him. The slayer had smashed the gold-and-white bust and taken the diamond. Who killed White?

Solution: See Page 83.

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Take a Chance – or Two, with LILY PONS and ANDRE KOSTELANETZ as Guest Editors

"Don't peek at these questions till you hear how the game works," warn Andre and Lily, who think this quiz is something special. Each question has three clues. If you get the correct answer from the first clue, (a), you score ten points; if you need clues (a) and (b) you score five points; and if you need all three clues you score two points. You may change your answer after reading clue (b) or (c). A perfect score is 80; 65 or more is excellent; 50 is good; 40 is passing. Answers on page 83.

1. *a.* The largest state capital is.....
   b. It is spelled — O — — O —.
   c. It is in Massachusetts, and famous for beans.
2. *a.* Who was called "Boz"?
   b. He was an English novelist.
   c. He wrote *David Copperfield* and *Oliver Twist*.
3. *a.* What is the popular name for nitrous oxide?
   b. It is an anesthetic.
   c. A dentist often gives it when he pulls a tooth.
4. *a.* Who said, "Speak softly and carry a big stick"?
   b. He was President from 1901 to 1909.
   c. His surname was the same as another President's.
5. *a.* What pianist was premier of Poland?
   b. He wrote a famous minuet.
   c. His name was Ignace Jan P.....
6. *a.* What is the elephant's proboscis called?
   b. It isn't made of ivory.
   c. He can squirt water through it.
7. *a.* To whom is authorship of *Ecclesiastes* credited?
   b. He wrote the *Proverbs*.
   c. He was the son of David and noted for wisdom.
8. *a.* What was President Coolidge's middle name?
   b. It was often abbreviated.
   c. His full name was John C. Coolidge.

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Do You Talk American

Your grammar may be perfect, but how's your sense of idiom? Do you select the words and expressions that are characteristic of the American language? A minor change in each of the sentences below will make it idiomatic as well as correct grammatically. Count five points for each in which you make the correct change; passing grade is 65, 80 gives you a B+, and for 85 or more you get "A" in American. Answers on page 83.

A. *Change a word and make the sentence correct.*

1. It was not long when he called.
2. If you don't go I won't go too.
3. The reason I returned is because I forgot something.
4. Your watch is hardly different than mine.
5. I have seen Paris, but John didn't.

B. *Omit a word and make the sentence correct.*

6. Its cash value is priced in the millions.
7. I feel bad about punishing the both of them.
8. I was thrilled when he got off of the train.
9. But consider that she is not hardly six!
10. They are both equally qualified.

C. *Change the preposition and make the sentence correct.*

11. They call him John, from his uncle.
12. I cannot acquiesce with your decision.
13. We entertained the Smiths to dinner.
14. He is so strong you might liken him with an ox.
15. Does his statement agree to the facts?

D. *Change a verb and make the sentence correct.*

16. He has been active in business until the war.
17. Bring the package to Mr. Smith, over there.
18. I hadn't expected to have been asked.
19. I wish you'll feel better soon.
20. I have lived here since I am a baby.

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with V in the upper right-hand corner and spell *vain*. No proper names; no plurals formed by adding the letter *s* to three-letter words. Par on this one is 33 words in 40 minutes. Our word-list (page 83) has 50 words in all; can you get more?

M	S	I	E	V
E	L	C	A	B
G	C	Z	I	S
J	O	N	T	C
H	F	D	U	K

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Husbands and Wives

The quiz below will remind you that famous husbands often have famous wives. Each question gives you three choices from which to select the man's wife. From No. 2 you'll see that Guest Editors Andre and Lily aren't the only union of a noted Russian musician and an opera star. Watch out for No. 5—it's a catch question. You should get seven correct answers to keep above average. Ten right is good. Answers are listed on page 83.

1. Pierre Curie *and*
   (*a*) Eva Le Gallienne
   (*b*) Marie Sklodowska
   (*c*) Amandine Dudevant
2. Efrem Zimbalist *and*
   (*a*) Adrienne Ames
   (*b*) Constance Moore
   (*c*) Alma Gluck
3. Prince Bernhard *and*
   (*a*) Princess Elizabeth
   (*b*) Princess O'Rourke
   (*c*) Princess Juliana
4. John Alden *and*
   (*a*) Pocahontas
   (*b*) Priscilla
   (*c*) Evangeline
5. John Barrymore *and*
   (*a*) Michael Strange
   (*b*) Dolores Costello
   (*c*) Elaine Barrie
6. Alfred Lunt *and*
   (*a*) Joan Fontaine
   (*b*) Ida Lupino
   (*c*) Lynn Fontanne
7. Prince Albert *and*
   (*a*) Queen Victoria
   (*b*) Queen Elizabeth
   (*c*) Queen Anne
8. Melvyn Douglas *and*
   (*a*) Helen Menken
   (*b*) Helen Hayes
   (*c*) Helen Gahagan
9. Othello *and*
   (*a*) Delilah
   (*b*) Diana
   (*c*) Desdemona
10. Florenz Ziegfeld *and*
    (*a*) Billie Burke
    (*b*) Isadora Duncan
    (*c*) Eleonora Duse
11. Louis XVI *and*
    (*a*) Marie Antoinette
    (*b*) Maria Theresa
    (*c*) Marie de' Medici
12. Robert Browning *and*
    (*a*) Christina Rosetti
    (*b*) Elizabeth Barrett
    (*c*) Marie Bashkirtsev

Can You Identify Him?

The "vital statistics" below are disguised by being given in initials or numerals. Can you identify the subject?

1. NAME .....D.M.	6. PROFESSION .....S
2. ADDRESS .....T.	7. EDUCATED AT.....W.P.
3. AGE 66	8. RANK .....G.o.t.A.
4. SEX .....M.	9. JOB .....S.A.C.
5. MARITAL STATUS.....M.	10. WHERE .....J.

Answers are on page 83.

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Hobbies of the Famous

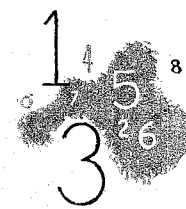
The famous and the unknown, the important people you read about and your next-door neighbors, may have one thing in common—their hobbies. Here then is a quiz about some famous men and the pursuits in which they found fun and relaxation. You have three choices from which to select the hobby you'd connect with each name. Seven correct is a passing score; nine or more is superior. Answers on opposite page.

1. George Washington
   (*a*) Fox hunting
   (*b*) Writing poetry
   (*c*) Collecting stamps
2. Franklin D. Roosevelt
   (*a*) Collecting paintings
   (*b*) Collecting coins
   (*c*) Collecting stamps
3. King Gustav of Sweden
   (*a*) Golf
   (*b*) Tennis
   (*c*) Swimming
4. Theodore Roosevelt
   (*a*) Duck shooting
   (*b*) Bicycling
   (*c*) Big-game hunting
5. Albert Einstein
   (*a*) Piano
   (*b*) Violin
   (*c*) Flute
6. Abraham Lincoln
   (*a*) Carpentry
   (*b*) Skating
   (*c*) Fishing
7. Henry VIII
   (*a*) Golf
   (*b*) Tennis
   (*c*) Swimming
8. Winston Churchill
   (*a*) Yachting
   (*b*) Painting
   (*c*) Carpentry
9. Woodrow Wilson
   (*a*) Chemistry
   (*b*) Football strategy
   (*c*) Aviation
10. Harry S. Truman
    (*a*) Trap-shooting
    (*b*) Piano-playing
    (*c*) Collecting stamps
11. Dwight D. Eisenhower
    (*a*) Collecting coins
    (*b*) Bridge
    (*c*) Painting
12. Mahatma Gandhi
    (*a*) Debating
    (*b*) Embroidery
    (*c*) Chess

André Kostelanetz' Favorite Ice-Breaker

I'm no mathematical genius, but I'll offer to tell the sum of all the numbers in any figure you name—however large it is—in a few seconds. For example, the sum of all the numbers in 10 would be 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 + 10. It's such a small number that you can add them up with the eye and arrive at the correct total of 55.

But can you do it if the number is something like 212? I can. See the opposite page if you want to know how.



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Portrait of a Murder

Goldie Blake killed White. The woman's footprint on the chair implicated either her or Mrs. Crain as the murderer. But White had on his ring, which he wore only when his fiancée was with him. Miss Blake discovered the diamond's hiding place because White, out of sentiment, had made it gold-and-white—a play on both their names.

Take a Chance — Or Two

1. Boston
2. Charles Dickens
3. Laughing gas
4. Theodore Roosevelt
5. Paderewski
6. Trunk
7. Solomon
8. Calvin

Do You Talk American?

1. "before" instead of "when"
2. "either" instead of "too"
3. "that" instead of "because"
4. "from" instead of "than"
5. "hasn't" instead of "didn't"
6. Omit "priced"
7. Omit "the"
8. Omit "of"
9. Omit "not"
10 Omit "both" or "equally"
11. "after" instead of "from"
12. "in" instead of "with"
13. "at" instead of "to"
14. "to" instead of "with"
15. "with" instead of "to"
16. "was" instead of "has been"
17. "take" instead of "bring"
18. "be asked" instead of "have been asked"
19. "hope" instead of "wish"
20. "was" instead of "am"

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

aisle	cave	fond	save	tick
bail	conduct	font	scab	tuck
bait	conic	induct	second	tunic
basic	cuticle	isle	sick	uncle
basin	doge	lice	since	undo
bias	duck	mecca	slice	unit
bind	duct	nice	stick	vain
binocle	dunce	ogle	stuck	vast
cabin	east	sail	stud	veil
cast	ecclesiastic	saint	stun	zonic

Husbands and Wives

1. (*b*) Marie Sklodowska
2. (*c*) Alma Gluck
3. (*c*) Princess Juliana
4. (*b*) Priscilla
5. all three are correct
6. (*c*) Lynn Fontanne
7. (*a*) Queen Victoria
8. (*c*) Helen Gahagan
9. (*c*) Desdemona
10. (*a*) Billie Burke
11. (*a*) Marie Antoinette
12. (*b*) Elizabeth Barrett

Did You Identify Him?

Douglas MacArthur • Tokyo • 66 • male • married • soldier • West Point • General of the Army • Supreme Allied Commander (in Japan)

Hobbies of the Famous

1. (*a*) Fox hunting
2. (*c*) Collecting stamps
3. (*b*) Tennis
4. (*c*) Big-game hunting
5. (*b*) Violin
6. (*a*) Carpentry
7. (*b*) Tennis
8. (*b*) Painting
9. (*b*) Football strategy
10. (*b*) Piano-playing
11. (*b*) Bridge
12. (*b*) Embroidery

Andre Kostelanetz' Favorite Ice-Breaker

If you are given an even number, divide it by 2. Add 1 to the original number. Multiply the two results together. In the case of 212, you get this: 212 divided by 2 is 106; 212 plus 1 is 213; 106 times 213 is 22,578, and that is the sum of all the numbers in 212. If you're given an odd number, apply the above process to the next-lower even number and then add the main number. So if your number were 213 you would arrive at 22,578 plus 213, or 22,791 in all.

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Near a mountain hideaway, a famous explorer found Nature in many magic guises

Jungle Wonderland in Venezuela

By Dr. William Beebe

Dr. William Beebe, famed naturalist and Director of Tropical Research, New York Zoological Society, has traveled the globe to observe various forms of animal life. But at a remote spot in the mountains of Venezuela he found something new. He and his party lived and had their laboratory in a half-finished, deserted castle built by Dictator Gomez. Here in the jungle, Dr. Beebe discovered "a little of all the world."

—The Editors

Most places in this world are just themselves—for better or for worse. Times Square is itself, and no one would have it anything else. But in a Venezuelan jungle this is often not so, and Rancho Grande is a little of all the world. When Gomez built it he intended it for a great hotel and a perfect start for a quick getaway. Once on his motorcycle, downhill over a smooth cement road to the coast, no revolutionist could catch him before he leaped to his yacht and away.

When we inherited Rancho Grande, thanks to the Venezuelan government and the Creole Petroleum Corporation, we found it so much a part of the jungle that no pets, caged in any of the 120 doorless rooms, were safe from marauding jaguars. On rainy days all manner of wild creatures could be collected along the winding, roofless corridors of the castle and studied in our comfortable laboratory in the west wing.

From the lofty roof we overlooked mighty jungle trees. Range upon range of mountains lay before us, setting off the distant blue of Lake Valencia. Swallows filled the air about us, vultures floated high among the clouds. Songs, familiar and strange, came to our ears, and the host of orchids poured forth their delicate scent. Eyes, ears and nostrils were simultaneously stimulated and lulled, all testifying to the beauty and peace of the tropical jungle.

But what about Rancho Grande being a little of everywhere? Within an hour's drive over Gomez' jungle roads, it is possible to enter and leave thirteen distinct zones, all different, each worthy of a lifetime study. First, we whiz from Rancho Grande to the coastal village of Turiamo. There, in a South Sea-

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like bay, we climb on board a motorboat and chug out to sea. A few miles from shore we shut off the engine and drift on the transparent ultramarine.

Through a waterglass, nothing is visible but blue, stretching down into blue-black, more than half a mile. This is our First Zone, a vertical world of strange creatures, eternally cold, forever blacked out. Peering down, down, we can see the weird beings, their portholes glowing, their swinging head lanterns signaling for mate or food. Some of the very same fish are found in the deeps off Japan and New Zealand. So our First Zone, the abyssal, is part of the ocean stretching around the planet.

This is a world where unbelievable things take place, as in the case of a hungry Black Swallower two inches long, a minnow in looks except for a large mouth and a row of lights. It encounters a fish three times its size, and what ensues no man has seen. The final result is unmistakable when we bring the Swallower to the surface. Its elastic stomach is distended to tissue transparency. Within is the giant prey, curled tightly, wholly dead, having been overcome and swallowed in some wholly mysterious fashion. In these black, icy depths the peace of the jungle a few miles away seems something in another cosmos.

WE HEAD INSHORE and pass through Zone Two, the surface or pelagic. The water here takes on a turquoise tint, a new world of life appears. Suddenly a school of flying-fish bursts forth—below them the shadowy forms of aquatic wolves, shooting past in swift pursuit. Then a feathered bomb falls from the sky, and a gannet rises with a wriggling fish. Only a family of small whales, lazily spouting, gives a semblance of peace on the surface. This is off Venezuela, but it might as well be near Africa, Asia or a South Sea isle, as far as living creatures are concerned.

Within the bay we peer through the water glass at a coral reef, Zone Three. Schools of gay little fish drift in and out of corridors of coral and sea-plumes, which might be an exquisite sea garden instead of actual animals, their petals ready to engulf any idling being. North to Bermuda, west to Australia, coral reefs duplicate this one of Turiamo.

The boat grounds upon the sandy beach—Zone Four, littoral or shore—which expands like an endless ribbon around the continents of the world and is forever the battleground of earth, sea and air. At low tide, fiddler crabs scurry about, scooping up food with one spoon-claw and frantically waving the other gigantic one in the signaling routine of courtship, which spells the success or failure of their race. Death stalks them in the shape of long-legged birds and swooping gulls. Then the rising tide washes out these activities and shore fish and strange eels scull among the mangrove roots, just as their cousins creep toward the land on Pacific atolls, as well as in New Jersey's tidal inlets.

With the seashore a few yards behind, Venezuela fades and in its place is Arizona. The parched soil of this Desert Zone supports only a few tufts of grass, thorny acacias

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and scraggly chaparral. Here and there the tall, unreal fingers of candelabra cacti point forever up to the cloudless sky. In the dusty, palpitating heat haze, all animal life seems peacefully asleep.

Through the desert our car sends up dust until we reach great barriers of reeds and cattails around Lake Valencia, the Fresh Water Zone. Here we change to a canoe. To serried reeds cling flocks of blackbirds—red-winged, white- or golden-headed. Snowy egrets and stately herons watch with unending patience for unwary fish, and on a cattail perches a tiny emerald kingfisher, Nemesis of minnows. A half-sunken log slowly undulates away, changing into a yellow-red, eight-foot crocodile, and we know that peace here is only an illusion.

THE ZONES THROUGH which we have passed have only led up to the climax—the Tropical Rain Forest, with Rancho Grande at its heart. The transition from grassy savannas or cactus desert to the forest is sudden. There is mystery about the savannas; mockingbirds sing as they do in Florida, quail and doves scurry over dead leaves, lizards sun themselves. But when our car climbs out of the sunny plains, a rush of cool air excites us and jungle foliage shuts out the sun.

What is a tropical jungle like, as seen by an ordinary human on a very unusual walk? A bomb bursts underfoot and a humpbacked, red-coated animal leaps away like a rabbit: you have seen a tropical aguti, your first jungle rodent. Startled, you stand still. Then your ankles take fire and a score of blow-torches race over your shoes and socks. You have stepped in the path of a legion of army ants. This is one of the supposedly terrible dangers of the jungle, but a single step takes you out of their trail and in three minutes you clear the last ant from your person.

Runaway slaves in old Venezuela were picked clean in an hour if thrown bound in the army ants' path. Otherwise, as with most tropical terrors, there is not the slightest danger. For example, to be bitten by a vampire bat is no worse than losing half a thimbleful of blood. But ever afterward the "victim" need never fear not being the center of conversation when he murmurs casually, "The last time I was bitten by a vampire . . . . . "

As you walk slowly on, the silent, terrible warfare of the plant world becomes most impressive. A great tree at the trailside, perhaps two centuries old, is being strangled by the snakelike coils of a huge climbing vine. And not only by constriction but by smothering, for most of the foliage high in the air springs from miles of lesser coils, whose leaves reach out above those of the tree itself and intercept all vivifying sunlight.

Magic is everywhere. The largest and loveliest of all butterflies comes flapping like a great bird along the trail, its wings so iridescent blue that they flash like a heliograph. You pick a flower and a half-dead leaf falls to the earth, gaining legs as it drops. It creeps over the moss, marred with fungus and bearing drops of dew—a jungle katydid in camouflage.

A sweet drawn-out note arises within ten feet of where you stand, but no straining of eyes reveals its

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source. Then pandemonium breaks loose overhead, and a flock of green toucanets and blue and yellow jays smothers you with vocal remonstrance. When silence settles, shadows cross your path, and low overhead a trio of great red-headed vultures soars silently, watching to see if you show any signs of happy dissolution.

A small offspring of the Rancho's caretaker approaches and murmurs something abour *pereza*. He leads you back a few yards and points out a bundle of moss on a limb. Your eyes had already seen it, but nothing went to your brain. Now you recall what a sloth looks like, and here is a bundle of moss, breathing and dreaming whatever a sloth dreams. On your return, after a slight shower, he is a little more mossy, for he has turned slightly green from the freshened seaweed which lives upon his fur.

You climb to a small pool fed by a mountain brook. Your first instinct is to bury your lips and drink, but you remember instructions and only bathe your face. This is one of the greatest dangers confronting you, for in the coolest spring deadly amoebas may lurk, and your northern system would be helpless before their onslaught.

The climax of the walk is aural. From close behind comes the snarl of a jaguar. You tremble, but you feel elated at being one with adventurous explorers. The snarl dies down, and then three jaguars begin roaring at once. This is a little too much, for other creatures join in and a wind arises, although around you the leaves stand motionless.

You have been assured that no jaguar will ever attack a human being, so you stalk the uproar, but it recedes as you advance. At last you give up and at that moment a big, black, long-haired monkey is silhouetted against the sky, far away. He is joined by three others, and through your glasses you watch his mouth open, his throat expand, and the great male Howler reproduces jaguars, wind and the chorus of other beasts, all with the aid of an ivory bone box in his throat. Its resonance sends his voice three miles through the jungle.

You started your walk feeling the superiority of human beings. You return knowing that except in office or laboratory you are pitifully inferior. Such is the state of humble wonder created by a glimpse of the Rancho Grande Rain Forest.

Proof Positive

"So you have to run home as usual?" scoffed one of the group at the bar as a timid looking little man rose to leave. "What are you, a man or a mouse?"

"A man, of course," replied the little fellow with dignity.

"What makes you so sure?" demanded the other.

"Because," he explained, "my wife is afraid of a mouse."

—Delnar Devening

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Firm friend of a colony of beavers, Mrs. Dorothy Richards knows their amazing moods and habits

Beaver Woman of the Adirondacks

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

MY CAMERA AND I squatted close together on the low pond-bank. Motionless we waited. Out on the black surface of the water, where wisps of silver mist were curling up into the chill evening air, five long Vs, formed of ripples, pointed like five moving arrowheads in our direction. The apex of each V was formed by the dark nose of a swimming beaver.

This was the opening scene in a wild show I had traveled miles to see. New York's Adirondack hills rose dark around us. Trees stretched long shadows over lonely Little Sprite Brook and its beaver pond. Fifty feet away, close to the water, a woman sat motionless, bundled in sweaters, a white oilcloth draped around her. She was Dorothy Richards, the Beaver Woman.

For more than a thousand nights Mrs. Richards had sat on the bank of this same beaver pond. For three years, she hadn't missed an evening, from the time the ice broke up in March until it closed in again in December. Sometimes it was so cold she had to bundle up; sometimes in summer mosquitoes were so bad she had to coat her face with oil of tar; sometimes driving rains found her clad in a long raincoat. But with infinite patience, during those thousand nights she had made friends with the beaver colony.

They had learned to come when she called. They ate out of her hand. They sat in her lap. Somewhat in the manner of an Indian tribe adopting a distinguished white visitor as honorary chief, the beavers had made her one of them. She knew them as individuals, as Samson and Delilah, Forty-One and Pook, Junior and Ella, Bessie and Imp.

To the uninitiated, beavers may appear dead-pan and dull. To Dorothy Richards, who has spent more hours than any other living person watching these aquatic engineers, they are the most appealing of wild creatures.

The five swimming beavers circled the pond three times, approaching nearer at each revolution. They lifted their heads, treading water, and sniffed the air. They were suspicious of me.

Dorothy Richards called reassuringly: "All right! Come on! All

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right!" She began slicing apples. The beavers climbed, dripping, out on the grass. They paddled fearlessly in her direction. They clambered like puppies over her. Water in rivulets ran from her oilcloth wrap. The Little Sprite beaver show had begun. From then until it was too dark to see, there was something doing each moment. The beavers pushed and shoved in good-natured rivalry. When all had received pieces of apple, they sat on the bank like chipmunks and nibbled away. After that came other delicacies—wild raspberry leaves and red clover blossoms, branches of poplar and willow, pieces of whole-wheat bread and shelled corn.

In the autumn twilight, the beavers were producing an odd assortment of sounds. Consuming a poplar branch, one sounded like a sewing machine. Another, eating bread, suggested the quacking of a wild duck. Still another, stripping bark from a poplar stick, sounded as though he were at work with a large file.

In the course of a year, these wild friends of Mrs. Richards consume some three hundred pounds of shelled corn and 25 bushels of apples. One winter when the price of apples soared to $4.70 a bushel, the Richardses didn't dare eat any of the fruit themselves. They saved it all for the beavers, which they fed through holes in the ice.

It was through apples that Dorothy Richards first made friends with the colony. In 1935, in this watercourse, she and her husband released a pair of beavers supplied by the state. They named them Samson and Delilah. After they were established, Mrs. Richards began taking apples to the pond, gradually winning their confidence.

One dark afternoon in March, two years later, she and her husband found a gaping hole kicked in the beaver lodge. Near the entrance, Delilah's head popped to the surface for an instant, then was dragged down again. An illegal trap, its teeth sunk in a forepaw, had been wired to a log. For hours the beaver had been pulling with all her strength to lift the log from the pond-bottom, had been struggling to the surface to gulp in air, and had been dragged under again.

She was near the end of her strength when Al Richards waded into the icy water and released her. They carried her home, where she lay on the floor as though dead. But in a few hours she revived and began prowling about her strange surroundings. After midnight the Richardses heard a crash. Delilah had gnawed a leg off a spinet desk.

Some days later, when they released the beaver at the pond, she swam upstream accompanied by Samson. The pair disappeared. For three years there were no beavers on Little Sprite. During those years Dorothy Richards went through a serious illness. She was convalescing in the spring of 1941 when her husband discovered that the beavers had returned. That day Dorothy Richards climbed the hillside trail and visited the new pond. The beavers provided an absorbing interest and a road to recovery.

EACH AUTUMN since the beavers returned, the Richardses have rented a team and wagon and hauled loads of poplar to the brook. The beavers cut it into short lengths

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and anchor it under water to provide food during the winter. But while they welcome the poplar, that is about all the help they will accept.

If sticks are added to the dam or lodge, they throw them away. If the same sticks are left floating, they will use them in the same dam or lodge themselves. Three times, Al Richards put up "No Trespassing" signs and each time the beavers gnawed off the supporting poles and used the sign for strengthening the dam. Now a rod of metal supports the signpost.

During those autumn nights when new mud is being applied, the patience of the older beavers is tested. The youngsters, consumed with curiosity, get underfoot. Worse than that, when the old beavers are struggling up the steep sides of the lodge, walking on their hind legs and carrying loads of mud clutched in their forepaws, the baby animals follow close behind and step on their flat tails.

Linked with the instinct of the beavers to perform specific tasks, there is a surprising ability to vary the general plan to fit abnormal situations. When Samson and Delilah moved to a new location, they followed a curious and logical series of steps. The opposite bank was low and shelving, only a couple of inches above water. On the edge the beavers constructed their lodge. When completed it had water on only one side and hence was vulnerable to attack from land. The animals seemed to have made an obvious blunder.

But as soon as the house was done they began digging a canal around the bank side, cutting off the lodge from land. Then they strengthened the dam, lifting the water level and bringing their house still further into the safety of the pond.

Each litter of beavers seems to have one member more interesting than the rest. Pook was the most engaging of all the small fry. One evening, when he had just learned to take apples from Mrs. Richards' hand, Pook found himself on the outside of the crowd. Vainly he pushed and shoved like a latecomer at a bargain counter. Then he slipped slyly into the water and dived, whacking his tail on the surface. At this alarm signal the beavers plunged into the pond headlong. Pook hurried to shore and when the others returned he was first at the apple-basket.

During the next few weeks he repeated this stratagem four or five times. Then he never did it again. In all likelihood the elders of the colony had taken him into the beaver equivalent of a woodshed.

AS A RULE beavers are the gentlest of creatures. In taking food from Mrs. Richards' hand, their great chisel-teeth never touch her fingers. But when picking up dropped bits of apple, they accidentally nip small holes in her oilcloth. Hence the turnover in oilcloths is fairly rapid. One, which she left lying on the bank overnight, disappeared before morning. The beavers had taken it into the lodge for bedding.

On another occasion, the flat-bottomed boat in which she sometimes paddles about the pond disappeared from its mooring. The beavers had sliced off the rope and then hauled the 75-pound boat up on the lodge, apparently adding it

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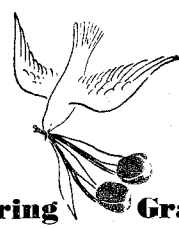
to their building material. After that, the boat was anchored with a metal chain.

The idea that beavers are voiceless is far from true. All about us that night was an almost constant calling and conversation. Some beaver-sounds suggested the whimpering of a puppy, others the crying of a baby, still others the nasal "Yaank!" of a nuthatch. Then there is a windy hiss and a faraway horn-like tone that seems to be the most common sound in ordinary conversation.

To an outsider like myself, all beavers look alike. But Mrs. Richards can easily tell them apart. One has redder fur, another a huskier voice, a third a preference in foods. Knowing her beavers intimately, she has made observations of intense interest to scientists. But there are many riddles still to be solved in connection with the life and habits of the beaver.

Whenever a stranger accompanies Mrs. Richards to the pond, all the beavers swim about, waiting for Delilah to size up the situation. When she decides it is safe to climb out of the water, the others follow. The year her first litter arrived, Delilah kept them away from the bank until mid-summer. But one evening, after she had eaten, Delilah sat motionless in Mrs. Richards' lap. Then, as though she had made up her mind, she swam to the lodge and returned with the baby beavers swimming after her. From then on, the youngsters appeared for their share of free lunch.

When the night's show was over, we started up the hillside trail leading back to the farmhouse. Although only a few hundred yards separate the house and the pond, Mrs. Richards has covered more than five hundred miles in walking the path. Once, when a party kept her away from home until midnight, she felt her way along the trail as soon as she reached the house. At her call: "All right! Come on! All right!" the entire beaver colony, wide-awake and hungry, came swimming out of the dark to greet her.



Flowering Gratitude

As a symbol of their gratitude to the Allies for their aid during the war, high officials of Holland have announced that a unique gift is again to be made to each of the great powers. This will be in the form of an assortment of the finest tulip bulbs that the Netherlands can produce. Just as they did last year, summer visitors to our capital will thus be able to see the evidence of the staunch little country's gratitude blossoming colorfully on the lawns of the White House.—Inez Moore Porter

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The Lone Star State is out to end Japan's monopoly and provide America with a new major industry

Silk Stockings for You—from Texas!

by WILLARD C. HASELBUSH

DEEP IN THE HEART of Texas, a one-time New York broker, a community-minded widow, a Swedish-born technician, a Chamber of Commerce manager and 62 businessmen have banded together to wrest from Japan the world monopoly in raw-silk production. These enterprising citizens of Mineral Wells believe that within five years the Lone Star State will have about a million acres of land devoted to sericulture—the production of silk—and that with this revolutionary impetus, silk will become a No. 1 American enterprise.

They predict that their new industry will provide jobs for thousands of wounded and incapacitated war veterans, for the crippled and the blind. They also see a huge cash crop for farmers who can plant anything from a few rows to hundreds of acres of mulberry trees.

Their unique venture began in 1944, after experts had said that even with luck it would be two years before the Mineral Wells group could mature mulberry trees, raise silkworms and begin turning out a trickle of raw silk. Yet by last December the Texans had acquired 63 thousand leaf-producing trees, raised more than a million worms, turned out hosiery made of Texas silk, and wound up the year with corporate assets six thousand dollars greater than the initial investment.

The project's success is due largely to the enthusiasm and energy of Walter Scott Roberts, president of the American Raw Silk Corporation. Roberts was a securities dealer in New York in 1910 when he organized a company to underwrite the Silk Manufacturing Corporation, a consolidation of 24 silk-throwing and weaving mills, capitalized at 25 million dollars. During his presidency, the firm became the third largest silk manufacturer in the world.

The company now controls a new electronic reeling machine which will do to Japan's world silk domination what the atomic bomb did to her war effort. Invented and perfected by Gustaf Beckman, a retiring and publicity-shy Swedish technician, this device will enable one American girl to produce as

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much silk as twenty Japanese working at top speed.

Experts have known for years that mulberry trees could be grown and that silkworms would thrive almost anywhere in the world. Raw silk has been produced in England and in Brazil. But none could compete against Japan's low labor costs.

Before Pearl Harbor, 1,700,000 Japanese families—some 8 million individuals—were engaged in sericulture under government supervision. Skilled workers who unwound cocoons to produce silk threads received top wages of six cents an hour. Thus Japan was able to export 53,960 bales of raw silk in one peak month in 1941. Beckman's machine produces in two hours as much silk as the Oriental system turns out in three days.

"We can't disclose the exact cost but we can tell you that we are producing better silk at a lower price than the Orient can," says Roberts. "What's more, our costs are based on the white man's working day of eight hours and a white man's pay."

ACTUALLY, THE Mineral Wells venture owes its inception to the curiosity of Ernest M. Mims, manager of the local Chamber of Commerce, who learned that Pete Nadar, a merchant of nearby Mingus, was puttering with mulberry trees and silkworms. It had been Nadar's hobby for nine years, yet he didn't know there was a real market for cocoons.

Mims got in touch with Roberts in New York. The reeling device had been perfected and Roberts was seeking a way to expand American production. After research showed that silkworms could thrive in Texas, contracts were signed and Roberts and his corporation moved to Mineral Wells. With them went Beckman and the first of the new machines. While they waited for Texas silkworms to produce the first Texas cocoons, Beckman and Roberts built a plant where more machines are being turned out.

For years Mineral Wells had been a health resort, but here was something new. Mims and 60 businessmen formed Texas Silk Industries to handle the trees and worms. They bought eighty acres of land and, in March, 1944, the first mulberries were planted. Now there are 63 thousand in grove formation, and expansion will be rapid. For a tree to reach full production usually takes two years, but the Texas trees began production last summer.

When mulberry leaves start to sprout, it's time to hatch silkworm eggs. Taken from refrigeration, the eggs are placed on a tray, covered with cloth and ventilated. Temperatures are kept low for three days, then gradually raised. About the tenth day the "scouts" or early-hatchers appear, and the next day is "mass-hatching day."

Young worms are lured onto fresh mulberry leaves, transferred to feeding trays and stuffed with chopped leaves for four or five days until they moult, shedding their old skin. Each worm "moults" three more times, eating ravenously in between. After the fourth moulting, the worm stops eating and seeks a place to spin its cocoon. Weeds or branches are provided by the farmer and within a few days the spinning job has been completed.

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Two days later, in a final moult, the dried-up skin of the worm breaks at the nose and is crowded back off the body, revealing the chrysalis. The legs have disappeared and the four wings of the future moth are folded over the breast. But if the moth is permitted to mature and escape, so many threads are broken that the cocoon is spoiled for reeling.

During 1945, the silkworms at Mineral Wells were handled entirely by incapacitated and crippled men under the supervision of Mrs. D. E. Daniel, a Mineral Wells widow. Neither she nor any of the men had had previous experience. Predictions are that the new industry may ultimately give employment to two million men and women, most of them unskilled.

"It's ideal work for handicapped people," says Roberts.

Millions of silkworm eggs now in cold storage at Mineral Wells will be hatched next spring. Already Texas silk has been manufactured into hosiery and fabrics, while applications for the raw material have poured in from manufacturers all over the country. Meantime the Mineral Wells businessmen—who won't sell stock—are looking for more land for mulberry trees.

"The American silk industry will be nation-wide in five years," they claim. "Our success in Texas is proof of what can be done elsewhere. One thing is certain. America will never again have to depend on the Japanese industrialists who once controlled the world's silk market."

Drama in the Redwoods

AT DUSK ONE fine day while in the California redwood country, I was watching some deer browsing near a spring in a small glade below me. Presently the buck paused and stood staring at the opposite side of the clearing. Less than twenty yards away was the tawny form of a slinking cougar. He moved along the fringe of the clearing toward the spring, as indifferent to the deer as he was unconscious of my presence.

Strangely enough, the buck advanced boldly toward his natural enemy and paused every few steps to shake his antlers challengingly. By the time the cougar had slaked his thirst and looked up, the buck stood only a few feet away—head held high, nostrils distended in a seeming disdainful sneer.

A long tense moment followed until the cougar's inscrutable gaze met that of the deer. Then the big cat did a strange thing. The muscles of his body suddenly relaxed and the beast uttered a low whistling sound, a cougar's salute to a friend. Strangely the sound appeared to work magic on the irate buck. His tension relaxed. The cougar again emitted his cordial cry; then slowly, majestically, he moved off through the chaparral out of sight.

—VANCE HOYT

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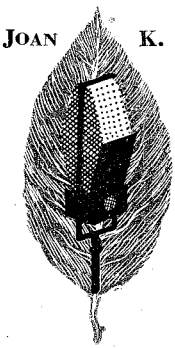
Two fast-talking gentlemen from the South
are the most misunderstood men on the air today

Meet Radio's Tobacco Auctioneers

by JOAN K. FLYNN



THEY aren't radio's forgotten men, but they are its most misunderstood. Yet they don't care. Millions hear their voices weekly. They've had the same sponsor for eight years. They never have to worry about scripts, for they say practically the same thing every time they appear on the air. Even if they didn't, few people would know the difference.

The two unusual performers are those Southern gentlemen, the "Tobacco Auctioneers," L. A. (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro, North Carolina, and F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky. Their facile tongues reel off 700 to 800 words a minute, words unintelligible to the radio listener but crystal clear to tobacco buyers.

Their career started in 1937 when George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, sought an air trade-mark that would be indelibly linked with Lucky Strike cigarettes. He found it in the vocal auctioneering talents of Messrs. Riggs and Boone.

The radio combination immediately proved to be a happy blend. Unlike as Abbott and Costello, the men work well together. Boone (the Abbott or straight man of the duo) has a staccato, blunt chant which pleasantly balances the lilting style perfected by Riggs.

Boone's delivery never varies. He uses only straight numbers in his chant and the rapid repetition of the last number bid furnishes his rhythm. Riggs, nicknamed "Speed" for obvious reasons, prides himself on a repertoire of twelve chants, done with a cultivated musical touch. He insists that interspersed among his warblings are the tunes of *Yankee Doodle*, *Pistol-Packin' Mama* and *It Ain't Gonna Rain No More*.

Boone and Riggs contend that auctioneers are born, not made. "You've either got the talent or you haven't, and if you haven't, you'd better get in another line of work." The competition is narrowed to the best. All told, there are about 100 operating in southern markets.

The art of tobacco auctioneering, like many others, grew out of necessity. Towards the turn of the 17th

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century, tobacco was sold by the crop or in lots. Later, in the 1820's, farmers found they could make more money if it were sold in loose-leaf form, sorted as to quality and auctioned to the highest bidder. By the time of the Civil War, public auction had become the generally accepted form of selling. And so it is today. But the vast increase in tobacco sales has made the auctioneer teach his tongue to twist at the present velocity.

IN MARKET TOWNS, the warehouseman provides all selling facilities. The farmer first sorts his crop for quality, color, length and other factors. Then, at the warehouse, the tobacco is placed either on flat baskets or in piles, and weighed and arranged in rows. Each basket or pile has a ticket showing the owner's name and the weight, with the piles ranging from ten pounds to several hundred pounds.

As Boone describes an auction: "We always start at the first row. The auctioneer and warehouseman are on one side and the buyers (usually from fifteen to eighteen) on the other. There is a calculator on either side. After a glance at the pile the warehouseman grades it and cites the opening bid, which is the auctioneer's cue.

"The auctioneer has to know tobacco, too. If the warehouseman says the pile is worth 20, and I see it's worth 35, I'm going to say 31 or 32 and not waste time raising bids. The auctioneer keeps accepting bids until the pile is sold, which usually takes five or six bids. About 360 piles are sold an hour, or one pile every ten seconds. So you can see why we've got to be fast.

"The sales calculators keep right up with us, marking the name of the buyer and the price on the ticket, although the farmer can refuse the sale if it doesn't suit him. Then the total is sent to the main office, where commissions are deducted. Within a few minutes the farmer heads for home with money in his pocket."

With this knowledge, try to make sense out of the Boone-Riggs chants the next time you tune in a Lucky Strike program. In the six or seven seconds of each chant, they tell you this:

The opening bid, based on the current market price of dollars per hundred pounds for top quality tobacco. The chants are kept within the market range. If the opening bid is 46 dollars, the six is repeated for the normal time it would take an auction buyer to raise the figures. Each raise is automatically a dollar by a silent gesture to the auctioneer, who then picks up the bid and starts repeating seven until the bid is raised to eight, and so on.

If the bidding closes at 49, the auctioneer ends his chant with the name of the buyer. For Lucky Strike's purposes, the radio chants always end with "American."

The Lucky Strike type of radio commercial is known as "slogan-advertising." American Tobacco executives are reticent about its effect on sales, but they must like it because they've kept it on the air ever since Hill cast around and discovered Boone and Riggs. But when the two men came North they were strangers, although each says with professional pride that he had "heard of the other."

Off the air, they slow their talk

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to normal pace. Riggs' accent is the heavier of the two. "If I don't watch myself," he says, "I talk too fast and slur. I try to retain my accent so I won't get sloppy in speech."

Characteristically, Boone is more matter-of-fact about his soft-spoken tones. "I've only practiced fast talk in numbers," he says. "When you take me away from the things I use on the warehouse floor, I just talk that old southern drawl."

But "things he uses on the warehouse floor" have come in handy outside. In pre-war days, Boone was in New Orleans when a sleek new sedan on a showroom floor caught his eye. On presenting his check he was asked for further identification. Promptly he chanted: "I'm F. E. Boone, deedle-deedle-deedle-deedle-dee, and here's my check for blank-blank-blank-blank dollars-dollars-dollars-dollars!"

These extrovert moments, however, are rare. Called "F. E." or just plain "Boone" by his associates, he's a serious and conscientious worker. Gray-haired and in his early fifties, he might well be mistaken for a dignified doctor. Six feet tall and weighing 198 pounds, he keeps in shape by hunting and fishing. He's a fifth generation removed from Squire Boone, Daniel's brother, and was born on a farm near Boonesboro, Kentucky.

"We were always in tobacco," he says. "My father was a farmer and auctioneer, my brother is an auctioneer, his son is an auctioneer. My second son, John, who's 24, knows the chant and is ready to start. I started when I was 15 and went to auctions with my father. I took a number and just kept saying it as fast as I could. When I could do that I took the next one, and when I learned them all I started running them together. Then I started with quarter-bids up to fifteen, and then maybe up to a hundred."

A chain-smoker, "Speed" Riggs is lively and on the go. He and his father, Mark, a retired planter, were the only two tobacco-minded gentry in the Riggs family. Speed was born in 1908 in Goldsboro, North Carolina. Tall, lean and graceful, with reddish-brown hair, he reflects his musical chant in his stride and actions. With a ten-gallon hat, he could easily pass for a Texas rancher.

"I began to mess with auctioneering when I was about 7," he recalls. "I practiced on my father's farm, watched the auctioneers in warehouses after school, but I didn't turn professional until after I was 20. Many auctioneers' voices were rasping and irritating. I tried to train my voice to be soft, but loud enough for buyers to hear and understand me."

PLYING THEIR UNIQUE trade on the air lanes came as a surprise to both Boone and Riggs. As far back as 1932, Boone made infrequent guest appearances on LS programs. Hence he was a natural selection as a permanent auctioneer. But Hill wanted a second man. That was how four members of the American Tobacco Company received a call one day "to find another auctioneer."

"I was in Durham, North Carolina," one of them said. "In the first warehouse I visited I saw Riggs. He not only was young and very fast, but had a musical chant that

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isn't generally found among auctioneers. I visited about twelve other warehouses, but always came back to Riggs."

From 1939 to 1944, Boone spent most of his time in the West as auctioneer with Kay Kyser's orchestra. Riggs operated out of New York, doing the shows that originated there. Currently they handle Lucky Strike shows from New York, appearing on the stage with the Saturday Night *Hit Parade* at the CBS Playhouse and by remote control on Jack Benny's Sunday program from Hollywood. Even when Benny broadcasts from New York, the commercials are spieled from an outside studio, by dictate of Mr. Benny.

Around the studios, Speed can't walk twenty feet without stopping to talk to someone. He goes out of his way to help younger players "get a break."

The migratory life of a tobacco auctioneer has had its effect on Boone and Riggs, for they can call many places home. At present they live a block apart in rented apartments in Forest Hills, New York.

Riggs and his wife have no children. He still keeps a mailing address at his sister's home in Goldsboro, and owns five tobacco farms outside that city. He goes there in the summer and auctioneers. Goldsboro's Chamber of Commerce has proposed "Speed Riggs Day" to honor the man who helped make the tobacco town outstanding on the nation's map.

Boone, who traveled the southern markets for more than twenty years, owns two tobacco farms, one in Florida and another in Kentucky, as well as a small citrus ranch in California. He operates all of them by "remote control." The Boones have two sons, both married. Occasionally, F. E. returns to the South, where he auctioneers "just for the fun of it."

To keep his tongue limber, Boone practices chanting at home. "The neighbors will testify to it," he says. But Riggs doesn't have to practice: he manages to work his chants into conversations. His routines include imitations of Mortimer Snerd, straight songs and chatter.

Both Riggs and Boone resent any inference that they have forsaken their chosen career of tobacco auctioneering for radio glamour. They maintain a professional pride in their work and adhere zealously to the standards that won them an air niche. Then, too, there's a nice feeling of security. The eternal radio problem of whether a sponsor will pick up an option holds no fears for Boone and Riggs. They know very well that their fast talk will always keep them working in the busy tobacco markets.

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by our standing in our own sunshine. —EMERSON

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When an angry river broke its bonds,
horror and destruction engulfed a city

The Johnstown Flood: DELUGE of DEATH

by EDWARD JAMES GRANT

WHEN MOST PEOPLE hear the words *Johnstown Flood*, they create a mental picture of a terrible deluge of water inundating a populous city and ruthlessly destroying human lives and property. The full impact of the flood, however, was far more stunning and ghastly than is generally realized, since the engulfing of an immense portion of Johnstown under frothy waters was only a part of the horror witnessed by survivors of that historic catastrophe on Black Friday, May 31, 1889.

For days rain had poured relentlessly from low, angry clouds. The green hills around Johnstown absorbed the moisture at first; but before long, each mountain was gushing thin, silvery streams which choked the rivers and lakes of Conemaugh Valley.

The largest lake near Johnstown was Conemaugh. A huge earth dam, lacking steel or masonry, regulated the flow of water from lake to river, but now, with rainwater gushets feeding the main body, Conemaugh began to swell alarmingly.

The overflow spilled over the top of the dam like boiling water. Some was caught by the wind's fury and hurled against the base of the dam. Something about the scene was ominous and dreadful. The clouds were oppressively dark; the surface black and awful. The brawling lake seemed to crouch over the earth below like a terrible beast of prey, ready to spring.

Eventually the center of the dam began to crumble. As though the cauldron were being tilted, a mass of water thundered into the trough-like valley, reaching out eagerly to snatch trees from the earth. It was more than a warning—it was a roaring threat that the bulk of water still held behind the quivering "earth heap" barrier would presently burst its prison. Occasionally, when the water bounded over in greater volume, trees and boulders shot skyward in a roaring explosion.

No one knows how many people saw the final bursting of the dam. Those who did see it must have been petrified by its magnitude and force, for the earth wall broke away to release a pent-up monster which

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seemed to have all the cunning of a mad human.

The massive flood that started on its terrifying course down the 13-mile stretch of green valley to Johnstown was eighty feet high at its crest and engulfed hundreds of yards of terrain in seconds. The ground left behind resembled an expanse of earth pushed flat by some gigantic scraper.

Steadily the monster moved, relentless and cunning. In mere moments, small villages above Johnstown were stripped of every house and building. No evidence of life remained, except a shattered roof or two which stood on naked plains of mud. Homes, factories, the people in them, were swirled about in the maw of the flood, becoming so entangled with trees and logs and debris that a compact mass of swift-moving death was formed, pushed before the wall of water.

At East Conemaugh, with an incredible bundle of human life and debris in its jaws, the cataract did its utmost to impress upon man the ferocity of rampant nature. Smashing into railroad yards, it tore up huge buildings and lifted locomotives high on its crest, only to plunge them deeply into the earth and leave them there.

Passenger trains were torn like paper, their occupants emptied into the waters, brains too numb to give them voice. Some bobbed in the flood for a few seconds, then were crushed by huge missiles flung about by the joyous monster.

THE FIRST WARNING of impending disaster was ignored by the people of Johnstown, for they had heard warnings before. At various times, when the lake had risen to alarming heights, someone had always appeared to shout danger. In the beginning, there had been much hysteria and confusion. But after many false alarms the people began to scoff at the idea of peril. Only a few men and women heeded the warning. For the most part, an unsuspecting city of 28 thousand inhabitants awaited its doom.

The thunder of the flood preceded the flood itself. First, a slight earth tremor caused people in the streets to glance up anxiously. The rumble increased, resembling a distant rolling of drums. At the sound, many grew restless, some stood rigidly, staring at the great mouth formed by the two mountains above the city.

There was a menacing darkness over the hills. The river, already swollen, swirled and gushed in a manner suggesting great disturbances above. The wind rose, the hills seemed to tremble, the trees appeared to quiver. Then it came.

What happened next can best be visualized through the eyes of one Johnstown inhabitant. Let's walk with this unnamed woman up a hill to her home as the wave of panic spread through Johnstown. She heard a scream carried on the wings of the wind. The terror embodied in that cry made her turn her head. Her glance swept the city below—with its crisscross streets, church steeples, a river rushing beneath many bridges.

Not until her glance came to rest on the gap between the twin mountains did she shrink with horror. Her eyes widened; blood left her face. Into her shocked brain the full purport of the picture forced itself

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. . . a great black wall of death hovering over the city. Above the thundering mass of debris hung a white mist, strange and weird.

The woman watched the monster, and did nothing. She was frozen to the spot. The swift-moving mass, several hundred feet wide, was cutting a swath through the mountains, leaving in its wake a sea of mud. It seemed too vast and horrible to be of earthly origin. Then, into her paralyzed brain seared the terrible knowledge that somewhere in the city was her husband.

As the titanic wave of death butted its way through the pass, human bodies struggled to be free, even as they were twisted into lifeless shapes. Screams became moans, followed by silence. The air was rent with sharp, cracking sounds, accompanying the pulverization of some man-made toy. Even the largest stone edifices were uprooted and ground to bits.

Now the woman ran toward the river, panic in her face. Her breath came chokingly as she stumbled along with the flood, searching across the water for a familiar face. The brunt of the avalanche had gone by, and now the water moved more slowly, carrying faces pale and still. Bodies, hair outspread like weed, floated with logs and crates and timbers. Children too, some clutching a beloved toy, moved helplessly downstream.

The woman ran on blindly, then stumbled and fell. Gentle hands helped her to her feet. She looked up into the face of an old man.

"I've lost my daughter," he said. "Have you lost anyone?"

"I don't know," the woman moaned. "My husband is here somewhere!"

The old man wiped his eyes. "I saved my wife. I thought my daughter was safe too. But I saw her floating away on a piece of wreckage. Then she was thrown into the water and crushed before my eyes."

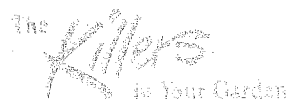
The woman ran on, lost in her own troubles, the awful shrieks of human agony all around leaving her cold.

The flood crushed the first two bridges in its path, but a sturdy railway span at the lower end of the city held firmly. The noise of collision was like thunder, followed by the rolling, deafening roar of additional debris piling against the bridge. Water poured over the bridge like a fantastic geyser and gushed through archways half-choked with drift.

Meanwhile, a return wave of water rushed madly down from the valley, destroying everything that had been spared. Bodies concealed beneath wreckage were disinterred and whirled on the surface. Dead faces stared from under the water. An arm thrust grotesquely from the flood-stream. A leg, shorn at the hip, floated like timber.

Now the stout railway span shuddered under new pressure. Roaring

Your back yard
is the battleground
of a relentless war.
For details, see



a startling
pictorial feature
in full color
next month in Coronet

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water engulfed many who had attempted to cling to the bridge for safety. The structure groaned and stirred, causing great friction. Soon the heat of friction set off a fire, and great flames swiftly licked up.

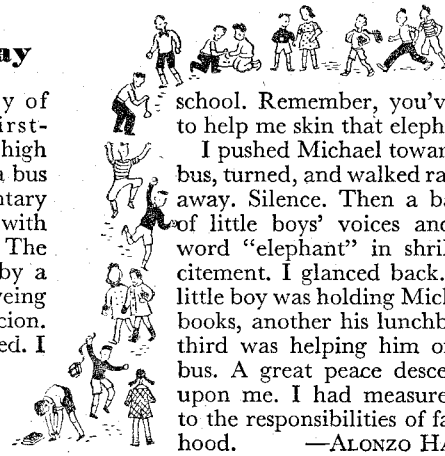
While the mass of drift had been forming, rescuers had gathered nearby to save victims with ropes and ladders. Now, as flame sprang up, a cry of horror rose like a great wave from rescuer and victim alike. Those caught between timbers pleaded wildly for attention, their faces twisted in agony.

It was a mad, impossible scene, the culmination of human torture. Even as rescue parties worked feverishly to save lives, many were lost in the holocaust. The screams were so poignant that those on shore shuddered and folded their arms in despair. Sheets of fire leaped high in the wind, while black smoke followed the course of the receding flood, spreading across the earth like an evil veil.

After the flood subsided, hours of unbelievable suffering and toil followed. Until relief came, cold and hungry survivors bore discomfort and pain. Many committed suicide; more than one went mad. Hardy volunteers set out to uncover bodies crushed into the earth and to clear pathways through a chasm of destruction. Meanwhile a wolfish band of looters prowled through the debris in search of money and valuables. Some were caught and at least one person was lynched on the spot by irate citizens.

Relief brought wonderful recovery. Friendly fires soon burned on hillsides, medical stations treated survivors, hungry mouths received Red Cross food, temporary shelter was provided for the homeless. And from the indescribable ruins of old Johnstown, a valiant people rose to build a brave and mighty new city, where precaution has ruled that no such disaster will ever again occur as the result of negligence.

Michael's First Day



MICHAEL'S FIRST day of school arrived. First-graders assembled at the high school and were taken on a bus across town to the elementary school building. I walked with Michael to the high school. The bus was waiting, fringed by a tight cluster of little boys eyeing each newcomer with suspicion.

Michael's grasp tightened. I felt his apprehension.

"Michael," I said in a loud voice, "I want you to come straight home after school. Remember, you've got to help me skin that elephant."

I pushed Michael toward the bus, turned, and walked rapidly away. Silence. Then a babble of little boys' voices and the word "elephant" in shrill excitement. I glanced back. One little boy was holding Michael's books, another his lunchbox, a third was helping him on the bus. A great peace descended upon me. I had measured up to the responsibilities of fatherhood. —ALONZO HAUSER

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Immortals of Music

THREE centuries ago, Johann Sebastian Bach, who liked nothing better than to sit at the keyboard while his children sang, laid the foundations of modern music. For you Coronet has selected these six paintings by Walter Richards from the Magnavox collection. They are a tribute to the unique talents which make our vast treasury of music so richly varied.

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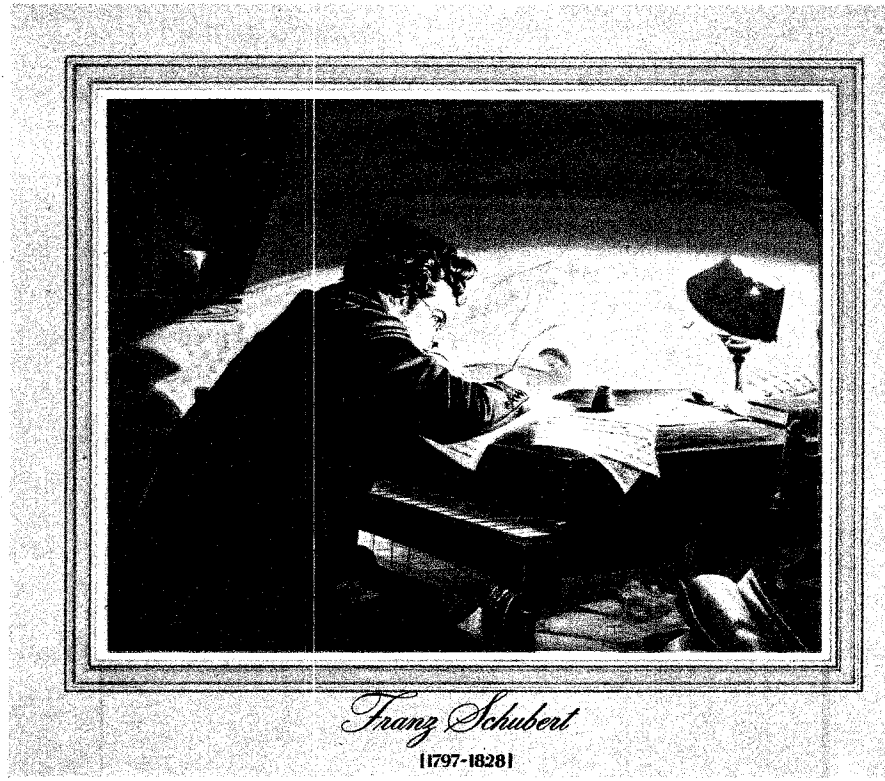

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Genius of Song

MORE THAN anything else, music is the language of the heart. Many men have given their lives to the creation of its peculiar beauty, but few have given so freely and tirelessly as Franz Peter Schubert of Vienna. He lived poor and he died poor, but his soul was made of music and in it he found complete happiness.

"I write all day," he said, "and when I have finished one piece I begin another." He wrote endlessly on anything that came to hand, even on the backs of menus. The merest snatch of poetry was enough to set his brain tingling with song, often more beautiful and expressive than the poem itself. And in the end he had written more than six hundred brilliant songs, at least eight full symphonies, and twenty-two sonatas.

Yet for all of his inspired labor, for his supremely reverent *Ave Maria* and his magnificent *Unfinished Symphony*, he received neither money nor fame in his lifetime—nothing but the kindness and encouragement of a few friends.

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Frédéric Chopin
(1810-1849)

Patriot at the Piano

IN HIS LIFETIME, all of Europe loved Frederic Chopin. Great ladies pampered him. Gentlemen favored him with their compliments. Publishers vied with each other for the honor of publishing his music. He was a great man. Yet despite the glitter of palatial salons and public acclaim, Chopin never forgot his own people. He loved Poland—the land of his birth—and his music beats with the folk tunes of the Polish peasants.

Though Chopin lived most of his life in Paris, he was deeply hurt and angered when tyrants sought to make of Poland a treasure for the rich, instead of a fruitful land for all the people.

But before all other things, Frederic Chopin was a great musician and composer, who created the lightest and loveliest, the most enduring, of melodies. He was truly a "poet of the piano." And yet he is best remembered today for those heartfelt pieces devoted to Poland, for such ardent music as *Polonaise*. When he died there was buried with him a handful of Polish earth.

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Gilbert and Sullivan

[1836-1911] [1842-1900]

Masters of Light Opera

ALL OF THE English-speaking world is enchanted by the melodies and lyrics which William S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan put into their operettas. Out of a stuffy, scientific Victorian Age they brought fun and satire and gay, wonderful music. There is hardly a youngster in America who has not at some time played in or heard one of Gilbert and Sullivan's light operas. *H. M. S. Pinafore* and *The Mikado* are enduring joys to anyone who can whistle a tune or remember a sparkling line.

But under the laughter and gaiety of the work of Gilbert and Sullivan there burned constant irritation. Each was jealous of his partner, yet neither could do without the other.

In 1898 they appeared together at a revival of one of their earlier works. As usual the audience cheered them heartily. When it was over Gilbert and Sullivan turned away in silence. After almost a quarter of a century of the closest collaboration, the great partnership was ended. The two men never spoke to each other again.

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George M. Cohan

(1878-1942)

Mister Broadway

THEY CALLED him Mr. Broadway, this little man with the Irish-blue eyes and the slanting grin. But millions of Americans know and remember George M. Cohan as the one man who put into music that love of country which was unspoken and buried deep in their hearts.

George M. Cohan spent his life listening to the people and giving them what they wanted. They wanted something which would say once and for all that the United States of America was the best place on earth. George M. Cohan knew that, and out of simple snatches of conversation, out of the words of an old soldier blessing his flag, he made one of America's most widely loved songs: *You're A Grand Old Flag*.

For that kind of simple, down-to-earth patriotism, George M. Cohan—plain citizen—received, in 1940, from the President and the Congress of his country a gold medal struck especially for him and engraved with his name. It was an unparalleled tribute from a nation of friends, from Cohan's kind of folks, from America.

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George Gershwin
[1898-1937]

Apostle of Jazz

WHEN HE WAS twelve years old, George Gershwin heard a melody of Rubinstein's tinkling out of a player-piano in a penny arcade. Standing there, he was hopelessly enraptured. Music took full possession of him and he hurried home to learn how it was made.

George Gershwin was born in Brooklyn. He was part of a big city which poured through him, jangling and banging and somehow emerging as music. Jazz was the music of his time, and jazz he wrote —*The Man I Love*, *Swanee*, *Strike Up the Band*. It was music which most people liked, but he knew that serious musicians thought little of it. So he determined to make jazz important, to place it among the world's best music. Out of this determination he wrote his eloquent *Rhapsody in Blue*. At first musical experts were shocked, but finally they accepted this new music, and praised and applauded it. Here, at last, were the rhythms George Gershwin loved so well, woven into great symphonic music, music worthy of immortality.

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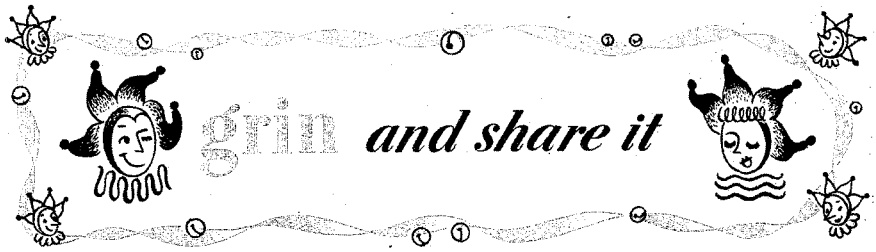

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

ARRIVING AT A strange hotel, a fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she twittered. "I was looking for the fire escape."

Continuing her search, she presently heard the pad of bare feet behind her and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel.

"Wait a minute!" he gasped. "Where's the fire?" —*Chaparral*

A PREACHER observed that every time he mentioned the name of Satan in a sermon, a certain member of his congregation bowed his head. One day the minister asked the man to explain his actions.

"Well," was the reply, "politeness doesn't hurt—and you never know."
—HAROLD HELFER

A MAN telephoned his doctor, asking him to come over as quickly as possible. "My wife has appendicitis!"

The doctor retorted, "Nonsense! I took your wife's appendix out three years ago and I never heard of anyone having a second appendix."

To which the anxious husband replied, "Ever hear of anyone having a second wife?" —*The Columbian Crew*

THE TRAIN for Washington had just pulled out of Norfolk and the passengers settled back for the journey. A tall dignified man entered the club car and, addressing the passengers, asked, "Is theah a gentleman from Shelby County, Tennessee, present?"

One man stood up and stated that he was a native of that county.

"Fine," beamed the first man. "I wondah if I might borrow youah co'k-screw for a minute?" —*The Bluejacket*

TWO WOMEN were having lunch together when suddenly one of them noticed the other's purse. "Isn't that new?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the other. "Do you like it? I earned it myself."

"How ever did you do that?"

"It was easy," she answered. "I cut down on my husband's lunch and carfare money." —IRV. LEIBERMAN

A LITTLE GIRL whose fondness for movies and the personalities featured in them far surpassed her liking for school and textbooks, was selected by the teacher to answer the question: "What is a comet?" Perturbed, the child hesitated.

"What is a star with a tail?" persisted the instructor.

"Why, Mickey Mouse!" exclaimed the pupil, brightening.
—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

BILLY, five years old, ran into the house to tell his mother that four-year-old Johnny had fallen into the lily pond. She ran out to the pond and found Johnny submerged to his neck and yelling for help. After she had rescued him, she asked Billy how it had happened.

"I kept telling him he was going to

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fall in if he got too close to the edge."

"But what made him fall in?" demanded his mother.

"I pushed him," replied Billy matter-of-factly.

"What!" cried his mother, horrified.

"I pushed him," repeated Billy. "I wanted to show him what would happen if he didn't mind."

—Mrs. George B. Smith

Newlywed husband: "Do you mean to say there's only one course for dinner tonight? Just cheese?"

Newlywed wife: "Yes, dear. You see, when the chops caught fire and fell into the dessert, I had to use the soup to put out the fire."—*The Mayflower's Log*

Michael had taken a rather strong dislike to kindergarten. All persuasion failed and his mother in desperation told him firmly that he would have to go.

"All right, Mother," retorted Michael. "If you want me to grow up into a darn bead-stringer, I'll go."

—*The Armstrong News*

A woman motorist's car stalled at an intersection and held up traffic while the light changed from green to orange to red to green to orange.

The traffic cop strolled up to her and inquired sweetly, "What's the matter, lady? Haven't we any colors to suit you?" —*Mason and Dixon News*

The mistress was interviewing a prospective maid. After questioning her about her last job, she asked her to supply references.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. I've lost Lady Bigwig's reference," the applicant said as she rummaged through her handbag, "but these crested spoons will show I worked there." —W. E. Golden

In one of the better restaurants, a customer sat down and tied his napkin under his chin. The manager told the waiter to let the man know, without hurting his feelings, that "this isn't being done here."

The waiter approached his customer, smiled sweetly and inquired, "What will it be, sir, a shave or a haircut?"

—Louise Knight

An evangelist shouted for all those in the congregation who wanted to go to heaven to arise. Everyone stood up but one man.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" the minister bellowed at the dissenter.

"Not immediately," he replied.

—Mrs. Elmer Hiers

A young barrister asked an older lawyer how he could attain success as a criminal lawyer. "Young fellow," advised the old practitioner, "always collect your fee in advance; and always remember that you will not be required to serve the sentence."

—*Northlander*

The manager of a small-town radio station recently received the following letter:

"Gentlemen: Please send a man to my address to disconnect your radio station from my house as we no longer have a radio." —Ivan Lester

"Tell the court how you came to take the car."

"Well, the car was standing in front of the cemetery and I thought the owner was dead." —*Sourdough Sentinel*

George went to the doctor. He complained of a headache. The doctor suggested: "Smoking too much?"

"Never smoked in my life."

"Perhaps you have been drinking too much?"

"Never had a drop of the stuff."

"Been stepping out with women too much?"

"Never had a date."

"I know just what your trouble is. You're wearing your halo too tight."

—*The Solar System*

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THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

In all of our land nothing is quite so American as the circus. The circus is big. The circus is robust. The circus, as symbolized by the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey show, is a modern colossus of vigorous fun and fantasy. Here Coronet compresses all of the bigness and the spirit of the circus into a few pages, teeming with life and ringing with the wonderful words of the master of ceremonies. *"Step right this way . . ."*

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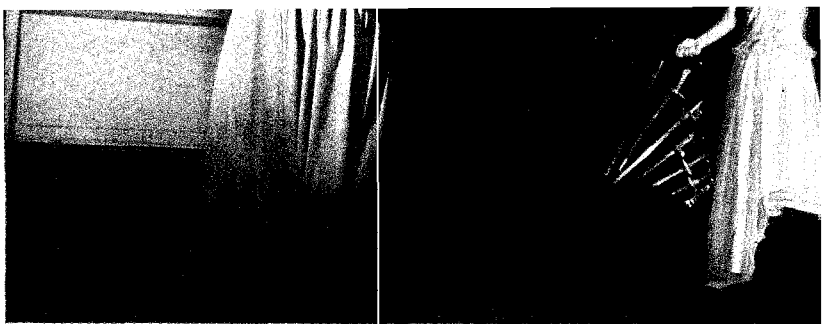

"Right this way, ladies and gentlemen! Peanuts, popcor
lemonade—enough for everyone. Don't disappoint the kiddies
right this way folks to see those two death-defying damsels dai
ing with danger; Señorita Carmen the snake charmer and tha
of oddities, the lovely little lady who swallows swords and

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With the latest of wireless equipment, the Royal Canadian "Sigs" keep things moving in the Far North

Party Line to the Arctic

by WILLIAM STEPHENSON

UP ALONG THE roaring Mackenzie River and west to the Yukon there's a party line like no other circuit in the world. The subscribers in this million-odd square miles of Canada known affectionately as "Down North" are a handful of earnest young men in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, and the telephones, instead of being the conventional type, are the most up-to-date items of wireless equipment.

Listeners-in include bearded trappers and red-coated Mounties, chubby Eskimos and Hudson's Bay factors, black-robed priests and burly miners. But even more unusual than the people is the kind of information carried as a 24-hour service. Included is all the news worth knowing about the uranium-rich North West Territories which, since the debut of the atomic bomb, are among the important strategic areas on the globe.

For an area so vast as this, stretching north and west about a thousand miles each way from Edmonton, you'd think it would take a host of technicians to keep things running. Yet the entire party-line staff numbers some two hundred men, many of them Canada's foremost "bug swingers," as wireless operators are known.

These two hundred are about as talkative as a tongue-tied beaver, for much of their work is highly secret and confidential. If you ask what they do, they mutter something about "keeping the traffic moving." They forget to say that during the war they dispatched six million words annually over the System, that they handled all the commercial traffic, including that of the Great Bear Lake uranium mines and the fabulous Yellowknife gold fields, as well as a great deal of the military requirements of both the United States and Canada.

They completely dismiss their work in guiding planes to safe landings or clearer skies. And though they know the Arctic regions are the source of all North America's weather troubles, they neglect to mention that thousands of California fruit growers, ships at sea along both coasts, and airlines all over the Continent depend, unknowingly, on the Royal Canadian "Sigs" for daily weather reports.

The North West Territories and Yukon System, or NWT & Y, got under way in 1923 with the opening of the Mayo and Dawson stations. The Signal Corps undertook the task, possibly with the secret desire of having a group of trained men ready in case of war. When war did come to Canada in 1939, men from the System found their

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way into every unit of the Royal Canadian Signal Corps, which saw valiant service in Sicily, Italy, and other theaters.

During their stay in the North, the Signals have had a finger in just about everything. From 1930 to 1935 they assisted in the Great Reindeer Trek, when three thousand reindeer bought from an Alaskan company were driven two thousand miles to the Mackenzie River delta to serve as food for the Eskimos. Lindbergh, on his polar flight in 1931, and the Russians on their Moscow-to-Frisco jaunts five years later made continuous use of Signals stations. Will Rogers and Wiley Post stopped at Aklavik to chat with their old Signals friends the day they met tragic death at Point Barrow, Alaska.

Like most soldiers, the Signals love to yarn, and whenever old-timers get together, there's one story certain to come up—the epic of the celebrated Mad Trapper of Rat River. The trapper, Johnson by name, mysteriously appeared in the North in 1931. Soon the Indians along Rat River, not far from the Arctic Ocean, claimed he was robbing their trap-lines, a heinous offense in a country where pelts mean wealth.

A Red Coat decided to call on Johnson. Banging on the trapper's cabin door, he received a 30-30 slug in his chest. His death touched off the North's biggest man hunt.

Johnson had a head start, and set off for Alaska. The Signal Station at Aklavik dispatched Riddell and Hersey, its best dog-man and rifle-shot respectively, to join in the chase with two Mounties. For days the dog teams toiled through deep snow in 50-below weather. Riddell and Hersey, in constant touch with their base, voiced admiration for their quarry who, they grudgingly admitted, was proving the equal of four of the North's best men.

Johnson was carrying a big load, so big that he had to leave part of it behind each day while he pushed on with the rest, only to return for the balance and repeat his leap-frog performance. Breaking his own trail and keeping ahead, it looked as though he might make the comparative safety of Alaska.

Then one morning, coming over a rise, they saw him. Hersey dropped to one knee and was about to fire when Johnson fired first—an accurate shot which plowed through Hersey's arm. Although the wounded man had to be carried back to base, the chase continued. It ended when one of the Mounties put a slug through the wiry trapper, almost within sight of U. S. territory.

Johnson died without revealing the reason for his outlawry, but Hersey and Riddell lived to take up the trail of another madman named Hitler.

AT PRESENT there are nineteen stations on the System, sixteen strung out from Edmonton north to Aklavik on the Arctic and the other three in the Yukon. Most stations are equipped with landing fields, as well as a lake nearby for pontoon planes in summer. Pilots passing over the vast forest wastes can almost feel the friendly eyes which follow them. At any moment, by tuning in on an assigned wave-length, a pilot can get a complete local and general weather report. If he's lonely and wants to

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talk to someone, the air-to-ground phone is a good medium.

Telegraph rates on the system compare with the best in the world. During the war the American and Canadian Governments had top priority, yet Uncle Sam, being a special customer, paid nothing for the service. But if a housewife in Montreal wanted to get in touch with her husband who, she thought, was trapping near Fort Simpson, the conversation went like this:

Fort Simpson: "We have a wire for Joe LeBeau. His brother's back from Germany and his wife's expecting a baby. Where's Joe? Anybody know?"

White Horse: "Haven't seen him. Think he went up Aklavik way."

Fort Simpson: "Come in, Aklavik. Where's Joe?"

Aklavik: "Saw him last week . . . Wait, here comes Pete Smith. He's going north. I'll tell him to find Joe . . ."

Signals men believe that the North West Territories have the most invigorating climate in the world, citing the fact that in twenty years not one of their men has died from illness. Fire in winter and mosquitoes in summer are the greatest hazards. About 20 per cent of the personnel are married, their wives living with them in the North. For the ladies the North is a Paradise, with nothing to do but look after their men.

Signals personnel, in addition to dispatching messages and taking meteorological readings several times a day, also fill such village posts as fire chief or justice of the peace. They act as pallbearers at native funerals, deliver babies by remote control and—even more hazardous—sometimes act as umpires in town baseball leagues.

In the future, they expect to be even busier, with the Yellowknife gold camp booming and Great Bear Lake still producing the stuff of which atom bombs are made. But as you drive up the Alaska Highway or skim tree-tops in a private plane, looking for good trout lakes, you can always count on 24-hour service from a party line which goes away "Down North" to the Arctic.

That Stork Story

ALBERT, aged eight, was assigned by his teacher to write a piece about his origin. He questioned his mother: "Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought Grandma, Albert."

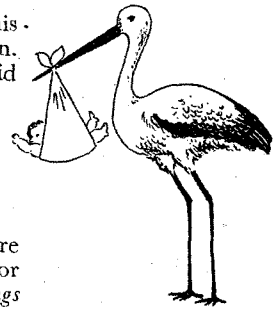
"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, too."

"And me?"

"The stork brought you, too, Albert."

Resignedly the young modern began: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations." —*Wings*



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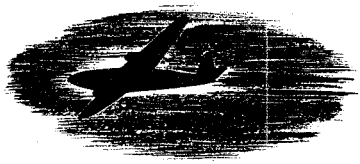
The skies at night cast a strange spell over those who invade them on wings



The Magic of Night Flight

by ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, French novelist, essayist and aviator, for a time flew the mails from France to Africa. On one flight from Paris to Saigon he was forced down in the desert and almost died of thirst before being rescued. In World War II, as a captain in the French Air Corps, Saint-Exupéry made his last flight on July 7, 1944. On that date he was reported missing in action and is presumed to be dead. This excerpt is from his book, "Wind, Sand and Stars," published at $2.75 by Reynal and Hitchcock, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

I KNOW NOTHING, nothing in the world equal to the wonder of night in the air. Those who have been enthralled by the witchery of flying will know what I mean —and I do not speak of the men who, among other sports, enjoy taking a turn in a plane. I speak of those who fly professionally.

In night flight, I am renouncing things. I am giving up the broad golden surfaces that would befriend me if my engines were to fail, the profiles of mountains against the sky that would warn me of pitfalls. I am plunging into the night. I have on my side only the stars. . .

Even as the farmer strolling about his domain is able to foresee the coming of spring, the threat of frost, a promise of rain, so all that happens in the sky signals to the pilot the oncoming snow, the expectancy of fog, or the peace of a blessed night. The machine which at first seems to isolate man from the great problems of nature, actually plunges him more deeply into them. Alone before the vast tribunal of the tempestuous sky, the pilot debates on terms of equality with those three elemental divinities—the mountain, the sea, the wind.

The mail pouches for which he is responsible are stowed away. They constitute the dogma of the religion of his craft; the torch which, in this aerial race, is passed from runner to runner. What matter that they hold only the scribblings of tradesmen and lovers. If, some day, the crew are hooked by a cliff, they will have died in obedience to orders which ennoble the sacks of mail once they are aboard ship. . . .

So the crew fly on with no thought that they are in motion. They are far from the earth, from towns, from trees. The motors fill the lighted plane with a quiver. The clock ticks on. The dials, the lamps, the various hands and needles go through their invisible alchemy. These mysterious stirrings, a few muffled words, a concentrated tenseness, contribute to the end result. And when the hour is at hand the pilot may glue his forehead to the window with perfect assurance. Out of oblivion the gold has been smelted: there it gleams in the lights of the airport ahead.

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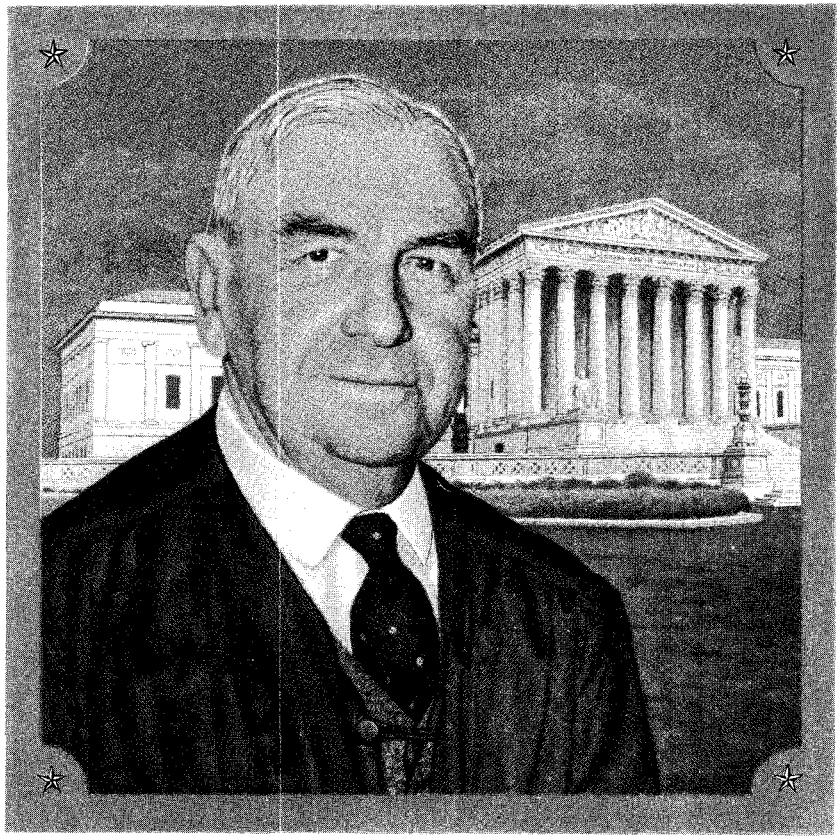
PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN



Harlan Fiske Stone: *Symbol of Justice*

by SCOTT HART

THE U. S. Supreme Court building is a gleaming high-columned pile of white and shadowy marbles from many lands, done to the tones of Grecian inspiration, as beautiful and commanding as the great law it shelters. Upon it, Americans spent some 9,740,000 dollars to symbolize a basic belief that liberty exists best under law. Below the west pediment was carved the injunction *Equal Justice Under Law*. A towering hush, an inescapable mood, was breathed into the blueprints and built into the structure. This is the hush of high respect and a mood as might be found at a throne where men go for a rising

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hope or the threat of a falling axe.

Back in the middle 1930's, Harlan Fiske Stone looked upon this rising magnificence and mumbled with some of the other Justices about it. The Brethren, as they fraternally call themselves, were overawed by a future in marble. One observed that the Justices in their black robes would look like nine black beetles in the Temple of Karnak. Stone suggested that they place the Chief Justice astride an elephant and move in Oriental procession to the grand opening.

Today, this plain-thinking New Englander is 73 years old, the Chief Justice of the Court and master of its undesired magnificence. He draws the eyes of the Court's two million annual visitors to greater degree than the other eight. Justice Murphy seems always atwinkle, full of something he wants to tell; Justice Douglas suggests youth and diligence; Justice Burton wears the uneasiness of the newcomer; Justice Frankfurter seems in an inward sizzle of restlessness; Justice Black stares off, pleasantly. Sitting in the middle, like a great hunched black-covered rock, is the Chief Justice. He gives the appearance of an everlasting central weight, holding two restless wings in order.

An old Amherst football player, Stone stands above six feet and weighs around 200. His robe extends in black folds to the chin. Above the robe his face seems gray. Deep lines cut from nose to mouth, his gray-blue eyes are sharp. When thought comes hard, he rears sidewise in his chair, raises a hand to his face in a meditative way.

Many who use adjectives cautiously consider him a great lawyer. Everybody, of brief or intimate acquaintance, calls Chief Justice Stone a fine man of almost majestic character. But first of all they say he is very human. On the bench, in less trying moments, he seems actually whimsical.

Excepting the Presidency, the Chief Justice occupies the most exalted possible place. No voice is ever raised in his courtroom, except in the cry of the marshal to God to Save the United States. His entrance into any room brings all to their feet. In the day's routine, the necessary aloofness of his position forbids familiarities. A man of fewer human roots than Stone could easily get the sequestered-king complex. But not Stone. Drew Pearson, the columnist, caught him once at the door beyond which the Irish Minister to the United States was giving a reception. Looking in upon the Irish faces, Stone bent down to the butler who was announcing the guests: "Justice and Mrs. O'Stonegal," he said.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHIEF JUSTICE STONE'S DEATH CAME AS THESE PAGES WERE BEING PRINTED. IT IS THEREFORE WITH A SENSE OF DEEP HOMAGE THAT WE DEDICATE THIS ARTICLE TO HIS MEMORY.
—THE EDITORS

HARLAN FISKE STONE was born in 1872 in Chesterfield County, N.H., the son of farm parents. His boyhood was spent in the White Mountains and the Connecticut River Valley where his father clawed at rocky land. At an early age, Stone was moved with the family to Amherst, Mass., his parents wanting the children to have

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advantage of the town's educational facilities. But before departing he was taken by his mother to the home of some friends, the Harveys, to pay their respects to a newborn girl named Agnes. Stone later married her.

In Amherst, young Stone milked cows, did other chores and absorbed the general New England notion that man and boy should live by work and wit—but mostly work. After a brief spell at Massachusetts Agricultural College, where he joined in campus pranks and nightshirt parades, he moved into Amherst College to prepare for the quieter refinements of medicine, meanwhile selling insurance and typewriters to pay his way.

Stone's physical bulk, however, at once loomed as an acquisition to the Amherst football line. Given the name of "Slug," he was posted at right guard. In a great football year, they whaled the also-great Williams team 60 to 0, and Stone, hero of the contest, became an Amherst immortal. But he also wore the plumage of Phi Beta Kappa, was president of his class, and when someone asked at graduation formalities what great contribution the town had made to the college, the answer was "Slug Stone." One who cheered with wry approval was campusman Cal Coolidge.

Stone taught in a Massachusetts high school, saved money and adjourned to Columbia Law School where he helped further to pay his way by teaching history in Brooklyn. Forthrightly he plunged into the long still grasp of the law, and upon graduation in 1898, he was taken by George F. Canfield, one of his professors, into a law firm where, under the name of Satterlee, Canfield and Stone, he was three years afterward to become a partner. Some 25 years later in Senate cloakrooms, the talk would run that Satterlee was a son-in-law of J. P. Morgan, which would, beyond hope or prayer, make of Stone a clove-hoofed conservative.

Stone interspersed the firm's practice with lecturing at Columbia. In 1907 the tempestuous Nicholas Murray Butler offered him the deanship of the growing Law School, and Stone accepted with a proviso: there would be no appointments to the faculty without his consent. Eventually there came one —and Stone walked out. He went back to private practice, and made a modest fortune. But back in school they wanted the kind of man Stone was, and the kind of law he taught. Butler brought him back to Columbia as dean again and didn't cross him any more.

THEY TALK of him now like this: "I would trust Stone with anything. He was simple and unassuming; there was something of the Puritan about him. He showed a high regard for industry and a dislike of waste, whether of time, energy or money. Without being stingy, he was economical in his living. He had a tremendous capacity for work and even as dean carried a full teaching schedule."

They say: "He was never too busy to talk to a student about his problems. He still remembers students and answers their letters. He has them come to see him in Washington. At a Law School class dinner a few years ago he called his old students by name and they

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called him Dean Stone and not Mr. Chief Justice."

The words are restrained. The truth is that faculty and students loved Stone and some wept when he left. He was, in a nutshell, kind. A tall muscular man, he would stand before the class, talking in low, even voice, twirling his eyeglasses on a black cord, talking hard practical sense, and they liked it.

There was in Stone at this point a strange weaving of lights and shadows. He resided in fashionable Englewood, N. J., and consorted with wealth and the unflexing conservatisms, but in campus informalities he clung to a clique of liberal thinkers. In school councils he was an apostle of change, a hard striver for better standards. Yet he would jump from no deep ends: he was steady as a balance wheel. The fact is that Stone's mind then, as later when he ascended to the Supreme Court, was as wide open as a barn door. He simply never would believe that the best had been reached, that human progress should cease.

In 1924 Stone received a letter from his old college chum, Calvin Coolidge, asking him to come to the White House. Coolidge talked of many things, but mostly of the mess at the Department of Justice under the scandalous stewardship of Attorney General Daugherty, a hangover from the Harding regime. The Bureau of Investigation was an incompetent patronage pot run by a detective, the catch-all of anybody whom patronage-eyed Congressmen couldn't place elsewhere. Would he, asked silent Cal, take this over?

Stone agreed. Out went Daugherty. In the made-in-New England housecleaning which ensued, the detective went out one door, Gaston B. Means went out another, and Stone made the acquaintance of J. Edgar Hoover, then 29 years old and an assistant director of the Bureau. He told Hoover that he wanted him in charge of the Bureau. Hoover said he would take it if Stone would grant him authority over hiring. He would divorce it from politics; he would accept none but educated and honorable men. Stone replied:

"Young man, I wouldn't let you take the job under any other circumstances."

It became the finest law-enforcement agency in the world, without a scandal ever crossing it. Stone remained but eleven months with the Department, yet Hoover never broke the warm association. He goes sometimes to Stone for advice. He says that beyond his mother, Stone did more to shape him than anyone else.

But meanwhile, Attorney General Stone began with enthusiasm some anti-trust investigations into the big aluminum combine, enough to alarm his Big-Business-minded old college chums uptown. They were somewhat relieved when he was sent to the Supreme Court. And some twelve years later he was asked to pose in the flesh for one of two murals, "Justice Triumphant" and "Justice Defeated," to adorn the walls of the Attorney General's office. He posed for "Justice Triumphant."

It is strange that so few people at that time knew the character of Harlan Fiske Stone. As soon as his

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nomination reached the Senate, some liberals screamed, recalling his Wall Street law practice and his one-time association with Morgan's son-in-law. Stone held his peace, went to the ancient courtroom in the Capitol, donned the judicial robe, and amid the busts of all the dead Chief Justices became one of the Nine Old Men.

BUT BEFORE long a series of words, insistent, repetitious, took hold of the public mind. These were "Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Stone dissent." Stone was not a New Dealer. But he was a believer in law and in the right of legislative bodies to experiment so long as the enactments, however new or extreme, stayed within the Constitution. He has personally objected to measures which he judicially upheld, but he won't accept any label, be it liberal or conservative.

Mr. Justice Stone was to say this: "I have nothing personally against the world in which I grew up. That world has always made me comfortable. But I don't see why I should let social predilection interfere with experimental legislation that is not prohibited by the Constitution."

When the Nine Old Men declared the AAA, a bedrock measure of the new Roosevelt Administration, to be unconstitutional, Justice Stone thundered in minority. Said he, in substance: "While unconstitutional exercise of power by the executive and legislative branches of the government is subject to judicial restraint, the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint."

Stone himself had self-restraint aplenty. He firmly believed that the judiciary should keep out of politics. He belonged to the Republican Party and in its troubled search for a candidate to oppose Franklin Roosevelt in 1936 Stone was more than casually mentioned. He resisted it. In fact, the emphatic tones of his liberal opinions laid forever any chance of his getting a Republican call.

Again, New York State enacted a minimum wage law for women. The majority opinion of the Supreme Court invalidated it. Stone thundered another dissent. It was "difficult to imagine any grounds" for the majority opinion "other than our own personal economic predilection."

Perhaps his most renowned dissent, in which he stood alone, was in the famous flag-saluting case which reached the Court before America's entry into the last war. Some children of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect had refused to salute the flag because it would violate their religious conscience. The Court in majority held that they must, largely in the interest of national unity. Said Stone: "The Constitution . . . expresses a faith and a command that freedom of mind and of spirit must be preserved, which government must obey, if it is to adhere to that justice and moderation without which no free government can exist." Later, the Court swung to Stone's belief. It was to do so in some twenty other decisions.

After more liberal members were appointed to the Court in the late 1930s, Stone stood less in the minority. But he still stood independent, a powerful balance wheel of applied common sense, acting un-

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der law. On June 12, 1941, President Roosevelt elevated him to be Chief Justice and he took the oath of office from a National Park official in a log cabin in the Rocky Mountains, where he and Mrs. Stone were vacationing. He had received the appointment humbly. "I don't know whether one should feel gratification at assuming such large responsibilities," he said. "It is the kind of recognition any man would appreciate. The responsibility is so great that it doesn't create any sense of elation."

He had reached the pinnacle to which every lawyer aspires. On his desk stood the silver medicine ball inscribed with the name of Herbert Hoover, whom he used to meet around 7:30 a.m. on the White House lawn for some physical conditioning in the "Medicine Ball Cabinet." Age had stooped him only slightly. He still walked with the light step of a tried lineman to the kickoff. All around him were friends. He was going out several nights each week. And in his own house, a fine old brick dwelling among tall trees in a quiet part of town, he sowed a rare English grass and planted flowers.

The old Capitol office was crowded, so he built a wing on his home and did much of his work there. On the walls were pictures of famous men. His Amherst class had predicted that he would be the most famous of them, but he had paid no attention. He had listened much more seriously to Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who quit the bench at 90, when he said, "My boy, (Stone was then 61) about 75 years ago I learned that I was not God; and so when people of the various states want to do something and I can't find anything in the Constitution expressly forbidding them to do it, I say, whether I like it or not, 'Dammit, let 'em do it!'"

TODAY THE Chief Justice has come to a pleasant stage of life. He might retire on $20,500 a year; but there is little likelihood. Up around 7 a.m., he sometimes takes a walk, then is driven to his office. The volume of his work is tremendous. He must preside at the Saturday conference of the Justices and present the cases. He himself takes cases and writes opinions, often scribbling drafts in a hand almost illegible. He must, on Mondays, deliver opinions from the bench. Beyond all this are staggering routine duties.

But it doesn't consume him entirely. The Chief Justice is a tinkerer with foods and pampers a refined taste. He still will place two fingers to his lips and whistle up his car with no embarrassment. When he built the wing on his house he had the carpenters cut a secret door through a bookcase connecting the wing with his formal living room. The stories ran that the Justice used this door to flee when he saw unwanted guests approaching. Actually, it is his one way of entry from the wing to the living room. But the story gained such currency that the public had a visible and lingering impression of the Chief Justice plunging into flight through the bookcase, his judicial robes suspended like a windblown coat-tail.

All about the great marble building he is held in awe, a condition he never promoted. Generally a

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shaking head answers any questions asked about him. Someone once asked the cost of his judicial robe and whether he wore an ordinary coat beneath it. Thereupon, a cartoon was pointed out on the office wall. This depicted two Justices in conversation, one saying, "Confidentially, I haven't worn pants in years. They bother me."

Much of his work is still performed at home. Mrs. Stone gives time to community activities, is an amateur artist of talent. Every summer before the war the Stones vacationed at their island home in Maine.

The Chief Justice once said that only Einstein can converse with the Stones' son, Marshall, a professor of mathematics at Harvard. Of the younger son, Lausen, a New York attorney, the father has not yet stated a public opinion.

The Chief Justice goes out of his way in friendliness to young people. With Mrs. Stone he invites assorted groups of them, particularly artists, to afternoon teas. Once he attended a concert by Yehudi Menuhin, the young violinist, and next day excitedly told Chief Justice Holmes of his experience.

"Ah," said the scholarly Holmes, "what a triumph! I sometimes think that I would give ten years of my life (Holmes was 92) to be able to play like that."

Justice Stone said, "Yes, but some of us would give ten years of our lives to be able to write opinions like yours."

"My boy, God sees through all this modesty," said Holmes.

Grounds for Divorce

A CLASSIFIED AD appeared in the Fairmount (Minn.) *Daily Sentinel:* "Notice—I will no longer be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife. (Signed) L.B."

Just below it appeared a rebuttal ad: "Mr. L.B. does not have to be responsible for any debts I may incur . . . He can't even pay his own. (Signed) Mrs. L.B." —DON HUBBARD

A SUPPOSEDLY happily married Kentucky wife sued her husband for divorce because—"I didn't like the way he treated his mother."

A divorce was granted a husband by a sympathetic court in Virginia, when he testified that his wife had used prize specimens from his butterfly collection to trim her spring bonnet. —HERMAN A. DAVIS

IN SUING HIS WIFE for divorce, a Detroit, Michigan, man obtained a temporary injunction restraining her from: striking him; attempting to take his life; hiding the silverware so he couldn't eat; hiding his ash trays; destroying his clothes; forbidding him to listen to baseball broadcasts; barring his friends from their home. —RUSSELL FULLER

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Out of this World

Here's a vivid collection of capsule stories calculated to lift you from the everyday into the realm of odd fact and fantasy . . . both old and new

LA PRENSA, dean of Buenos Aires newspapers, is recognized as one of the world's three or four foremost newspapers. It is an amazing combination of a staid and dignified daily and a daring practitioner of advanced social ideas.

Founded in 1869, the paper was an outstanding success by the turn of the century and for the last 47 years has pioneered in the field of documentary news in South America. At the same time it has given the people of Argentina free services offered today by only the most advanced socialist governments.

The most striking of the many special free services that *La Prensa* gives is medical assistance. In the paper's building a whole floor is given over to one of the most complete clinics in South America, staffed by thirty of the country's best physicians. Started about 1898, the clinic now treats thirty thousand patients a year.

In the same building the "legal clinic," directed by Argentina's foremost lawyers, advises seven thousand people a year without charge. The paper's meteorological observatory and stock and farm advice have been a great aid to Argentine farmers. Its chemical-industrial clinic searches the world for new technical ideas to aid the building industry.

La Prensa serves general culture with a public library of thirty thousand volumes. And if you want to learn to play a musical instrument, all you have to do is enroll in *La Prensa's* free school.

—VIRGINIA PREWETT

AROUND THE turn of the century, liquid air was the sensational discovery which was supposed to accomplish, industrially and socially, the same amazing feats as atomic energy. Liquid air could produce heat, light and power, and explosives. In addition, it was a miracle refrigerant, an anesthetic in surgical operations and a curative agent for certain skin diseases.

Then, when vaudeville was in its heyday, performers of magic and tricks of illusion "discovered" liquid air. They would put a frying pan on a block of ice and then go about

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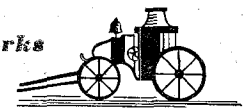
frying an egg by means of liquid air. A glass of water could be instantly frozen through the same procedure. A piece of very elastic rubber would be dipped in liquid air and immediately be withdrawn in so brittle a condition that it would break into small pieces. Liquid air could cut through a steel rod in a few seconds. Sometimes a theatre would be darkened; then liquid air would produce a glow sufficient to light up the entire auditorium. It could produce temperatures of 300 degrees below zero.

Why, then, isn't liquid air turning the wheels of industry and supplying us with light, heat and power? The answer is simple. Any such substance or energy would have to be produced at a smaller cost. The few companies producing and selling liquid air are compelled to charge from 45 cents to $1.20 per liter for it. At that price, its use is limited to a few special purposes.

—JUDSON CRAIG EUBANK

House Marks



"FIREMAN, save my house!" cried the anguished home owner of colonial times as the fire brigade came dashing up to the burning building. The brigade leader would quickly examine the front of the house, glance at the other properties nearby, then very often he and his men would sit down to enjoy the fun as the house burned to the ground.

This was an all-too-familiar scene in America's early days. It was caused by a system of "House Marks." Metal plates bearing the familiar emblem of an insurance company were placed on the fronts of all insured houses and buildings. Such "House Marks" were guides for the fire brigade. Frequently the brigade leader himself was an insurance man, and if the burning building was not insured by a leader or by a friendly insurance company, and did not endanger the property of any man in the brigade, the firemen refused to fight the fire.

—REV. DONALD F. BRAKE

Plotting Pilot

A COUPLE OF years ago enemy agents—always in evidence in China—approached an American pilot in Kunming and offered him 50 thousand dollars to deliver a P-51 to a designated airfield in Burma. The Japanese, anxious to inspect America's newest air weapon in the Chinese theater, were willing to make any concessions . . . and even agreed to leave two of their members as hostages to insure the safe return of the pilot. After talking it over with his buddies, the American decided to make the flight.

The pilot circled the abandoned Burmese airfield as directed and observed, below, a Jap transport with officers standing alongside awaiting his arrival.

Upon landing, the American locked the controls of the P-51 and stepped down from the plane. He insisted on being paid the 50 thousand dollars before explaining the controls of the new fighter to the Jap test pilot. The Japs paid off in

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U. S. greenbacks which the American stowed away in his flight jacket. He thereupon seated the Jap test pilot in the P-51, and began to explain the ship's operation. But the test pilot had trouble with the locked controls, so the American indicated he would have to get into the cockpit to determine the difficulty. As soon as he replaced the Jap at the controls he unlocked them, knocked the Jap out of the plane, and took off.

After gaining sufficient altitude, the American pilot roared back across the field in time to catch the transport in his line of fire. The transport crashed into flames, and with the Japs out of the way the American headed for Kunming—50 thousand dollars richer.

Word of his exploit was conveyed to headquarters (no mention being made of the sale of the P-51) and the pilot was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross!

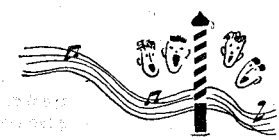
—JOHN D. WILLIAMS

CATS ARE CANNY creatures and there have been many tales told of the methods they use in attracting their prey. There was one case of a cat observed apparently drinking from a pool. Closer investigation disclosed the cat wagging its tongue in the water as a lure. It knew that goldfish would thus be attracted to the surface.

Another cat reversed this procedure and wiggled its tail just below the surface of the water. When a fish came up to see what was going on, the cat swiftly turned and clawed the victim out of the water with its jagged paw.

However, the most ingenious of feline plots was discovered in a fish pool of "Black Mollies." In this instance a pair of cats teamed up for their nocturnal repasts. As the fish were rapidly disappearing, the owner became suspicious and stood watch one night. He saw two cats approach the pool and lower their heads almost to the water's surface, their eyes sparkling in the bright moonlight. They remained motionless for some time, then suddenly struck, and a wiggling Molly was carried off. The only explanation was that the cats had used their shining eyes to dazzle and attract the poor fish to the surface.

—RAYMOND SCHUESSLER



EIGHT YEARS ago a Tulsa, Oklahoma, businessman got lonely in a Denver hotel room one night. Instead of going out and drowning his sorrows, he rounded up three other congenial souls and organized a vocal quartet. It was a howling success.

Back home in Tulsa once more, Owen C. Cash decided the time was ripe for the revival of barber shop harmony. He met with fourteen friends and discussed the matter. Thus an organization was born—the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Inc.

Today the S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. is an international organization with

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ten thousand members and 205 chapters. Representative members are President Truman, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, as well as business and financial leaders, truck drivers, elevator operators and taxi drivers.

The impression that barber shop quartets usually indulge in raucous harmony is contrary to the Society's rigidly-enforced code of conduct, which reads:

"Soloists, exhibitionists, egoists and plain drunks need not apply, since successful quartet singing requires restraint along with ability."

Favorites of the barber shop foursomes are *Girl of My Dreams*, *By the Watermelon Vine*, *I Had A Dream, Dear; She Was Bred in Old Kentucky*, *I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home*, *Mother's Rosary*, and of course *Sweet Adeline*. —T. J. McINERNEY

Freedom from the Stove

AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES are all set to welcome a new hero—a hero after their own hearts: one who has managed to cut down to a mere fraction their "cook stove" time. He is William L. Maxson—pioneer of the quick-frozen meal!

The way he solves the problem of good food without a great deal of fuss is to cook each ingredient of the meal to within fifteen minutes of being done, then freeze it. Thus when a meal of lamp chops, spinach, string beans and potatoes is assembled, the whole thing is just within fifteen minutes of being served. Being frozen, it remains indefinitely poised for consumption, on a partitioned plate made of cardboard and covered with baked phenolin resin to resist the coming heat and keep the taste of cardboard from seeping into the food. To meet the problem of reheating the food swiftly and efficiently, Maxson devised what he calls a Whirlwind oven, a small unit which will cost the housewife about 35 dollars.

Maxson's Food Systems plant is located in Queen's Village, Long Island. There, in a modern, constantly cleansed building, expert chefs work in kitchens equipped with 125-gallon kettles, and gloved employees assemble meals for the quick-freezing and storage room, which has a capacity of a million meals. More than 300 menus have been tried out. Junior meals for children are being worked out for the housewife's menu of tomorrow, and plans are being made for distribution points throughout the country. Additional factories will be located in places like Chicago and Los Angeles, with branches in areas close to strategic food supplies. A Department of Agriculture inspector is always on hand at the plant, as is likely wherever frozen meals are prepared.

Today, Maxson's frozen meals are served in Army and Navy transport planes, which are equipped with Whirlwind ovens. Commercial air lines will probably install them this year and the first frozen meals will reach the housewife about the same time. How much will they cost? The price will vary, of course, but between 75 cents and $1.25 is a safe range for menus similar to those served by any first-class restaurant. —BARBARA HEGGIE

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Those charming monsters played by Sydney Greenstreet are a triumph of acting skill

Hollywood's Perfect Villain

by CAMERON SHIPP

ON A SURPRISING evening in 1941, a sneak-preview audience in Huntington Park, California, hissed and glowered at a new movie villain for ninety minutes, and then loudly threatened to pull down the roof if one thin hair of his brutal head were molested for general theatrical release.

During the next few days the audience inundated Warner Bros. in one of the most vigorous demonstrations by the writing public since the chain-letter fad. They not only answered the routine questionnaire in which they were asked to tell whether they liked the picture and why, but told the studio that it was a sin even to suggest destroying such a completely murderous and charming old monster as Sydney Greenstreet.

Thus a star was born. This is the way stars are born, most of them, in the movie houses of Pasadena, Glendale, Huntington Park and other Los Angeles suburbs where producers meekly risk their dollars, their reputations and their newest screen personalities upon the reactions of neighborhood audiences.

Producer Jack Warner and Director John Huston, who had devised the tough screenplay, *The Maltese Falcon* from Dashiell Hammett's story, gratefully abided by the will of the people. They saved Mr. Greenstreet's life, then blinked and wondered what they had wrought. They quickly found out. They had a brand-new kind of film villain—an enormous, homicidal, scheming fellow who always wins the audience's sympathy despite his dreadful designs.

Greenstreet has since made sixteen pictures and is now firmly established as a movie bad man. He is 66 years old, the oldest man who ever attained overnight stardom, and at 280 pounds is the greatest star of all in point of sheer tonnage. He earns a sizable salary for doing two things at once: being as lethal as a bison and ingenuous as a baby.

When he comes on the screen to cope with tough-guy Humphrey Bogart or the dove-voiced killer, Peter Lorre, his villainy seems to spring from the heart. But Greenstreet's badness is a *tour de force* of

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acting skill, whipped up from 41 years' stage experience and from study and rehearsals astonishing to Hollywood.

After all, who ever heard of a villain who was, actually, a cozy old character, as fussy about his ease as a gouty baronet? Mr. Greenstreet is that rare thing in Hollywood, a precisionist.

WHEN HE WAS shanghaied out of a Lunt and Fontanne play to work in pictures, mumbling "No!" at every step, Greenstreet discovered a situation horrifying to a gentleman of the theatre who can recite twelve thousand lines of Shakespeare by heart. Lunt and Fontanne rehearse for weeks, and realize their characters as if they were novelists creating them.

In the movies, the actor ordinarily learns about his part from the director or producer, who sketches the role with strokes as broad as a house-painter's. The actor doesn't learn his role in advance: he gets his lines day by day. He is sometimes amazed, when all's said and screened, to discover what kind of person he really was.

Because of Greenstreet's unique appeal, which Huntington Park estimated so accurately, he was able to stage a revolution. His screenplays are submitted to him thirty days before shooting. When changes are made, he has to be notified a day in advance. This enables him to indulge the esoteric period of gestation he considers proper for the creation of villains.

Greenstreet enjoys tobacco, but when attacking a new part he stops smoking to insure a resonant voice. He loves a good dinner, especially Yorkshire pudding, but he diets like a debutante. In advance of a new role, he retires from convivial wits and admirers and confines himself to a solemn study of wickedness.

"No sir, I do not prance in front of mirrors, making mean faces at myself," he says. "I brood. I study the entire play, all the characters. I don't memorize my part, I memorize all the parts. I think villainous thoughts. Finally, I begin to feel like a bad man. I begin to talk like him and walk like him and *be* him."

Still, Greenstreet enjoys diagramming the use of eyes, mouth, fingers, heel and toe in order to act like a brute. And many a young player has benefited from his prescription for conjuring up emotions:

"Work hard on the scenes and parts you hate. The parts you love will take care of themselves. Study your characters inside out. Make large gestures for noble characters. Make small gestures for mean people. Speak quietly if you are an important person accustomed to being obeyed. Only bluffers speak loudly."

He thrusts out a heavy palm. The gesture is heavily physical, but a slight tapping of the fingers seems thoughtful.

"It works with heel and toe, too."

He rises and kicks massively with his heel. The movement pulls his enormous body into an attitude of aggressive truculence. He relaxes, wriggles a toe, and the mood fades before your eyes and turns to reflection.

"'Tricks!" he snorts. "Got to know them. There are a hundred more. I use them. But you have to start with talent."

His first screen villain was de-

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veloped from a walk—in *The Maltese Falcon*. Greenstreet hatched him for days before understanding that the key to his perfidy was a bumbling, sidewise gait which gave the character a looming dreadfulness. None of his subsequent villains has walked like that.

SYDNEY GREENSTREET was born in England in 1879, but he avoids the diction dear to the British actor. His talk, in fact, usually seems American. He became a plantation supervisor in India, next tried peddling beer. Then he resigned and joined an amateur acting group, making his first professional appearance in 1902 in a Sherlock Holmes play.

He has performed nine different roles in *As You Like It*, although his favorite plays are *Twelfth Night*, *Henry VIII* and *The Tempest*. Years ago, made up with hunched shoulders and no neck for Caliban in *The Tempest*, he emerged from his dressing room into an alleyway for a breath of air. A Cockney accosted him.

"I say, gov'nor, any shootin' in this 'ere play?"

"No," said Greenstreet.

The urchin looked him over. "Mebbe not," he said. "I s'pose they're usin' you instead of it."

Greenstreet was "instead of it" in all manner of rig and getup, chiefly in classics, long before Hollywood selected him to frighten millions. But, he recalls wryly, on the stage he played as much comedy as tragedy. He is doleful today because in spite of sympathetic parts on the screen, he seems irrevocably typed for frightfulness.

He roars displeasure when people suggest that his bulk is a commercial asset. "I am an actor, sir, fat or lean," he says. As a matter of fact, he pretends to be hurt at any comment on his girth. A champion tennis player in his youth, there is nothing flaccid about him now; his body is round and firm and fully packed.

In an outdoor performance of *As You Like It*, he was once playing the part of the banished duke when the stage collapsed under him. He emerged from a hole in time to deliver his next line: "True is it that we have seen better days."

Once, in a Hollywood theatre, he was stuck in a seat for thirty minutes and had to be pried loose by ushers. A respectful audience gave him one of his handsomest tributes. They did not laugh.

When Greenstreet is working in a picture or devoting his unique thirty days to preparation, he is as unapproachable as an intellectual porcupine. When relaxed he is a beamish, kindly, yarn-spinning fellow you would like to call "Pop," but don't dare. When he talks, which he does with a flow of sharp anecdotes, he presides.

He lives in a Spanish-type house with hand-carved furniture, china and candelabra, old editions and other *objets d'art* which he has collected over many theatrical years. Like any other thing he owns, he can lay hands on them unerringly in the dark. Everything in the place resembles a museum piece, including Sydney. And including Scottie.

Scottie is his housekeeper, a former actress who had small parts in his plays and who now gives full time to seeing that Sydney is comfortable. A great friendship devel-

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oped years ago on a ferryboat when Scottie laughed so hard at one of Sydney's lusty yarns that her bridgework fell into the water.

Scottie cooks, rehearses Sydney in his lines, berates him, and polishes him like a lamp. He plays pranks on Scottie, tells her that her hair "looks like a starfish gone wrong," then lugs home expensive presents when he needs to get back in her graces.

Among his oldest friends is John Sayer Crawley, English actor who played Sherlock Holmes when Sydney made his professional debut. His boon companion in the East is Seaver Burton Buck, former headmaster of Berkshire School in Sheffield, Massachusetts. The educator and the actor carry on an extensive correspondence.

Victor Francen, the French actor, and of course the Lunts are other companions. He enjoys young people immensely, likes to help young players, and considers Phyllis Thaxter (who played *Claudia* in a roadshow company) the ideal American girl.

Now that he is an established star in motion pictures, Sydney is pretty happy about the whole thing, despite his early misgivings. When he first worked in pictures, surrounded by cameramen, make-up men, hairdressers, electricians, props, grips, assistant directors and assistant assistants, he was miserably frightened. His large gestures had to be truncated, his booming voice had to be muffled, he had to stand where he was put. And he was annoyed by actors who didn't know their parts.

Today he thinks that motion pictures are the greatest medium for acting, that the lens is the severest critic in the world. Greenstreet kidnaps unsuspecting actors in his pictures and makes them rehearse overtime, as he does, never satisfied with less than perfection.

He considers Peter Lorre, Charles Laughton and Robert Montgomery among the greatest living actors. He likes his villains well enough, but insists that he is a thoroughly-rounded actor who can play comedy too. But when all is summed up he returns invariably to Sir Henry Irving, whom he considers the greatest actor who ever lived.

Sir Henry, he recalls, was a great one for rehearsing until everything was just right—including villainy.

A Man's Best Friend

MUSICIAN ARTUR NIKISCH used to be stopped on the street by innumerable admirers. Swooning ladies would kiss his hand and tear pieces of his garments from his body. They even begged for locks of his hair. To this last request he was always amenable, mailing a few strands to each admiring applicant.

"At this rate," a friend warned him, "you will grow bald in no time."

"Not I," Nikisch answered with a wink. "My dog!"—DAVID EWEN

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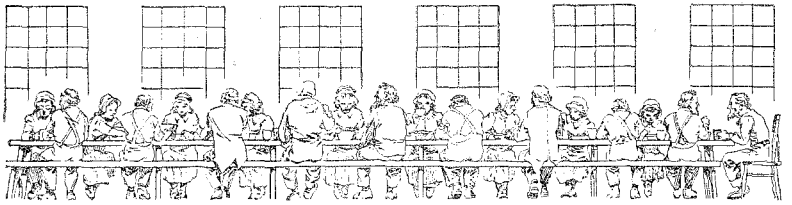
Life has changed but little in 70 years for the Hutterites in their American Utopia



Experiment in Contentment

by MARCUS BACH

QUIETLY AND unobtrusively, an experiment in cooperation and simple living has been going on in America uninterruptedly for more than seventy years. In seven communities in South Dakota and two in Montana, a foreign-speaking people work together, eat together, receive no wages and rarely go beyond the boundaries of their land.

Each person receives a monthly allowance of fifty cents but there is no place to spend it because everything is free. The communities have no movies, no radios, no juke boxes, no newspapers, no night clubs. Yet investigation proves that the people are happy.

They speak a Tyrolean dialect and call themselves Hutterites, a name taken from their founder, Jacob Hutter, who died at the stake in Germany in 1536. Some of his followers came to South Dakota in 1874 and homesteaded in Bon Homme County. Today Bon Homme is the mother colony from which the other American communities have sprung and is responsible for thirty Canadian settlements numbering ten thousand people. And, although the Bon Homme settlement is rich now and owns seven thousand acres, its people have hardly changed their way of life in almost three-quarters of a century.

Bon Homme colony, nineteen miles west of Yankton, overlooks the Missouri River. Here 25 sturdy houses, barns and shops rise stubbornly from the sand. The foundations are made of chalk blocks, which the Hutterites found in the cliffs along the Missouri. They believe the Lord put them there for that purpose. The Hutterite experiment is based on religion; the real boss in every community is the preacher.

The minister of Bon Homme, white-bearded Michael Waldner, is 70. He is short and sturdy, and wears a black hook-and-eye jacket. The Hutterites did away with buttons during the Thirty-Year War because buttons reminded them of German militarists.

Waldner wears a broad-brimmed preacher's hat and, from under its shadow, small wise eyes look at life through heavy glasses. He does not

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conceal the fact that he is suspicious of the world. There is nothing about the Lord that worries him; it is man that bothers the Hutterites.

WITH SEVEN ELDERS, Waldner governs the communities, whose size is kept at 108. When the population rises above that figure a new colony is started and another minister is ordained to carry out the traditions of the old pattern, a pattern best understood by observing a typical Hutterite day.

Life begins at 5:30 a.m. with the ringing of a bell. About everything that happens in the colony is regulated the same way. The bell calls men and women to work, and summons them to meals. The bell rings to indicate the time of day, for there are no watches in the community. The bell is used for almost every kind of warning and invitation, excepting the call to church.

At 5:30 a squad of wives marches to the cowyard for the milking. They do this every morning and every night. You remember the scene not only because of the reminder that here is one spot on earth where man still has the upper hand, but also because of the milk stool which each woman carries. It is the only colorful object in the colony. Hutterite attire is black and gray, homes lack pictures or curtains, the paint on houses and barns is drab. But the milk stools are enameled a fiery red, with the owner's name printed on the seat in rich design.

The breakfast bell rings when milking is done. Both adults and children appear magically from various places and make their way to the refectory. The youngsters under six go to another house near the community kitchen, where they eat under the eye of one of the older women. The pastor, alone of all the flock, dines by himself, while his wife joins the women in the common eating house.

In the refectory the sexes are segregated. The tables are long, sturdy boards, with benches instead of chairs. The food is served in dishes from which everyone helps himself without the formality of passing. Occasionally everybody eats directly from the main dish.

Here is a sight that takes you far out of these United States. A low mumbled prayer before meals; bearded men, all dressed in hook-and-eye clothes; young women and girls, all wearing loose-fitting garments, their heads covered by the traditional polka-dot headpiece tied under the chin; the coffee woman who sits at the head of each table and fills the large china cups; beards touching plates. It is only the amazing speed with which the brothers consume their food that reminds you of the outside world.

After the meal is ended with a prayer the men file out to their appointed jobs. In the yard three thousand geese are honking, laundry carts are being hauled to the wash house, teams are being driven to gardens and field. This whirl of activity explains why the Hutterites are prospering.

Wherever you look you see children. Girls sit in the yard, knitting or spinning on old-fashioned wheels. Young girls lug baby brothers or sisters or wash them in tin pans on benches. There are no toys in the community, but every child has a brother or sister to play with.

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The women give their homes a quick cleaning before tackling tasks with the various crews to which work is delegated. There are garden crews, geese crews, wash-house crews, wool crews and so on, and each crew has its boss appointed by the elders. Likewise work is delegated to the menfolk. There is the bee boss, the farm boss, the hog boss and the boss of the machine shop, besides the various craftsmen who are addressed as Mr. Shoemaker, Mr. Tailor, Mr. Broommaker, Mr. Welder.

Every room in a Hutterite home is a bedroom. There are no living rooms. There being no kitchens or bathrooms either, the colony home is just a series of bedrooms, equipped with home-made table, chairs, bed, clothes chest and wood stove. There are no pictures, mirrors, calendars. Pastor Waldner's study boasts a clock—the only one in the colony.

THE HUTTERITES believe that people are happy only if they work hard, and their days are designed to fit this tradition. "Outsiders" who live in the vicinity look upon the colonists as a strange and special creation. The Hutterites think of nothing but work, say their neighbors, and when they do go to town they act as if they could hardly wait until they got back home. One South Dakotan remarked:

"But they're good folk. They never ask for anything, and they're not against helping an outsider. They raise lots of cattle and hogs, and when it comes to eating, they live better than people in the outside world."

Thriving apiaries, orchards and vineyards add to the livestock, poultry and farm produce to make for contentment. But the Hutterite will never let you forget that his way of life is a philosophy—a replica of the early church. At the heart is the idea of a sharing of goods which filters down to the last hook-and-eye. The individual owns nothing, the community everything.

Even after supper, the life of the individual is still governed by colony rules. After the evening milking, a child runs from house to house, calling: "Church time, church time!" Then the pastor walks solemnly from his home, carrying the hymnal, a Bible and the Book of the Brethren, the latter written entirely in longhand and containing the unpublished sermons and letters of the early church fathers. When the pastor is inside the school, the assistant overseer and the seven elders arrive, each wearing a black preacher's hat. Then the silent men, women and children come, always singly, and take their places on crude benches.

The service begins with a hymn, "lined-out" by the pastor. *Ansagen*, they call it, meaning a recitation of each line before it is sung. The congregation picks up the hymn, singing in solemn, droning fashion. There is no musical instrument. The singing is a lamentation. It is the spirit groaning for liberation, the soul moaning over the world's sins.

Following the singing, the pastor preaches in chant-like rhythm. On the colony's grounds his voice is strong and authoritative, but here his words are barely audible. He pleads with God and the brethren tearfully. His body sways and he presses his beloved Bible to his

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breast. He warns against the *Weltgeist*, the spirit of the world—the only evil that can possibly destroy them.

The men file out first, and no one thinks of holding the door for the person following. They avoid each other's company until they are a respectable distance from the sacred building. The women go straight home, the children resume their activities in the yard.

A Hutterite day is almost over, yet the "time after church" is memorable. These are the hours to look forward to. Walk with one of the men and he will invite you into his home, where you occupy a chair while he and his children sit on the bed. Generally his wife occupies herself in an adjoining room.

Soon a number of men will drop in, matter-of-fact, and sit wherever they can find a place. They listen to what is being said, offer a few comments, eventually join in the conversation. Then the children start arriving. They sit on the floor, never speaking, never taking their eyes off the speaker. Young girls sit in shadowy corners of the lamplighted room, straining their eyes over their knitting but keeping their ears open.

The topics cover everything from world events—about which the Hutterite knows nothing—to the part God plays in his life, about which he knows everything. The minister is usually present, and wonderful is the way Pastor Waldner holds his own with outsiders. As far as the children are concerned, his mind is the repository for the knowledge of the universe. Where he gets his information they do not know. Divine inspiration is the only answer, for he knows about current happenings, although no newspapers reach the community and radios are unknown.

NO ONE HAS EVER come from "outside" to become a Hutterite. Yet it can be done, and Pastor Waldner explains the process. "A man must simply give up everything he owns to the common colony treasury. Why should that be hard to do? Things of the world are phantoms. One who becomes a Hutterite finds a happiness here that the world can never give. He is cared for by the colony as long as he lives. When he is too old to work, he is still cared for. When he dies, he is buried in the little cemetery. His soul goes to God. I don't know what more a person can want."

Love and marriage add zest to community life. Until recently, romances were arranged by the pastor. Supervision was needed because in the entire population of the American and Canadian colonies, there are less than twenty family names. The pastor or an elder used to visit another colony and bring back an eligible young man or woman and arrange the wedding.

Nowadays a young man is often assigned to work at another colony, and there he is guided in his search for a wife by the pastor who, consulting the *Stammbaum* (genealogical chart) may advise which girls are eligible. Once in a while a Mennonite girl or an Old Order Amish maiden from "outside" is courted by a Hutterite, but this is rare, for young men know that marrying in "mixed style" is frowned upon.

At first glance the Hutterites seem to be a solemn and repressed lot.

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But if you visit in the colony long enough, your opinion changes. The stoical expressions only partially hide a deep contentment that lingers in these people. And you will hear as much laughter and singing as in the world outside. What's more, there is no jealousy, no gossiping, no competition among the Hutterites. They have a community of ideas as well as of goods.

Two things, however, the Hutterites must forfeit for Utopia—charm and privacy. No woman would dare to use powder or rouge, and to think of having her hair done would be to contemplate one of the world's most sinful experiences. As for seclusion or privacy, the colony utterly disregards the fact that a person at times might want to be alone. Homes have no locks: a Hutterite walks in anywhere at any time without knocking.

Yet with all their distaste for the world, the Hutterites are highly inquisitive about progress and invention. In the newer colonies there are electric lights, and a few religious mottoes decorate the walls. Homes are better built, and modern farm machinery is occasionally used.

Thus the Hutterite way of life is slowly changing. But will these people be absorbed by the world? Some of the brothers fear so. America, they say, does not persecute minority groups with the sword; instead, it absorbs them through the resistless force of progress. In fact, in 1930 the elders of the Bon Homme group broke down and bought their first and only car—a used truck.

The colony's bell symbolizes Bon Homme's 16th-century way of life. The Hutterites have found what they want in cooperative planning. Each man has developed some aptitude or craft which he uses for the good of all. There is the joy of teaching a son the same work. There is a thrill in raising good crops, in outwitting the world, in believing that the community shares a secret which the "outside" has overlooked. For wisdom they have the sermons of their pastor. For beauty, the songs of their faith. For companionship, their families and Nature.

The Hutterites do not claim to have found the perfect Utopia, but they are happy to perpetuate a tradition that dates back four hundred years and which, at the moment, is more prosperous than at any time in history.

Vagrant Robin

A HALF-FROZEN ROBIN, with no regard for the laws of nature, was once seized around Christmas time by Racine, Wisconsin, police on a charge of vagrancy. It was decided to send the bird south, so the robin was shipped in an elaborate box to the chief of police in Jacksonville, Florida. A note attached to the box requested that the bird be released and warned not to return to Racine without red flannels and spats.

—PENCE JAMES

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A gallant teacher has lavished loyalty
and affection on hundreds of humanity's waifs

MABEL POWELL
Classroom Miracle-Worker

by CAROL HUGHES

IN MY ERRATIC attempts to get an education, I have had many schoolteachers. Most of them I took for granted, taking all they could give and letting the credit go. One teacher, however, stands out in my memory, not because she is responsible for any success I may achieve in life but because I consider her a most unusual person in a field already crowded with selfless, unsparing, devoted individuals.

Mabel Powell was predestined for death until a miracle of healing occurred. Her kindly old doctor explains the miracle by saying: "She isn't dead simply because she refused to die." Mabel Powell says simply: "I was cured by God."

Her simplicity and directness make anything she says sound logical and appropriate. Her dauntless strain, her gift for understanding people, her denial of self for others are common to thousands of American schoolteachers. Yet in this account of her, many students will see the likeness of a teacher they have loved above all others.

If I had known on that day, sixteen years ago, what I know today about Mabel Powell, I would have followed her in blind faith down any path. But I did not know, and to me she seemed as stubborn and unreasonable as a dozen mules.

I had arrived at the little school of Buies Creek, North Carolina, with $8.95—all the money I had in the world. My few belongings were in a humpbacked old trunk that had been in our family for years. I was seventeen, not yet in the eighth grade, and there was no one anywhere to do anything for or about me. "Now," I explained to the seemingly dense little schoolteacher, "I want to work all my expenses for one year in a business course. That's all I can ever hope to get."

"You will start in the eighth grade," she repeated firmly. "That's where you belong." Calmly she went on writing down history, Latin, English and algebra. She was a strange little figure in a shabby suit ageless in appearance. She had straw-colored hair and a look on her face I had never encountered before. Her deep blue

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eyes seemed to glow with a strange fire. She was so small her feet barely touched the floor in an ordinary chair. She couldn't have weighed more than ninety pounds. When she got up I noticed that she limped with a peculiar twist.

She handed me a card listing six hours of kitchen work and an eighth-grade course. "You can't start climbing," she said testily, "until you have scrambled around at the bottom of the ladder." I looked at the card mournfully, and with tears close to the surface asked: "And what good will one year in the eighth grade do me?" She looked me in the eyes. "You can have ten years of school if you're willing to pay the price," she said. And then she was gone.

I had no choice but to pay my respects to the eighth grade. Buies Creek, known today as Campbell College, contains a grade school, high school and junior college. The plucky little institution is always overburdened with self-supporting students, but as one educator explains: "That school hasn't had anything to operate with but faith for forty years, and its doors are still open."

And so it was that I became a completely self-sustaining student at Buies Creek. For the next nine months my life followed the austere pattern of six hours work in the kitchen, five hours of classes, nights of studying, church on Sunday, and no parties. I seldom saw Mabel Powell except for an hour of stern discipline in her Latin class. If she knew I existed I was unaware of it. I was not a brilliant student. I was older than most children in my classes. As an average student in a group of four hundred, I could never understand by what elusive yardstick Mabel Powell measured future greatness or success. But I was soon to find out that I was one of her chosen ones.

TOWARD TERM's end I grew tired in mind and body, and I knew that I would not be back. The following September I was working in a factory in Henderson, North Carolina, when I was summoned to the phone for a long-distance call. I heard a voice, rich with emotion, coming over the wire.

"I have walked the floor all night," Mabel Powell said, "because I saw that you were not coming back. I have made arrangements for you to work in a professor's home, so pack your things and hurry."

It brought a lump to my throat to think that I had been remembered. But I said I couldn't return. It was hopeless; there was the matter of clothes, books, tuition . . .

She broke in: "God has put you in my heart. Don't fail me." And, swept by the hunger in that gentle voice, I quit my job.

I went back to Buies Creek. Mabel Powell greeted me crisply, as if I were just another student registering late. But she said with a little smile of apology: "Ninth grade this year—another rung on your ladder." And so ran the pattern of my life for five years at Buies Creek.

At the end of the third year I went in alarm to the president to inquire how much I owed the school. He looked at me kindly and said: "You don't owe anything. An anonymous friend has paid

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your small bill." An anonymous friend—Mabel Powell!

I used to watch her in her comings and goings about the campus. There were so many personalities wrapped up in the one tiny person. There was the fun-loving, carefree side. There was the crisp, business-like mask that hid gentleness of spirit. But it was the fire-and-brimstone side of her that delighted professors and scared students.

There came to the school one day a strapping six-foot giant who soon became the campus bully. He ran afoul of professors and students, but the dean hesitated to expel him because he was one of the few full-paying students. One afternoon he came roaring at seventy miles an hour down a road along which meek little Mabel Powell was trudging in thought. Without hesitation she stepped to the middle of the road. There was a grinding of brakes, a string of oaths, and the car came to a halt.

The perky "Miss Powell" opened the door, stepped inside, adjusted her prim skirts. Then for fifteen minutes she belabored the husky giant with brimstone and sulphur. "Now," she said gently, "I'm taking your license away, and I don't want you to blame anyone at this school but me. And," she finished, shaking her finger in his face, "if you don't behave yourself on this campus I'm going to do much worse than that to you." Cowed, the overgrown boy mumbled: "Yes, ma'am, and if you'll just get out of this car you won't have no more trouble with me."

Ten years later that same boy, overseas fighting a war, scared and lonely, sent a letter to Mabel Powell which began: "You are the first person I have written to . . . would you remember me sometimes . . ."

AT THE END of five years I was ready to leave the school that had given me more than I ever dreamed possible. I had finished high school and junior college. I felt that the world was my oyster. But oddly enough, it was Mabel Powell who damped my ardor. "It isn't going to be easy out there where you're going," she said, placing an arm around my shoulder. "The world can be an ugly place. You must write me regularly, and I'll never forget to write you."

I went out with a brave front and high spirits. Within a year I knew that Mabel Powell had known exactly what it would be like. Her letters began to come, words such as no other person had ever written to me.

"I'm so proud of you," she wrote when I had ten dollars and no job. "I know you are going to do all the fine things of which I knew you were capable when you were here . . . ." The letters were always uncannily timed for the ebb tides of my life. They came for ten years, until I no longer needed them.

Finally, I knew that I had found myself, knew that I was headed for a certain goal. So I went back to Buies Creek to find out what it was in the little schoolteacher that I could not understand. She was still there, of course, plodding along.

I talked to the president, Dr. Leslie Campbell, who said: "She has an almost mystic ability to see future greatness, and the destitute fringes of the classrooms are her

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specialty." Gladys Strickland, journalism teacher, paid her this tribute: "While the rest of us meet to discuss the plight of a certain student, she is out *doing* something about him."

I dug into her past and then I understood the indefinable expression on her face. It was the look of a woman who had found peace within herself—but at what a cost! She was born in 1894 in Corydon, Kentucky. Her father was a farmer. There were two sisters, Nell and Ruth. The Powells owned their farmhouse and little else.

At five, little Mabel was stricken with a spinal ailment. Paralysis left her helpless from the waist down. She was examined by a Louisville surgeon, who said: "It is doubtful if she ever walks again, even more doubtful that she will live."

A heavy brace was put on the frail child. She could not stand alone. Every night for twenty years she was to sleep on steel. Tortured by weariness and pain, confined to bed while her sisters played, the low-water mark came when at the age of ten her mother died. A few years later her father remarried. The new Mrs. Powell resented the tiny girl who kept her at home.

Loneliness such as few human beings ever know bore down on the child. Her drab, purposeless universe stretched endlessly ahead. Yet, walled in by despair, the child invented a quiet sanctuary all her own. In it she built a world of dreams in which she went to college, danced at proms, romanced, and lived a normal life. Doctors and neighbors marveled at the happy, contented child.

Finally the home environment became intolerable. Mabel went to live with her uncle, the kindly George Martin whom neighbors affectionately called "Moses" because of his long white beard. He loved the crippled child and lavished on her an affection she had not known in years. Mabel began to hobble about on her brace and doggedly finished a high school course. But her condition grew steadily worse and, in 1918, the doctor shook his head sadly. "There's nothing more I can do," he told her uncle. "It's probably a matter of ten months. Any further visits would be futile." Completely bedridden now, Mabel Powell was just a hairsbreadth from death.

A few days later a letter came. It was a plea for funds and in it Dr. Ben Cox, pastor of a church in Memphis, told of some amazing results achieved in his church by a prayer group.

"Send them a check," said old "Moses." Then he added sadly: "You might mention Mabel."

The letter was forgotten and the Martin household settled down to await the doom hanging over it. Two months later, Mabel Powell astonished the family by saying she wanted to get up. Six months later she was walking on her brace. She grew steadily better, without medicine or doctor, and her uncle lived long enough to see her register at Georgetown College in Kentucky.

When he died, Mabel was without funds. Undaunted, she secured a loan from friends and went off to school. "Even then," she says, "I did not think that I would finish —except in my dreams. I did not yet know the power of faith."

Finishing at Georgetown, she en-

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tered the University of North Carolina, still borrowing for expenses. The brace seemed unnecessary so she went back to see the Louisville doctor. When she walked in, he exclaimed: "But this isn't possible!"

He kept her under observation three days, then removed the brace. Calling together a group of eminent physicians, he told them the case history of Mabel Powell and then said: "And now I want you to see something that medical science cannot explain."

MABEL POWELL graduated at 34. She weighed 83 pounds and owed twelve hundred dollars. She applied to school after school for a position and the report always came back: "Sorry. Medically unfit for the rigors of teaching."

A friend told Dr. Campbell about her struggles and he wired her to come to Buies Creek as a teacher of English and Latin. "It was exactly what I wanted," she says, "and exactly where I wanted it."

The salary was a hundred dollars a month. With it Mabel Powell paid her debts, supported herself, and managed to contribute a sum each month to unfortunate children. Each summer found her hurrying off to recharge her mental batteries at summer school, and each fall found her hurrying back, eager, healthy, anxious for new prospects upon whom to lavish her love and loyalty. Denied marriage and children of her own, she has mothered hundreds of other people's children.

As I walked about the grounds with her recently, I was amazed at her physical appearance. The limp has gone, her body is healed. She weighs 125 pounds and has not missed a teaching day in ten years. Confronted by the miracle of just being alive, there is about her an infectious gaiety. There is no pity, no self-sympathy in her make-up; no room for petty prejudices. I think she is the one completely happy person I have ever met.

"I hate to see those doors close in the spring," she told me. "And I can't wait for them to open in the fall. Let others work for cash. I'll take the love and confidence of hundreds of children."

After many, many years of spiritual homelessness, the little schoolteacher has found a home. In the hearts of her once-destitute pupils who are today's doctors, lawyers and writers, she has carved a niche in the temples of education that sets her forever apart—the unquestioned guardian of the waifs of humanity.

Husband's Prerogative

A YOUNG WIFE complained to her husband: "I dislike your friend very much. The other evening he yawned in my face continually." "Are you sure he was yawning, dear," inquired the brash young husband. "Isn't it possible he was trying to say something?"—*The Colonel Says*

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The Ring Bearer

He adds his own small note of charm to June, month of gay flowers and cloudless skies, of love and romance and radiantly happy brides.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MEMORABLE OCCASIONS IN AMERICAN LIFE. KODACHROME BY JAMES SNYDER

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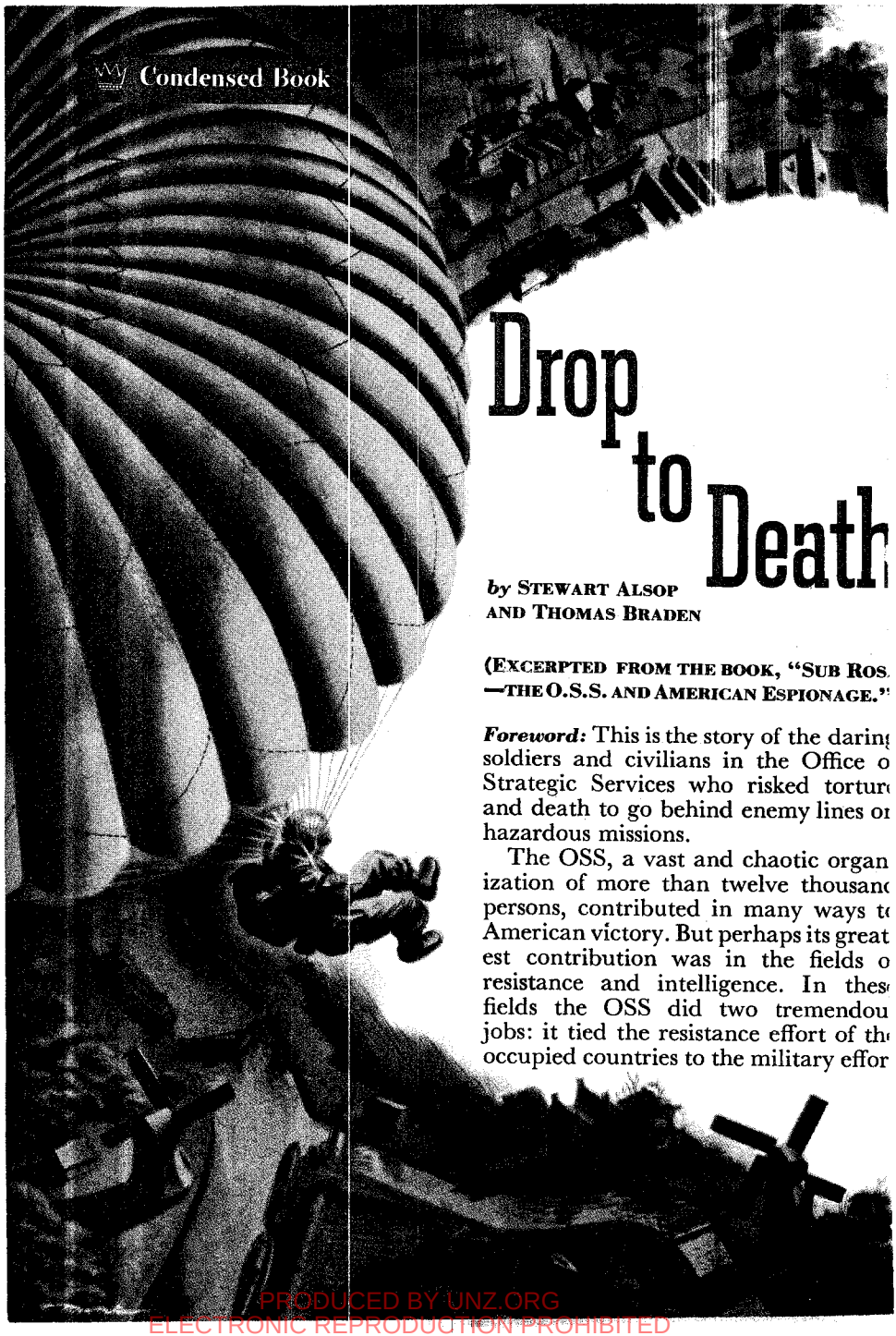
Condensed Book



Drop to Death

by STEWART ALSOP AND THOMAS BRADEN

(EXCERPTED FROM THE BOOK, "SUB ROS —THE O.S.S. AND AMERICAN ESPIONAGE."

Foreword: This is the story of the daring soldiers and civilians in the Office o Strategic Services who risked torture and death to go behind enemy lines on hazardous missions.

The OSS, a vast and chaotic organization of more than twelve thousand persons, contributed in many ways to American victory. But perhaps its greatest contribution was in the fields of resistance and intelligence. In these fields the OSS did two tremendous jobs: it tied the resistance effort of the occupied countries to the military effor

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of the Allied powers, and it ferreted out and accumulated a vast store of invaluable information about enemy countries, enemy people, and enemy plans.

This, then, is a salute to those unsung heroes of the secret war directed by the OSS, heroes who wrote their own exciting story in the blood they shed for a free world.

IN NOVEMBER, 1944, Holland was a sea of hopelessness. To the south, British, Canadian and Polish troops had bogged down in overflowing dykes. To the west, the Germans had blown the walls which let in the sea. To the north, there was mud and water too. Nazi soldiers, all but cut off from supply by the American push to the east, knew that their purpose in life was to stand and die.

The resistance movement in Holland had slowed to a standstill. In the occupied part, packed with German troops, an uprising was out of the question. Nighttime vigils for parachute supplies from England were likely to be interrupted at any moment by Nazis on the move. Moreover, the resistance had been twice betrayed by a man they had accepted as their own.

He was called Bill of the Seaman's House, and had once been a British agent under another name, Bill Overveen. He had "turned." Now he called on local farmers and pretended to be an Allied courier from England. A day later, everyone who had confided in him would be arrested.

The Dutch, even those who took no active part in resistance, were almost hopeless too. The work of centuries spent in building out the sea had been destroyed. Fields lay flooded. The Allies were never coming. All was dirt, water and mud.

Into that dismal bog, on the night of November 10, a man dropped from a Liberator plane into a ditch north of Ulrum. His was the "Seal Mission," and he was known to the friends he left behind as "Billy."

Billy was a gregarious fellow, 27 years old, blond, good-looking except for that coldness in the eyes which so often stamped OSS agents. There were two theories about Billy and his motives, and only one OSS man, whom we shall call Peter Smith, was convinced he knew the true history.

The story, which he had heard from Billy when the latter came to London asking for a job, was as follows: he had been born, Billy said, in the Dutch East Indies, a Dutchman by nationality. He was an engineering student at the University of Utrecht when Germany swallowed the Lowlands. He left the university, joined the Netherlands Food Distribution Office and kept his mouth shut. Within a year, said Billy, he had established an underground network among food officials throughout Holland.

For two years the chain worked; but as more Nazi officials came carpetbagging into Holland the work became increasingly dangerous. In October, 1943, Billy said, "my cover was blown." He escaped in a small boat to England, bringing files of intelligence accumulated during the two years of silent work.

He had then secured a post in the Dutch intelligence, but soon he decided the exiled government was more bent on preserving itself than

Condensed from the book *Sub-Rosa—the O.S.S. and American Espionage*, published at $2.50 by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, N. Y.; copyright 1946 by Stewart Alsop and Thomas Braden

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in caring for sufferers in Holland. In April, 1944, he had resigned, and now he poured out his story to Smith and begged to be sent on a mission to Holland.

There was another story about Billy. The Dutch Government in London thought he was left wing, perhaps Communist. It refused to risk sending him back to Holland on a mission of its own.

Across Smith's mind played a notion that in dealing with this man he might be dealing with a "double agent." While the two men talked it out in Pall Mall restaurants, other OSS agents investigated Billy's story. Everything checked. Smith made the final decision. Billy's open friendliness had won the day. In October he was given an OSS mission to Holland.

He did not need much briefing, for he knew the Ulrum country well. Smith, however, warned him particularly about the German spy, Bill of the Seaman's House. Billy was grateful for his chance. The last word which OSS had from him the night he went back to Holland was his thanks to Peter Smith.

After that, nothing. Twice in ten days an OSS plane flew over the area where Billy had dropped while Smith sent code signals to the ground: "Message for Billy, Smith to Billy, Smith calling Billy." No answer.

For Smith, the days became full of strain and worry. As always in relations between an OSS field agent who did not report and his friends back at base, suspicion would not down. Perhaps men who are forced to make a trade of deceit can never fully trust each other.

On the eleventh night after Billy's departure, Smith's faith seemed justified. From the plane he sent out a signal: "Pete to Billy, Hello Billy, Pete to Billy, Hello Billy."

There was a short silence, then in the plane, above the noise of the engines, Smith's voice could be heard saying simply: "Thank God, thank God."

"I am quite all right," the message spelled. "I am ready to receive my friends" (acknowledgement of Billy's mission to set up landing points for other agents) "one mile north of the eleventh position."

"Anything you need?" Smith asked.

"I landed in a big ditch and lost part of my luggage. I have a car now. I need maps, batteries, flashlights, auto tires. I could not find my friend at first, and I have to stay near German posts. It is very dangerous."

The first contact was renewed again and again. Soon Billy began to pass intelligence in careful, accurate style. He reported the movement of panzer units to Arnheim, reported the Germans were making a water barrier near the Ems Canal, reported effective Allied bombing of the Gaarkeuken docks. He also said it was difficult to keep warm, and asked for more clothes and cigarettes.

But by the time the sixth message came, it was apparent that Billy was worried about the arrival of his friends and supplies. He said that unless they came soon, the Dutch underground would lose

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faith in him. OSS realized his predicament. They knew Europe's underground was of necessity a suspicious organization. If a man could not show proof that he had the Allies' confidence he would quickly be suspected.

But it was midwinter. The elements were waging a cosmic war of their own over the battlefields of Holland, and though OSS planes had tried to reach the pinpoints Billy described, they were unsuccessful.

On February 8, Billy again asked for friends. Looking back later over his messages, OSS men noted it was the last time he did so. Then, on February 15, there was something peculiar about Billy's messages. He asked for packages but did not mention friends. Two days later the first successful drop of supplies was made, but when Smith asked Billy if he was now ready for friends he received the specific answer: "No friends."

Smith was worried, yet there was no evidence that anything was wrong. Then, on February 28, the evidence came. At 2358 hours an OSS plane called to Billy: "We are sorry we did not come over with packages. The weather was bad."

Came the answer: "The weather was poor but it was damned bad standing there in the cold."

There was no mistaking it. The

A "Who's Who" of the OSS

WHO WAS OSS? Representative Rankin says, "Communists." Drew Pearson says, "Wall Street bankers." General Donovan used to say, "Write me a memorandum saying how you could be of service to this organization, and if I agree with you, you're hired."

It is possible to compile an interesting list: Raymond Guest, ten-goal polo player and cousin of Winston Churchill; René Dussaq, the "human fly" and Hollywood stunt man who won the DSC behind the lines in France; James Phinney Baxter III, president of Williams College; Jumping Joe Savoldi, Notre Dame halfback; T. Ryan, son of the millionaire; Irving Fajans, union organizer at Macy's; Gertie Legendre, African big-game hunter; Bill Dewart, owner of the New York *Sun;* Milton Wolff, major in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, who fought three years in Spain; Louis Stoddard, gentleman jockey; Tommy Bridges, Detroit Tiger pitcher; A. M. Wilson, Dartmouth history professor; Lou Zelenke, George Washington University halfback; Lucy Starling, Thailand missionary; Prince Serge Obolensky, general under the Czar; Paul Mellon, heir to the Mellon fortune; George Seabury, Yale tackle; Junius Morgan, another heir to a fortune; John Papajani, All-Pacific center; Virginia Hall, who parachuted with a wooden leg.

There was white-haired Maj. Edwin Lord who jumped into France, though nearly 50 years old; and there was Henry L. Lassucq, who did the same thing at the age of 63. There were men who did careful scholarly work; men who did sensationally dangerous work; and men who did absolutely nothing except travel around the world on a high priority at government expense.

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word "damned" had been agreed upon as the danger signal. Smith gave no indication he had heard it. "Okay, Billy," he said. "Good night." But as he flew back to London he knew that Billy was in the hands of the Gestapo.

When an agent is captured and forced to send signals on his radio, the only way in which headquarters can help him is to keep up the pretense that all is well, to send him information and supplies that will make the enemy believe the agent is worth more alive than dead. Peter Smith did his best for Billy until it appeared that perhaps Billy was not doing his best for OSS.

On March 31, Billy asked that a plane fly over his area. In order to preserve the illusion for the Germans, OSS complied. But the moment the plane reached the target area the pilot heard the telltale buzz of Nazi radar. It was unusual that it should have happened so quickly. Something was wrong.

That was Billy's last message. On April 19, a cable was received from Allied front lines by British Intelligence which cast doubt into the mind of even Peter Smith. "German courier captured. Carried complete report Gestapo interrogation of Agent Billy. *He apparently told them all he knew. . . .* "

BILLY CLAMBERED out of the watery ditch in which he landed, folded his parachute neatly the way he had been taught at OSS school. He was happy, exhilarated. Then suddenly he realized that around him the night was silent. He could no longer hear the plane: he was alone.

The next thing was to bury the parachute. He began to dig with his hands, but made no headway in the ooze. He thought of all the things he had to do—of his old friend, Johannes De Woelf of the underground, whom he must find in Ulrum—and of his own danger. He had best hurry—ditch everything and get away. He tossed his parachute and leg bag into the ditch, slapped mud over them, set out across the fields.

It was raining when he reached the outskirts of Ulrum. Billy had not heard from De Woelf since escaping from Holland two years before. De Woelf might have been taken away; it was even possible his house was watched by the Nazis. Billy decided to stay out all night and try to see De Woelf in the morning. Huddling against a fence he dozed in the cold rain.

He awoke at dawn, stiff and half-frozen. At 6:30, muddy and tired, he trudged up the steps to De Woelf's home. His old friend was there, and breakfast was almost a party, with the whole family amazed and pleased to see Billy.

As soon as he and De Woelf were alone, they made plans for the agents who were coming, the supplies to be dropped, the intelligence service they would organize. Between November 11 and 21, when he made his first contact with London, Billy got acquainted with De Woelf's friends in the resistance and set up his own organization.

De Woelf's brother took him to Zwolle, where he met an underground leader who badly needed

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direct contact with the British. He had developed a courier service in north Holland, passing information from leading citizens to the Dutch Government in London. The couriers were guarded by German troops and equipped with German passes to aid them in the work the Nazis believed they were doing. He offered Billy a car and a German soldier to guard it, and Billy accepted.

Billy also arranged an official cover for the two agents expected from OSS. They were to work as government officials in the communal kitchens at Winschoden, where food, beds and a safe radio place could be arranged. Quickly, perhaps too quickly, Billy's underground was taking shape. He had a supply field, cover for two friends, and a large organization to help him get information.

But on November 21, when arrangements were made for parachuting the two agents, Billy's friend in Zwolle was not ready for them at the kitchen. Papers and passes had to be faked. So Billy turned to De Woelf for help, and De Woelf, in his haste to aid, made the one fatal mistake of his resistance career. He introduced Billy to an underground friend named Van Steele.

Van Steele was a thin little man with a narrow face, possessed of fear. He had joined the resistance, he was able to persuade himself, because he hated the Germans. But in moments of deep privacy he knew that he had joined to keep from being sent off to forced labor in Germany.

Billy told him about the expected arrival of two friends. Would Van Steele hide them until a permanent cover could be arranged? Van Steele was timid, uncertain. Billy clinched the argument by giving him one of his pistols. That closed the deal.

On the morning of February 10, a Ford V-8 stopped in front of De Woelf's house. Four heavily armed men, wearing shiny blue civilian suits, stationed themselves outside. De Woelf himself answered a knock on the door.

"Is Bill of the Seaman's House here?"

"No."

The man pulled a letter from his pocket. It was from the underground leader at Eindhoven. De Woelf knew the signature well. It was addressed to Van Steele.

"Permission to get rid of man mentioned in your letter. Enclosed a revolver. Carry out execution. Arms and papers in Billy's possession must be captured, as presumably he once worked for British Intelligence."

De Woelf started with relieved surprise. He began to talk rapidly: he had known Billy for years, he had always been a loyal member of the underground. Besides, he was never called "Bill of the Seaman's House." This Billy was a genuine Allied agent. Why, he would gladly show Van Steele the radio Billy used. But where was Van Steele?

The man at the door gestured impatiently. Van Steele had lost his nerve, he said; he and his three friends would carry out the execution. But: "Where is proof that this man is really an Allied agent?"

De Woelf lifted the piano top and held up Billy's radio triumphantly.

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The man at the door looked at it, then signaled to his three partners. They planted themselves in front of De Woelf, leveling their weapons as his wife and three sons cowered behind him.

The leader drew forth an identification folder. On the outside was stamped a large white skull and crossbones. The Gestapo!

If Billy had decided to escape at this moment, it might have been possible. From upstairs he had heard some of the conversation. He stepped noiselessly around the room, assembling papers, notes and documents. The mention of Bill of the Seaman's House did not puzzle him. If the men downstairs were in truth the Gestapo, they certainly knew Bill was not living with De Woelf. Obviously, that was a trick. He glanced at the open window.

On the other hand, there were the De Woelfs. What fate would befall them with his radio discovered? If these men didn't know everything they would give him some opening into which he could fit a story to save himself and the De Woelfs. At least, the De Woelfs. He burned his papers, opened the door.

Fists struck him in the face and he fell down. They beat him unmercifully with clubs. Staring at the blood on the floor an inch from his nose, Billy would wait for the order: "Confess." Again he would murmur: "There is nothing to confess." Then fists slammed in his face. Far away, he could hear the sobs of Mrs. De Woelf.

After 20 minutes one of the men said: "Take him downstairs with the others and we'll shoot them all."

Billy said, "No, I am ready to confess."

They led him downstairs. Three of his teeth were gone; he was

Scholars in the OSS Ranks

DURING ITS CAREER the OSS collected a galaxy of academic stars from leading American universities. There was James P. Baxter of Williams, Wilmarth S. Lewis and Sherman Kent of Yale, Richard Hartshorne of Wisconsin, Burton Fahs of Pomona, Maurice Halperin of Oklahoma, Arthur Robinson of Ohio State, and Conyers Read of Pennsylvania. The complete list would have put the faculty of any one university to shame. The most renowned experts on the history, geography, economics and politics of all nations were assembled under one roof and put to work writing, collecting and organizing information.

Some of these scholars found themselves befuddled by Washington's wartime hurly-burly. Of one of them it was said that his OSS work represented the first time in forty years he had emerged from a period in time which ended in the year 1648. Nevertheless, they proved it was frequently possible to find out more, for example, about a railroad line between Paris and Bordeaux by consulting French colonial records and the files of Baldwin Locomotive than by dropping a paratrooper to look at it. They accumulated a vast amount of information, and eventually the War Department was prevailed upon to use it.

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bleeding from the nose, mouth and ears. He saw De Woelf and the oldest boy led out to the Ford. Soon another car came, there was a gesture, and he walked out.

When Billy arrived at Groningen Prison, he had no plan and no hope. The only question in his mind was why the Gestapo had asked De Woelf about Bill of the Seaman's House. He soon learned the answer.

The Gestapo showed him the letter from resistance headquarters to Van Steele, which the Nazis had intercepted. It referred, Billy and the Gestapo knew, to his own movements, but called him by the Gestapo agent's name. But even as he glanced at the message a plan of action raced to Billy's mind.

Van Steele, for some reason, had become suspicious of Billy. So the underground had ordered Billy murdered. Very well. He would tell the Gestapo he would work against the resistance. It seemed to be his only hope.

When they gave him a chance to talk, Billy admitted he was the man referred to in the letter. But the name "Bill of the Seaman's House" was wrong. He knew no such person. But he, Billy, was a genuine Allied agent.

Then he planted his story. He said that he hated the underground which had ordered him murdered. He blamed the whole thing on the Allied governments and particularly on the Americans, who had never been fair to him. He wanted nothing more than revenge.

"I will work for the Gestapo as a double agent," he said, "if you will release the De Woelfs."

The Gestapo man made no comment, and Billy was led back to his cell. Two days later he was driven to Gestapo headquarters at Zwolle, where he was questioned more searchingly. The Nazis were extremely polite, even offering him a chair. They asked him about OSS, British Intelligence, the names of men he had met, the places he had trained, the code he used. Billy answered all the questions, then was returned to a new cell in Zwolle Prison.

On the night of February 12 his cell was unlocked again. Billy was handed his radio, taken to the prison yard and, while four men stood over him with pistols, was ordered to contact London. That was the night Peter Smith first noted something strange. Billy asked for "packages only."

On February 16 the Gestapo man who unlocked Billy's cell door remarked: "The drop was successful." Billy was afraid to speak. In his mind he could visualize the two "friends" who might have landed the night before. Down the long rows of cells he went, but as soon as he entered the Gestapo room he knew he had been successful. Propped against the wall was the huge tin container dropped the night before.

That was all. The Gestapo men were very pleased. Billy had proved himself. They told him that because of the successful drop, the two De Woelfs had been released.

From that time on, Billy was treated as a special prisoner. Food and cigarettes were his. On Febru-

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ary 17, he contacted OSS again, and this time the Gestapo gave him some information to pass on. The information was general, but it was accurate, and Billy wondered about it. Walking through the field on the way back to prison, he chanced a question: "Why do you give them accurate information?" he asked.

"Wait till we get a reply," the Gestapo man answered. "They might ask you for a few more details, and we'd find out just what part of Holland they are interested in."

A few days later Billy was again taken out, this time to wait for a drop of packages. The weather was bad and no plane arrived. All night they waited, and the Gestapo men were irritated. But the failure gave Billy the chance he had been waiting for.

On February 28, under the Gestapo eye, Billy tapped out the prearranged danger signal, the word "damned." But it did not go off smoothly. The Gestapo asked why he had used the word. He answered, half jokingly: "I ought to have used something stronger after waiting all night for packages that never came." Evidently, the Gestapo was satisfied.

On March 30, Billy contacted London for the last time. He did not know it was for the last time, and he kept waiting to come out of his cell again. But days passed and the Gestapo ignored him.

Alone in his cell, unable to plan, to argue, or to act, he knew for the first time since his capture the loneliness of fear. Over and over he posed to himself the question of his chance for life. At first he had staked everything on his argument to the Gestapo that he would be willing to work for them as a double agent. But they hadn't answered that argument. Perhaps it was a useless hope.

Again he had experienced a quick mounting joy the night the Gestapo man had told him about the plan to get requests for specific information from OSS. Such a scheme might keep him alive until the war was over. But now he had sat and walked and tried to sleep in this small room of dirty whitewashed stone for days, and no one had come near him. Perhaps that was a useless hope too.

He passed the hours trying on, mentally, the logic of the Gestapo. If he were they, and they were he, would he think it worthwhile keeping them alive? Would he make them double agents? Would he use them to pass on information in the hope of getting some in return? . . .

On April 17 the answers came. He was taken to the office of a Gestapo man whom Billy knew as Shreieder. Shreieder greeted him in friendly fashion, then remarked: "We have decided to release you next week. What are you going to do then?"

Billy tried to be casual. "I hope you'll let me work for you."

It was agreed. During the next week Shreieder and Billy worked out a mission behind the Allied lines. Billy was to return to the OSS with this Gestapo proposal: that OSS agents and Gestapo men should meet in conference, at which the Gestapo would turn over all intelligence it possessed on Japan. In return, OSS would persuade the

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Allied command to stall the war on the Western Front while Germany attempted to reach a decision with Russia. Then the U.S. would be free to tackle Japan.

On May 3, near Veenendaal, Billy checked the documents he carried as a German agent, shook hands with Shreieder and set out through the mine fields, guided by an SS officer. Soon he was lost from sight.

About this time Peter Smith received a copy of the Gestapo interrogation of Billy which had been captured from a Nazi courier. The document began:

"On February 10, the first American agent for Strategic Services of the U.S. Army was caught in Ulrum. He has fully confessed."

The man who had sent the cable saying that Billy "has apparently told them all he knew," had evidently read no further. For there followed one of the most fantastic pieces of fiction ever concocted outside a novel. Billy had completely fooled the Gestapo. He had told them nothing they did not already know and a great deal which, from that time on, they regarded as fact though it was in reality sheer dream.

By inventing fictitious names and addresses for his OSS friends in London, he completely misled them as to U.S. and British intelligence organizations. But more important, Billy's interrogation caused one of the most mystifying German troop movements of the war.

The Germans had asked about the possibilities of a further Allied invasion. He told them quite frankly that an invasion was planned on the Dutch North Sea coast. At a time when Germany's need for every man was desperate, the Nazis took the information so seriously that they moved thirty thousand of their finest troops—three parachute divisions—to the area Billy marked on the map.

The Nazi move was so bewildering that Allied headquarters suspected insanity in the German high command. Eisenhower had no more intention of invading Holland than the Germans then had of invading England. But Eisenhower did not know about Billy.

Peter Smith, reading the report, summed it up: "A damned good job."

On the afternoon of May 3, a British soldier in a slit trench saw a tall thin man in civilian clothes coming toward him from the German lines. He was waving a white handkerchief over his head, and grinning from ear to ear. Agent Billy of the OSS had returned.

IN EVERY THEATER of World War II, there were moments when men behind the lines made lonely decisions for which they were responsible to themselves alone, for which no order could be given, no credit received. It is in such moments that heroes are made. In Italy, it was Roderick G. Hall.

Hall was a captain of Engineers, 28 years old, stocky, husky, an athlete. He had the slightly protruding forehead and the heavy eyebrows of a professional tough man, yet he traveled in circles known as "society" and had some means. He had attended both Harvard and Yale, then divided his time between work-

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ing in Boston and skiing and mountain climbing in New Hampshire. In 1938 he went to Italy to ski, and lived there long enough to add some Italian to his French, and to learn parts of the mountain country well.

Hall had always been interested in geology. Skiing in the mountain passes during that unconsciously fateful year, he would frequently wander away from his group of friends to roam alone in the rocks all day, noting and studying the shale formations. Sometimes he would become so intent in his study that he would forget about lunch, and would arrive at the mountain camp at night bearing quantities of sample stones. The rest of his party laughed at him good-naturedly. Hall was a student; 1938 was still a year for fun.

It was a quirk of fate, this summer skiing expedition. For the area which Hall came to know as well as the slopes of his native New Hampshire was to become, in a few years, one of the most important pieces of ground in all Europe. It was the area of the Brenner Pass.

Meandering high in the Italian Alps for more than 150 miles, protected on each side by towering walls of sheer rock, the Brenner Pass became almost the sole supply route between Germany and her armies on Italian soil. If it could have been blocked permanently, the Nazis in Italy would have been forced to fight the Allies with their backs to mountain wall.

But the Brenner was impossible to block permanently or to blow. Blowing it up would have been like blowing up Pikes Peak. However, the Pass is the key to smaller passes which lead into the main highway from the Po Valley. If the Allies could strike at some of these side roads, the Brenner could be rendered at least partially useless.

But there was difficulty even here. Narrow passes make small bombing targets. It was obvious that one good engineer on the ground, who could place explosive charges skillfully, could do the work of a whole air force.

In October 1943, an interesting letter came to the OSS. It bore the postmark of an army camp in the south:

> Drop a man by parachute in the open country between Pacal and Falzarego Pass, with enough equipment to sustain him indefinitely in the peaks. Drop TNT and a tool kit. One could get away with it, if the jump were made in early dawn when mist rises profusely, or through a snowfall.
>
> This man, if he were a good climber and skier, would have no trouble in moving about the valley unnoticed, even in daytime. Tracks in the snow are of no consequence; paths and brooks could cover his movements, and he could always take to mountain rock.
>
> This man could block the Ampezzo highway and railroad during the winter, within three days after he landed. It should be possible for him to blow the Drava River roads within another ten days.
>
> I would be willing to do the job, and I think I could.
>
> R. G. Hall.

OSS men who remember Hall in southern Italy, where he waited out the summer of 1944, say that he was a quiet man; that he traveled alone without seeming to get lonely.

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by Stewart Alsop and Thomas Braden

He spent his time training on hikes and in studying maps. Unlike the men with whom he was assigned, he did not seem particularly excited when word came to get ready to go. But instead of going alone as he had asked, he was to be in a group of five. And instead of going to the Ampezzo area, he was to drop far to the south.

Hall's letter had been carefully considered, but the Brenner country was heavily guarded by German troops. A parachute landing to the partisans in that area was out of the question, for the partisans were lying low. Therefore OSS had decided to assign Hall to another mission in the south, where the partisans could help.

There was, however, an unusual proviso: OSS said if, after he landed, the coast looked clear, he could detach himself and work north toward the Brenner. The men with whom Hall was assigned understood this. If he decided to go on alone, he could do so.

At midnight on August 2, 1944, Hall, with Maj. Lloyd Smith, Lt. Joe Luckitsch and two enlisted men parachuted onto a pinpoint near Clansetto. The Germans had left the field just three hours before. The Americans were charged with organizing partisans, supplying them

A Train Ride with Rommel

SOME OSS AGENTS were able to extricate themselves from situations which seemed utterly horrifying, merely by remembering that, to the enemy, the situation might appear quite normal. One agent was returning from Paris to Bordeaux. The dangers of getting permission to travel and purchase a ticket had been overcome. The only thing that seemed queer was that the train platform was deserted. The train came and he got aboard, carrying his little suitcase containing a radio.

Not until he had taken a seat did he realize why the station was deserted. Through the doors of his compartment to a seat directly facing him strode the unmistakable figure of Field Marshal Rommel, accompanied by an adjutant.

The agent thought quickly and spoke first. He did not presume to disturb the Herr Field Marshal; he was bound for Bordeaux and had taken the wrong train. It was too absurd; he asked permission to withdraw.

"Pas du tout." The Field Marshal spoke excellent French. This train was for German staff officers only, but it was bound for Bordeaux and these days the Army must share with civilians. Rommel was quite talkative. He was making a tour of the Southern Defenses, and spoke of the danger of traveling with "terror bombers" about. Then he and his adjutant rose and departed.

The agent had just relaxed when the door opened again. It was the adjutant, alone. With difficulty the agent remained calm; he restrained a glance at his suitcase. But he knew it was the end.

Then the adjutant spoke. The Field Marshal wondered if the gentleman would care for some tea.

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with arms through parachute drops, and with destroying German communications.

Looking back now over the desperately slow war in Italy, the mission seems unfortunate. For the partisans to come out and fight in the open as early as August, 1944, was to prove disastrous to many of them. But looking back now is second guessing. In the fall of 1944, the Allied high command thought all Italy might be liberated before the year was out.

AFTER LANDING, Smith and the two enlisted men remained in the Clansetto area; Hall and Luckitsch moved north. Hall was fortunate in Luckitsch. A dark, curly-haired man of 25, he had boundless endurance and was impervious to nerves.

Luckitsch remembers now that their work at first was remarkably easy. There were 300 German and 200 Italian troops garrisoning Tolmezzo, and Hall and Luckitsch soon closed that particular supply line. They organized 50 partisans, armed them with machine guns, grenades and rifles which were dropped by parachute, and drove the garrison into town. Then they blew up all roads and bridges leading into Tolmezzo, stationed their soldiers to watch them, and recruited more men.

It was easy then: the army swelled to 25 hundred, for the Italians had been waiting a long time for liberation and now it seemed imminent. But as training became daily routine, Luckitsch knew that Hall would not stay long. He grew restless and talked about a secret highway in the north that the Germans had been building from Austria to Ampezzo. He had seen its beginnings in Italy six years before. It was near the Brenner, and a good demolition job would block it for good.

Luckitsch sensed he was not included in the plan, so one morning they said good-bye and Hall went off alone. Two weeks later a former Italian officer came into camp with a message. Hall had found a defile near Pararola with a vital railway bridge. He needed only some explosive to wreck the trestle.

It was a 40-mile journey, and a risky one, but Luckitsch borrowed a doctor's sedan, loaded the back seat with explosive and, with the Italian officer as guide, drove through to Hall. The job was well done, for it took the Germans three months to repair the damage.

When it was over, Hall set out north again toward the Brenner. That was November, 1944. It was the last time Luckitsch ever saw Hall.

Here for a period the facts of Hall's mission are vague. It is probable that his handiwork at Pararola put the enemy on his trail: certainly he was hunted, and on the run for weeks. He hid in the mountains and in shepherd huts, moving always further north. Winter came. There are Italian peasants southeast of Brenner who remember him, and say that they hid him for a night, a week, until he moved on.

Then in January Hall again established contact with an OSS demolition squad, well to the north of the area where he had left Luckitsch.

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by Stewart Alsop and Thomas Braden

He appeared at their camp in the woods with frozen feet, and they nursed him back to usefulness. Then on January 26 he left again, taking skis, explosives and a carbine.

A sergeant remembers him saying something about a highway near Ampezzo. The sergeant asked him about his feet. Hall's reply was about the snow. He said it would provide a good cover for the job he wanted to do.

That was the last time any American ever saw Roderick Hall. What happened after that can be pieced together only through bits of evidence accumulated in OSS headquarters in Florence, at German headquarters in Milan, through interviews with a German general in Switzerland, and through the word of Italians who saw him or heard about him in the months to come.

When Florence learned through Luckitsch of Hall's move north, they tried to get a radio operator to him, but the first man dispatched was shot down. The second was waiting to leave when word came from the OSS group south of Ampezzo that Hall had left that morning.

IN JANUARY, Luckitsch and Smith returned to Florence. The work they had begun near Tolmezzo ended in near tragedy. German headquarters had moved north: the Allies had failed to breach the Gothic Line; the war was stalemated for another winter; and the Germans began a systematic cleaning up of the partisans, many of whom took to the mountains to await another Allied push. Many of them, of course, were killed. Luckitsch and Smith and the two enlisted men escaped by walking for 22 days through Yugoslavia, to be evacuated by air. By that time, they knew very little of what might have happened to Hall.

On November 13, Field Marshal Alexander had been forced to send a heartbreaking message to the partisans, admitting the Allied campaign had ground to a halt. But the message came too late to save many of them, and certainly too late for Hall to change his plan. Even a man operating alone in enemy territory must count on strong friends. Hall evidently found few.

At Florence, where the mail from home piled up for men in the field, the largest stack was for Captain Hall. The months passed, and still there was no word. Then, in Feb-

Plenty to Read

TWO MONTHS after the war ended, when OSS was about to close up for good, General Donovan called a secretary and said he wanted to look at the files.

"Which files, sir?"

"All of them," said the General. "Now that the war's over and I have a little time, I want to read everything."

The secretary called the reports office where papers from all OSS branches and projects and offices overseas had been deposited through the years. After four hours of analysis, the man at the reports office called back. Working eight hours a day on a six-day week, he said, the General could complete a cursory inspection of all OSS reports in about sixteen years.

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ruary, the OSS in Switzerland was approached by a man who claimed to represent the German SS commander in Italy, General Wolff. He asked for surrender negotiations.

To test Wolff's good faith, the OSS asked him to release from prison two partisan leaders, one of whom was later to become premier of Italy. OSS in Florence sent a special request to Switzerland, asking that to those two men be added the name of Hall.

On March 8, Allen Dulles, OSS chief in Switzerland, went to a Zurich hospital to meet the two partisans. Hall was not with them. Wolff later said he had been able to account for only one man named Hall in all northern Italy. "This Hall we discovered," Wolff said, "was a stateless person, killed in an Allied air raid."

That was the last chance OSS had to save him. Looking back over the evidence which has since been uncovered, the probability is that by this time it was too late. The "stateless person" whom Wolff invented was undoubtedly Roderick G. Hall.

On January 27, OSS agents learned, a priest in Ampezzo who stepped outside his chapel to brush away snow found a man sprawled on the steps. He wore an American uniform, but he had lost or thrown away his shoes. His feet were frozen stiff. A few yards away his carbine lay in the snow.

He was alive. The priest dragged him inside, poured hot coffee through his lips. The man was just beginning to revive when Fascist police came pounding on the chapel door. Without explanation they carried the man away.

Later, OSS men found a prison, and wrung from the jailer another piece of the story. Hall had been tortured, tortured badly. But as far as they could learn, he had never talked.

And finally the investigators found a grave, and a death warrant, and in an Allied enclosure for displaced persons, an Italian doctor who had signed it. The death warrant gave the name, "Roderick Hall," and the cause of death, "Heart failure."

But the doctor was at pains to point out that he had known it was not heart failure. "The Gestapo made me say that," he declared. "They handed me the death warrant and told me what to write. All I saw was the body of a man in the bottom of a cart . . . But I noticed he had a rope around his neck."

CREDITS

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For Boys and Girls Who Want to Get Ahead...

Coronet's Friendship Club offers a pleasant way to gain business experience and win valuable prizes

IN COMMUNITIES all over the country, alert boys and girls are finding a new kind of thrill, a new kind of profit, through devoting their spare time to the activities of Coronet's Friendship Club.

They are enjoying the fun of operating their *own* business—they are developing talent for salesmanship, organizational work and record-keeping. And while learning how to meet people and convey ideas, these boys and girls are winning valuable prizes from the Club which they themselves created.

The Friendship Club was born two months ago in response to requests from youngsters that they be allowed to sell Coronet subscriptions. The requests were granted—with this proviso: Coronet would set up an organization to guide the boys and girls in proper channels and instruct them in business procedures.

Already the Friendship Club has a nation-wide list of members. It is teaching young people how to turn spare time into worthwhile activity. That hour or so after school, that idle Saturday, is being used for the fascinating game of business. And what's more, a business paying rich rewards in useful prizes.

These prizes are well worth working for. A tennis racket and balls . . . four-player croquet set . . . airplane construction kit . . . streamlined bicycle . . . and many others. The youngster can make his choice, as did 11-year-old Bobby Klein of Hammond, Indiana:

"Thank you for the swell bike you sent me for selling Coronet subscriptions. I ride it to school, and use it on my paper route after school. It saves me so much time that I have extra hours for building up my Coronet business, which is getting bigger every day."

Bobby is only one of many progressive youngsters who are enjoying the Friendship Club's many benefits. Boys and girls who want to get ahead should join at once. For details write to: Don Steele, Coronet Friendship Club, Dept. D, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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DAVID A. SMART

Editor-in-Chief:
OSCAR DYSTEL

Executive Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Managing Editor:
HARRIS SHEVELSON

Contributing Editors:
SIDNEY CARROLL
CAROL HUGHES

Art Director:
ARNOLD RYAN

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Research Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

European Editor:
ARNOLD GINGRICH
La Paquis, St. Saphorin, Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

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screen before long. KODACHROME BY MEAD-MADDI

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

ONE SUMMER MORNING in eastern Missouri, an excursion train carrying fifty members of Dr. J. M. Farrar's Sunday School ran into a violent thunderstorm. As the train roared around a curve, John Burnham, engineer, saw through the broken curtain of the rain that a switch ahead was open. The engine was headed directly for a siding filled with freight cars. Tragedy was imminent.

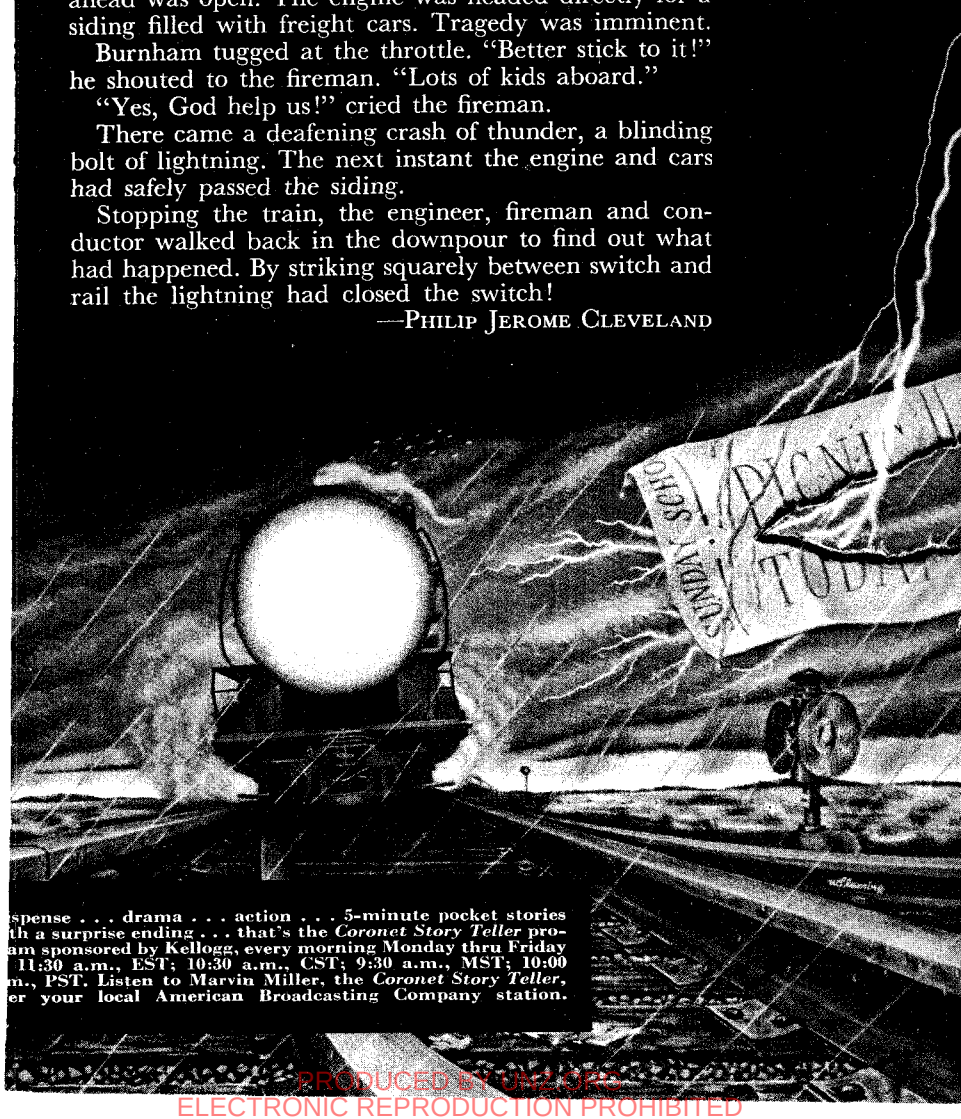
Burnham tugged at the throttle. "Better stick to it!" he shouted to the fireman. "Lots of kids aboard."

"Yes, God help us!" cried the fireman.

There came a deafening crash of thunder, a blinding bolt of lightning. The next instant the engine and cars had safely passed the siding.

Stopping the train, the engineer, fireman and conductor walked back in the downpour to find out what had happened. By striking squarely between switch and rail the lightning had closed the switch!

—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND



spense . . . drama . . . action . . . 5-minute pocket stories th a surprise ending . . . that's the *Coronet Story Teller* pro- am sponsored by Kellogg, every morning Monday thru Friday 11:30 a.m., EST; 10:30 a.m., CST; 9:30 a.m., MST; 10:00 m., PST. Listen to Marvin Miller, the *Coronet Story Teller*, er your local American Broadcasting Company station.

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Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings . . .

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS IN FAIRFIELD, CONN.

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